NOTES AND REFLECTIONS

DURING A

RAMBLE IN GERMANY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"RECOLLECTIONS IN THE PENINSULA,"
"SKETCHES OF INDIA,"
"SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS IN EGYPT AND ITALY,"
AND "STORY OF A LIFE."

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PREFACE.

As I walked about my chamber at Frankfort, pronouncing, with no very felicitous accent, the "*Ich*," "*Mich*," "*Sich*," of the German grammar, I remembered the saying of Bacon, — "He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel." Nevertheless, the unsatisfied eye demanded of me that it might gaze on Germany, pleading with me that it spoke all languages, and could interpret all; and that there was much in all countries intelligible to the eye, and to the eye alone. With the exception of the celebrated work of Madame de Stael, and

the admirable Tour of Mr. Russel, so little has been written on the subject of Germany, that the most meagre contribution of a chance traveller in that country scarcely needs any apology. My brief notices of such places in Flanders and Switzerland as I traversed in my route belong, of necessity, to the character of a volume which is but the personal narrative of an autumnal excursion on the Continent.

Claverton Farm,
Aug. 28. 1826.



INTRODUCTION.

It is a pleasant thing to be awakened by the morning sun shining in on new and unfamiliar objects, and to find yourself in the chamber of a foreign hotel, actually upon the Continent; your projected tour fairly begun, your passport, your pocket-book, your purse, safe on the chair beside you; your portmanteau, and *sac de nuit*, that have safely passed the ordeal of the rumpling hand, ready for instant departure, or long sojourn, as their master shall determine; and cares, packets, and the custom-house behind you.

It is a saying of Augustine, that "the world is a great book, of which they who never stir from home read only a page." It is with a delighted attention that we gaze upon new objects. Curiosity is awakened, and some knowledge is sure to be acquired even by the gazer, not indeed very profound, but nevertheless of value.

Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe have become of late years half English; and the British traveller hardly feels himself abroad in such places. Commend me, therefore, as a point of debarkation, to Rotterdam: the city is interesting, and the change from home and contrast to it are striking. The canals are all smooth, and still, and covered with schuyts. In one of these I saw a broad Dutch sailor in a shirt of red flannel, and big breeches, employed with a bucket in dashing water over the bows of his craft; for what I was at a loss to conjecture, seeing that it was already of a cleanliness, which seemed to resent the notion of its having ever been defiled by use heretofore, or designed for it hereafter. In fact, were it not for the size of these schuyts,

and the dirty red shirts of their guardians, you might fancy them mere models—bright brown models for the show-room of an arsenal. There is not a bit of brass-work or a nail-head about them, that does not glisten, and the anchors hang over the bows as polished as if they were some kind of large and noble weapons, not to grapple with foul mud, but with a hostile galley.

The city is a strange object; there are many things toy-like about it. If you pass a shop, for instance, of a mere huckster; the painted tubs, the cannisters, the measures, the scales, are all of a shining neatness, that you cannot reconcile with the idea of their being ever used; and the red unsmiling face of the seated shopman might divert the fancy with a playful doubt as to his being anything more than some larger creation of the ingenious toyman. Thus it is with the houses generally:—the windows, the doors, the posts, the rails, the ornamental iron work, are all of a brightness, at once pleasing and forbidding: you doubt if any dare breathe on the windows,

or touch the knockers. The colours too are all peculiar to the land,—doors, window-shutters, sash-frames; the green, the red, the yellow, have a depth, and a kind of dull yet rich gravity about them, quite different from the like-named colours with us.

Except a few of the old Dutch skippers, there is little remarkable in costume. In the markets, indeed, some of the country-women attract attention by the size and form of their ear-rings, and of those large plaques of thin gold, or gilt metal at the sides of their head; but the dress both of men and women, in their respective classes, is a something belonging, strictly, neither to that of England or France, but partaking the fashion of both countries. A few of the elderly females of the middle class, and upper maid-servants of the like age, wear the decent dress, which I remember in my boyhood to have seen on the same classes in old England:—the plain caps and frills, the kerchiefs wrapping over the bosom, the fair uncovered arm, the round, full, nurselike form, and the quiet motherly

look, together with their remarkable fairness of complexion, are very pleasing to the eye of an Englishman; and, with many, will bring back the thoughts of their nursery days.

The inhabitants, generally, look as if the busy world had left them behind in the race of life, and as if they were too slow to recover their lost ground. I was particularly struck with their late rising, and with the slow and measured manner of all their labour,—between the hours of *five* and six, on a July morning, I scarce encountered a soul, and few houses were open when I returned to mine. The sledges, which go about with burthens, are drawn by large powerful animals with full manes and long tails: they are shod in an uncouth manner, fitted only for a slow high walk, and they seem subdued by situation to an unhorselike tameness. On a market day there is a little more stir; some waggons are driven in at a trot, and you instantly recognize, in their forms, the vehicles which the old Dutch and Flemish mas-

ters have made us all familiar with. I saw few beggars; and those not in rags, they seemed only to ask charity from those in the middle class, and their *abord* was rather a coax than a craving, and generally ventured on near the beer-house benches.

I should perhaps have doubted the existence of mirth in Rotterdam, if a boat, returning from the fair at Brill, had not passed under my windows the evening before I went away. They were "the happy low," and loudly happy; they danced with bent and lifted knees, and chins depressed; they sung *out*, and they drowned the softer tabor. Heads were thrust from every window, and the sympathy of good humour shone in all countenances as the groupe floated past, enacting their joy, and apparently rather delighted than disturbed by the public gaze. But the sounds of joy are few in this city: they certainly are not of a cheerful character in the Spiel Huis Straat; through which if you walk after dusk, you will see mean curtains hanging before many doors, and from the lights behind, and the vile

scraping of fiddles, and the discordant roar of Dutch sea-songs, you may know those wretched places, concerning which so many travellers have written, and not a few unfaithfully. I believe that they are the resorts of the very lowest class, and that (in Rotterdam) a Hollander of any respectability is never to be seen in them. If it had been possible, in the garb of a gentleman, to have ascertained their exact state, I should unhesitatingly have entered them; for the system is but the remnant of a cruel, and once general custom in Europe, no doubt imported from the East. In our older dramatists, the system of the old licensed brothels in London is spoken of as nearly the same, and the unhappy state of their enslaved inmates is not unfrequently alluded to.

In spite of the tame regularity of straight canals, and trees dotted in rows, there are many good views in Rotterdam. The Boom Quay is a noble street, commanding a fair prospect, and the houses are excellent, with large handsome windows of plate

glass. In many quarters, where you can take your stand so as to catch a point of view with the water, the house gables and their adorned tops, the white draw-bridges, the foliage of the trees *en masse*, and the stately tower of St. Lawrence rising above all, the effect is truly imposing.

The view from the top of this tower is also a fine thing: the eye ranges over a vast tract of flooded country,—over green flats, canals, dyke roads, and avenues of trees; and many towers and spires glitter in the distance.

The suburbs of Rotterdam are not remarkable, and the villas would find little favour in any eye save that of a retired skipper, or a pipe-loving burgomaster. The lanes here, and the smaller canals, are less cleanly, covered with a green scum, and the smell disagreeable.

The great square, or market-place, is adorned with a statue, which does honour to the citizens. The equestrian statue of a hero would seem ill placed in this still city of waters; a rough admiral, or a rich merchant, are the only characters whose

apotheosis you would look for in such a spot. The figure of Erasmus in bronze, in the cap and robe of an ecclesiastic, and a scholar with a book open in his hand, is the fine and peaceful-looking ornament of which I speak.

Some of the hot hours of noon may be pleasantly passed in looking at the pictures of Baron Lockhorst. The collection is not large or fine, but picture-gazing is an amusement of which the true traveller seldom tires. Dutch paintings have a character of uncommon truth. I have observed that the rich and the great are generally partial to this school, which I fancy I can easily account for, and greatly to their credit. It would seem they desired to have before them faithful pictures of the enjoyments of low life, as if to assure themselves (could any of them need such assurance,) that they did not possess a monopoly of the means of happiness. Hence these endless repetitions of fairs and fireside scenes, and groups of boors smoking and drinking; of women cleaning, cooking, and working at the needle; of furni-

ture, kitchen utensils, provisions; of red glowing fires, and bright burning candles; of old persons counting their money, and boys warming their fingers. Dutch landscapes, too, are very delightful. The sea-views, the fishing-boats, the banks of grass, and the living cattle of Paul Potter; —the smooth water, the reflected buildings, the clear skies, and the cows, which you may touch, as it were, of Cuyp; — these private cabinets seen, — a visit paid to the public library, and to the room where the Academy of Sciences hold their sittings, and where I saw some good instruments, and bad portraits;—these things all done, I departed, taking the route of Flanders.

I must not, however, leave Rotterdam without recording one pleasure I enjoyed there new to me, and therefore, perhaps, so prized at the time, and thought upon so often since with a treasured delight; — I mean the sound of the carillons. I shall never forget it: they strike out upon the silence, with a sweet and silvery promise in their beginning,—and thrill you;—then,

suddenly, in the very midst of their kind music, they break off, and leave you, — sad, — happily sad. *

I left Rotterdam for Antwerp in a steam-packet; the passage was delightful. The light throb of the heart is, for a moment, checked, if you chance to look into a guide-book, as you approach Dort; for there you find that you are sailing over the ruins of seventy-two villages, which, with all their inhabitants, were destroyed by an eruption of the rivers, in 1421: — but the quick rushing of the vessel carries you soon away from the spot, and the vain emotion of a vainer sorrow is willingly dismissed.

The distant view of Antwerp, as you approach it up the Scheldt, is lordly. The lofty tower of the cathedral, glorious and pinnacled, rises above the city of its chil-

* Dr. Burney styles the carillons, in a forceful and contemptuous expression, "corals for grown gentlemen." In the face of this great authority, (who, by the way, disputed the merit of Handel,) I confess myself a grown gentleman, as pleased with them as ever baby was with its silver bells.

dren, with inconceivable majesty and beauty. It is noble, noble! You wish the deck clear, or silent;—it is an object to gaze at, and fetch your breath. You land on a spacious quay,—you pass into a square,—and, as you pause there, where an angle opens upon the near view of the proud cathedral, with its air of Gothic grandeur; and as you look around upon ancient houses, magnificent palaces, and sumptuous public edifices, you feel it to have been a fitting scene for tapestry and trumpets, and those grey war-horses that the great Rubens was wont to take delight in painting.

I no sooner reached my hotel than I procured a cabriolet, and drove out of the city, and in part round the works. Entering again, I found the garrison on the glacis at drill, a great part in squads, without their arms. They were Swiss, fine, clean, healthy looking men, and well clothed. Had their clothing been scarlet, I should have passed them in the Phœnix Park with as little notice as a regiment of my own countrymen. There is one point,

in which the features of resemblance among nations are uniform over all Europe; and, however manners and customs may otherwise differ, I suspect a barrackyard is the very same thing, presents the same objects, and its drill is conducted upon the like system at Moscow and Dublin. I drove to the citadel, and asked the serjeant of the guard leave to go upon the ramparts. Every thing had an air of abandonment and neglect; the barracks looked in ruins, with few shutters or windows; the grass in the square ragged, and guns lying about dismounted. The orderly, who accompanied me, was a Swiss, had served fourteen years, and was just going to receive his discharge. There was a sincere joy in the man's language, confirming the existence of that sentiment which is said to be the feeling of all the natives of that romantic land, whom fate holds in absence from her attaching scenery.

The docks are magnificent works, the larger basin capable of containing forty sail of the line. The idle ships that lay there, waiting for cargo or repairs, had peaceful

names, and came from busy places. The Hope and the Providence, the Venture and the Endeavour, from Boston and New York, from Hull and Sunderland, fill places designed by Napoleon for such a navy of thunderers as he was never to be possessed of. The work, however, is worthy of a name and reign that shook the world.

The interior of the cathedral fulfils all the promise of its outward aspect. It is a consecrated grove of stately columns and branching arches. It has space and lightness, and its gloom is of the softest; it may truly be called a "solemn temple." The clear voice of the young choristers wandered tremulously along the vaulted roof, and fell upon the ear in weak but mellow warblings. I enjoyed the anthem leaning against a huge pilaster, whence I could gaze undisturbed on that masterpiece of Rubens, the Descent from the Cross. This, and the other two famous pictures in this church, have been often described; they detain you long, and are quitted with a reluctant step, and a backward regard. There are innumerable figures

in this cathedral, sculptured in wood, the first of their kind that I had ever seen. They have no quaintness, but are executed with as much care as if the artist had wrought in marble; and for elegance of proportion and propriety of expression are remarkable. The countenances of some, indeed, are of a very soft and pleasing beauty.

The church of St. Jacques is rich in objects of interest, but that which more particularly attracts the stranger is the chapel, dedicated to the memory of Rubens: his ashes rest below the altar, the tombs of his family around. The chapel is adorned with precious marble, the altar is of the like material. Above it is placed a picture by this master, which I consider a most enchanting production. It represents the Infant Jesus on the knees of his mother; St. Jerome, St. George, two females, and an aged bishop, make up the groupe. The Infant is of uncommon loveliness; there is a radiant glory in its smile, and the contrast of its little tender form, with the brown and wiry figure of St. Jerome, is most

happy. The manly St. George and the two handsome females, said to be portraits of Rubens and two of his wives, are finely placed. The bending bishop, with his grey beard, offering the kiss of adoration to the little child, and the expression of the virgin mother, complete the subject; and the effect of it, as a whole, is perfect.

The Museum has some very fine pictures by Rubens and Vandyke. The Communion of St. Francis by the former, and Christ on the Cross, with St. Catherine and St. Dominic mourning, are fine paintings: the latter has a depth of expression which saddens every beholder. I never look upon such a picture that I do not feel the value and high dignity of the painter's art. If the deep notes of the solemn organ,—if the melancholy music of Milton are suitable to awaken and inflame that better spirit within us, which is the most precious gift of Heaven, assuredly the like noble purpose is attained by creations on the canvas, which place before our very eyes those once acted and awful

scenes, to which our contemplation can never be directed without benefit.

There is a fine cabinet of paintings at Mr. Von Lanckner's. Among many nobler pieces are two fine Wouvermans; the one a Pillaging, the other a Fishing Scene,—both wonderful works,—the former the most interesting: it is like reading a chapter of minute and finished description from one of the Waverley novels to stand before either.

Antwerp is a place that I should prefer as a residence far before Brussels. I like its long and lonely streets, and the solitary figures that cross them, wrapped in the black mantillas of Spain. The very sounds and the very smells are Spanish,—small chimes from every tower, and the smell of incense issuing from the door of every church and chapel. I mean not to rejoice in a picture of decay, or to express pleasure at the thought that a population, once 200,000, has now dwindled to 50,000; that of 9000 houses the half should be untenanted; and that, of its 212 streets, so many should never echo to the passing

step; but that as things are so, the lover of solitude, and the dweller with silence might find there lessons of improvement, and causes of contentment.

Brussels is white and bright: the allée verte, by which you approach it, is broad, green, and pleasant. The palace of Laken stands well. The park and the place royale have a character of great magnificence. But were it not for that fine old Gothic edifice the town hall with its fret work, and windows, and tall tower; and also for the old church of St. Gudule, I should not have felt any great pleasure in the scene. The traveller, however, will find in this city a gallery of paintings rich in quaint old pictures, and full of amusement.

To the Englishman, Brussels has one association of undying interest. It was in her chambers our countrymen girded them for the battle, in her squares and streets they mustered, and out of her gates they marched to that last mighty contest, which won peace for the world. I drove to the memorable field. The road has that grave aspect and those shades that belong to the

forest scene. The axe of the wood-cutter was the only sound which broke the stillness, save once where I met a groupe of fine stout ruddy boys playing as they walked along. None of them seemed above ten years of age, most probably none of them born even, when the battle of Waterloo was fought. The man by my side did only recollect that English soldiers were in Brussels when he was a little boy, that they had bands of music, and that their dress was red. The Waterloo laurels still are, and ever will be green, but most of the locks on which they have been wreathed have long, ere this, turned grey.

Waterloo is no longer a theme to dwell on,—the praise of its heroes has been hymned by many, and the loftiest harps, and the action and the scene live to the eye of Him, who has read "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk." I passed over the field with these aids in my head, with the memory of other battle scenes present to my fancy, and with Le Coster for my guide,—the veritable Le Coster (for there are many counterfeits). He is an erect robust man of

a dark complexion, a little pitted with the small pox, and with black intelligent eyes. If he was fifty-three years of age in 1815, he appears little older at this hour.

The farm-yard of La Haye Sainte looked like any other; poultry were clucking and pecking up their food, and a young foal neighing for its dam. A ploughboy, who could have little remembrance of 1815, opened to let us out, that very same gate, at which on the day of the battle the French forced their entrance, and bayonetted all the gallant Hanoverians whom they found within. Shot holes in the gate itself, and on the walls near bear record of the struggle.

Hougoumont is still a ruin, and many of the trees that were in front of it have been cut down. The aspect of the spot, therefore, is somewhat altered. The terrace remains; as do two damp and ruined alcoves, which have never since that day been used as such pleasant places are meant to be. The orchard is still green and fruitful; a yard with some repaired outhouses is occupied by the servants of the farm; and a

poor woman, with two children having smiling eyes and red cheeks, came out to receive the customary gift. I could well image to myself the hot assault, and obstinate defence of this post; and I thought upon the scene it must have presented that evening. The thirsty wounded, and those mournful roll-calls, where the serjeants pause at many names in succession, and the manly and prompt "Here" in familiar tones is listened for and waited for in vain,—to be heard never again.

I went regularly and leisurely over the field. It was much to stand alone with Le Coster on the very spots, on which Napoleon had trodden during this mighty combat. The point to which he last advanced is that of the deepest interest: it was as far as general could go. Many think that he should have fallen at the head of his old guard, but the moral of his history is in far better keeping as it now stands. It appears to me that they who pass judgment against the generalship of Napoleon throughout the movements directed by him, from the twelfth to the

eighteenth, deal hardly with his fame. It was surely no small exhibition of talent to compel the Prussian and British commanders to fight him on two different days, and in two separate fields of battle. The victory of Waterloo was gained by the iron bravery of our troops, and by the firm high-minded moral courage of the Duke of Wellington. Never was that higher order of courage more largely wanted, or more brilliantly displayed.

As to the confusion in which the French fled in the evening, Bonaparte in the last advance set his all upon the cast. Reserves, and supports and dispositions for retreat belonged not to such a thought, or such a position of affairs. If British officers of judgment, experience, and intrepidity, could (as some of them did) feel a doubt about the issue of a contest, which even, if fatal, would have left England laurels yet brighter than those of Fontenoy, we may yet, perhaps, thank the god of battles that the reckless resolution of Napoleon, at the close of that day, had not been made at the beginning.

"The lot is cast into the lap, the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." Kingdoms and cottages, princes and peasants alike the objects. The man beside me, who had been dragged in reluctant alarm before the emperor, and compelled, with a beating heart and a bowing head, to accompany him throughout the battle, by this very circumstance has become possessed of more money and land than he ever dared to hope for; has a thriving family, and the grateful joy of his heart keeps him hale, cheerful, and strong. The defeated king has closed a life of bitter exile in the grave.

It was late, and chill, and dusk when I drove back to Brussels: remembered poetry is the solace of such hours.

From Brussels I went to Namur, a place of much interest; thence by a beautiful route to Givet and Charlemont. On the road I saw a peasant's fête: they were dancing stoutly on the sward, and their orchestra sate in a waggon—a picture of Tenier's realized.

I visited Mezieres, Sedan, Verdun, Metz, Thionville, Luxemburgh. Metz is a fine city: many historical recollections are awakened in it, as also at Thionville. At the inn here I found a young German troubadour. He sung ballads for me, accompanying himself on the guitar. It came to my thought as he sung, standing humble in the corner of the saloon, how differently at the old court of Charlemagne, a man with such a voice and touch had been received (my fellow traveller making light of him). For myself, the humblest itinerant musician can delight me. The road to Luxemburgh has woods, plateaux, positions bringing wars and military names to your mind. Among the latter, that of the great Duke of Alva returning defeated from Metz. Luxemburgh is a strong fortress, and a most romantic spot. There is a garden suburb in the gorge, or rather at the head of the ravine, above which Luxemburgh is built, the situation of which is peculiar and beautiful. The whole excursion from Brussels was delightful. Part

of the way I crossed legs in a diligence with the blood-red trowsers of a young French officer of the Chasseurs-à-cheval, and found French military talk at all the tables d'hôte. From this point I entered Germany.

NOTES AND REFLECTIONS

IN A

RAMBLE TO VIENNA,

IN 1825.

The common sounds in the cities of Germany are the clangour of military bands, the ringing of iron boot-heels, and the measured tread of stately soldiers. These, at certain hours of the evening, are varied by the full deep chorus of the slow-sung hymn, or, among the assembled youth of both sexes, by the soft and pleasing movements of the waltz. The sights every where correspond with the character of these sounds, and both are found on the very threshold of the land.

The approach to Treves from Luxemburgh is singularly beautiful; the Moselle

bears you company; the vale through which it flows is flat and fertile, while on either side rise hills, lofty enough to be picturesque, and lovely, inasmuch as they are fruitful, being for the most part laid out in vineyards.

The city lies in the narrowest part of the valley, and shows fair. The suburbs are prettily scattered, east and west of it, and are adorned with several large and fine-looking churches.

"Ante Roma fuit, stetit Teveris," says a proud inscription in the great square; a very fine old ruin, standing at a short yet imposing distance from the spot, compels the reverence of the traveller, and confirms the pride of the citizen. They tell you that it was used as a Hall of Assembly by the ancient Gauls, and, in after times, by their Roman conquerors, as a Capitol. Whatever doubts disturb or destroy such illusion afterwards, for the moment the vain tradition gives pleasure, and assists the memory in her backward flight. But Treves has a great charm for the unaccustomed eye;—the whole place is an antique;—

the houses are of quaint irregular forms, all sizes, all shapes, and of no order; here, a little old bay-windowed yellow house, leaning fairly on one side; there, a tall bright-red mansion, with carved window-frames, and high masking fronts of every variety. Peasant women, too, pass across the square, with stiff white caps, flat as the forage-caps of Austrian dragoons, which, seen at a distance in the fields, they greatly resemble, but, *near*, you recognize them at once as old acquaintances,—as a costume familiar to the eye in engravings from Albert Durer, and the old masters of his day. The nearest shop-window exhibits no books for sale, but volumes of forbidding black letter, in which the unalterable German will go on reading his rich but rugged tongue for ever, in utter contempt of the fair Roman character, which all the other nations of Europe have, by common consent, adopted.

I like the German, however, the better for this, and the very sight of the type in which old Chaucer was imprinted, begets a kind feeling in the bosom of the English

traveller towards the country and the people he is about to visit. It is not a little remarkable to observe, how much among these people the French had found it impossible to change. Although for nearly twenty years Treves had been the *chef lieu* of a department under the republic, and the empire of France, yet was there no sound in the streets but German, and in several of the shops which I entered, they could not reply to a question in the French language.

The principal hotel, the *Maison rouge*, was full, and I could only find place in the *Hotel de Venise*. Here I got an excellent apartment, and was civilly treated. However, not one servant in the house spoke French, so that here my amusing but easily-mastered difficulties began. I arrived time enough to take an evening saunter round the city. In the cabarets I heard good harmonious singing, as I passed them by, and I met soldiers at every step. The fields and gardens were balmy and still; but, here again, soldiers. I met some squadrons of cavalry returning from their watering;

and afterwards, in a more retired lane, three young officers, riding in that quiet way the Germans love. As I passed homewards, I made for a stately building that looked like a palace; it was formerly the Prince Bishop's, now the barrack of Prussian lancers.

The day following was a grand holiday, being the king of Prussia's birth-day. Few of his Majesty's subjects enjoyed it more than I did. It is a fine old cathedral, the service was well performed, and the instrumental music excellent. I felt a strange, stirring delight as, in parts, the harsh brattle of the drum, and the stern notes of the brazen trumpets, mingled with the solemn song of praise. It was impossible to rein the fancy, and she was busy in other scenes, — scenes naturally suggesting themselves to a soldier's mind, and forming a very painful and exciting contrast to that before me, where quiet citizens, and gay-dressed women, and happy school-boys, were crowded opposite the choir, all eye and ear. There was a grand parade of the troops, after high mass, for divine service, according to

the Protestant form of worship. There were three battalions of infantry, and a regiment of lancers. These were formed in a very compact, deep square, the lancers mounted, exactly filling the outer faces. Nothing could possibly be conducted with greater decency or propriety than this service: there was no haste, no irreverence, throughout the whole; a great part of the soldiers used their prayer-books, and numbers knelt. At certain parts all the troops, both horse and foot, sate, stood, or kneeled, bareheaded. The music was very solemn. A hymn sung by a vocal band produced a moving and sweet effect. At the close a sermon of some length was delivered by the chaplain, with considerable earnestness of manner. He wore on his head that square old cap which the reader may have often seen in the engraved portraits of our martyrs: it was altogether a fine picture. The very instant the worthy man concluded his discourse, at a given signal, the artillery fired their thundering salutes; the troops deployed, formed in open column, and marched past. I placed myself

directly in rear of the General, and close to him. The men were uncommonly clean, well set-up, young, and handsome; the bands were loud-breathing and martial; but the very tread of the platoons was music; and they turned their full, proud eyes on the General, after a noble manner, that filled mine with thick and dimming tears. I shook twenty years from my shoulders as I thought upon my first review, and the then swelling of my fresh and hopeful heart.

The General was a little man, grave, and grey-headed, with clear, intelligent eyes, and sate quite erect on his charger, a chesnut horse, of the exact cut of that which old Fritz, of glorious memory, is always represented as mounted on, — a Prussian cornet, perhaps, of the day, when the black eagle was the terror of battle-fields. Those times have passed away, — all must wonder *how*, as they look upon the firm march, the free carriage, and the brave bearing of the soldiery of Prussia. It is, however, here necessary to observe, that the obligation now imposed on every subject of that kingdom, to serve in the ranks of her army for a

given period of three years, or never less than one, is felt and complained of as a heavy grievance, — I think with reason. Sure I am that a large number of young persons are returned into the bosom of civil society very ill fitted to pursue peaceful and laborious occupations in humble contentment; while others again are compelled, for a season (and that the most important of their existence), to a mode of life, a discipline, and a treatment, which they find irksome, revolting, and abhorrent. I particularly allude to the poorer gentry, and persons in the easy middle class,—or rather, perhaps, I should say, to the parents of the youths taken from these classes, who have not the wish, perhaps, certainly have not the hope, of seeing their sons commissioned as officers, and are alike pained and alarmed for their morals, and their happiness, when taken from under their own eye, and placed among the chance companions, which regiments thus composed must furnish. This universal soldiership is assuredly a curse; the enlisting of men for a term of many years forms better soldiers,

and spoils fewer citizens. I mean not, by this to speak of regular soldiers as more immoral than other classes of society; for I do not think this often-hazarded assertion to be true. In all good corps soldiers are looked after by their officers like children, and they very soon become well conducted, if not from the highest motives, yet from habit, and for peace-sake: but the case is, of necessity, widely different, where men, all young, are gathered together for a short period of service, oftentimes with more money at their command than a private soldier ought ever to be possessed of, and with smart uniforms, personal advantages, and a handsome carriage, become the objects for low gamblers and designing females to fasten on, and destroy. Doubtless many such, their "three years of heroship expired," return to their homes lost and polluted men, and spread wide the taint of immorality.

I walked in the evening up a hill to the south of the city, turning, as saunterers do, at every fifty paces, to look down upon the fair valley beneath. I wonder not that, at

a very early period, the *clarissimi Treviri* stayed their wandering camp, and fixed it here; for nothing can be more pleasant to the eye than this fertile and well-watered plain. As I was gazing on this prospect, I heard a little murmuring of young voices, in a hollow way, near the field in which I stood, and, going to the bank, I saw a family, consisting of three little girls and their mother, walking up the steep lane, slowly and singly, the youngest first, their hands joined together, and pointing upwards, and their rosaries hanging down from them. The children had fair hair, that fell in braids, and voices clear and innocent. The mother was mantled and pale, and moved her lips in deeper and sadder tones. I followed at an undisturbing distance, and marked them gain a rude shrine of the virgin. They stood before it long, repeating prayers, and they bowed down, and kneeled in the dust. It was the sun-set hour; when they passed away, I went to the spot. Nothing could be ruder than the image of our lady. In a guide-book on Treves, which I had read that very

morning, were these lines quoted from Lucan, as descriptive of the religion of their earliest ancestors: —

> "Simulacraque mœsta Deorum
> Arte carent, cæsisque extant informia truncis."

Perhaps then, as now, the widowed heart found in its pilgrim walk to a rude and shapeless image like this, only called by another name, some comfort, and a peace permitted by, or rather given from, heaven. The sighing service of sorrow is always, I believe, heard, and speeded by angels and ministers of grace.

I passed down through vineyards to the ruins of an ancient Roman theatre, which have been well cleared out, and may be very distinctly traced. Thence, in the greyer dusk, I walked homewards. My steps were arrested, for some minutes, near a summer-house, by the sound of soft waltz music. As I entered the dark streets the windows were shaking to the doubling drums and piercing trumpets of the garrison. They ceased, and in a short moment the city was hushed

and silent. Such days the traveller does not readily forget. I was dragged in one, however, and glad to be so, from Treves to Coblentz. The better way, if the season admits of it, is to take a boat, and drop down the river Meselle, an excursion which I am told is very delightful and rewarding.

The descent into the valley of the Rhine, as you approach Coblentz, presents a most noble scene. I had reason to rejoice that I was disappointed of finding quarters at the great hotel in the square, for the window of my chamber at "*Les trois Suisses*" looked out upon the glorious Rhine, and up to the castled rock of Ehrenbreitstein. I was long before I could leave the casement to satisfy my appetite at table in the salon, and I gladly returned to it. The moon sailed high and bright among clouds that, at times, for a minute, shadowed her, and gave an indescribable sublimity to the stern and stately fortress, and to the flowing river, as it rolled darkling beneath the deeper and blacker shade of the scarped rock. I slept to open my eyes on the same glorious objects, seen clear in the

sober colours of a dawning summer's day. I rose immediately, and walked up to the height, called Williamstadt, from the works erected there. The prospect from it is wide and various, and full of such glory as meeting rivers and broad vales of cultivation, enlivened by towns and villages, must ever display. Moreover, here there are blue mountains in the distance, and nearer, a vista of the Rhine descending between lofty hills, picturesquely broken in their forms, and crowned with grey and shattered towers, and chapels still white and in honour. The leisure walking about Coblentz I found very delightful, from the novelty of the scene, and the new impressions of the people, which my eye gathered for me as I sauntered through the streets. I like a market-place every where. especially in a foreign land. I like to see peasant women in the costume, which their great-great grandmothers have worn before them. The females of the lower orders here have a coarse, hardy handsomeness; their fair complexions have been sunburned in harvest-fields, and their flaxen hair yellowed

in summer labours: they force it back from their cheeks and temples, and confine it behind beneath a small coif, or caplet of a gilt tissue, or some flowered pattern; and their countenances, naturally open, assume an expression of honesty very prepossessing. There is a fearlessness of regard altogether distinct from immodesty, and there is a something very guileless in their manner of meeting and talking with each other. I stood long in one of the streets before a shop-window filled with pipe-heads: the devices painted on these have an infinite variety, and are generally executed and finished with great neatness and taste. They furnish you with a very pleasing feature in the German character; the city of his birth, the leader after his heart, the patron saint, or the revered reformer, the poet, the painter, the hill, the stream, the flower, that best he loves, is borne by the German, figured on the pipe, from which he is never separated, wander where he may, as a treasured possession; — a talisman of happy power.

I attended a public concert in the evening. The performers were few, but excellent—the *ensemble* perfect. A female from the Opera at Breslau sung two Italian airs correctly, and well, but not at all to charm. There was enough in the room, however, to charm any observer. Some of the young German girls of eighteen appeared to me simple in both manner and dress as our children; no effort at display,—hair without other adornment than the falling braids, and round the waist the sash, *the broad ribbon sash*. Whither has it fled, ye gentles of England? whither has this lightest and most graceful of zones fled? and by what has it been replaced? The ladies were all seated; several of the gentlemen stood. Against the wall leaned a groupe of German youths, and boys; many of them from sixteen to eighteen years of age, yet they wore the open neck,—the white, and falling shirt-collar: their shining hair hung down long and waving, and was just parted on the forehead; their fine complexions, and expressive countenances, varied to each movement, and their eyes were affection-

ately fixed on the performers with a jealous intentness, lest they should lose a single note of the music. The silence of a German audience in a concert is perfect; the reproof of even the slightest rustle may be read on every forehead throughout the assembly. In the interval between the acts the conversation is cheerful and buzzing.

At the close I returned to my *table d'hôte*, where I had occasion to observe that exact contrast of character, which all societies present, but none more frequently, and in greater strength, than those composed of military men. At the upper part of the table sate two Prussian officers, engaged in conversation, whose minds and hearts looked out from their eyes after the noblest manner; at the bottom sate two younger officers well dressed, and not ill looking, conversing with loudness, and having essentially vulgar minds. This, without understanding three words spoken by either party, I would have staked my bottle of Laubenheim, and pleasant Seltzer water upon. One word to such travellers, as, bringing with them, from English uni-

versities, an instilled, and, perhaps, a useful prejudice against the armies, and officers of Germany, incline to despise all that is uttered by lips hidden under mustachios, or that is accompanied in its going forth by a cloud of smoke from the genuine *meerschaum* pipe. Be sure, quite sure of your strength before you let out on any subject connected with the classics, the *belles lettres*, the arts or sciences, at a table filled with Prussian officers.

In the morning I visited the church of St. Castor, and found it decorated for a festival, and filled with a holiday-clad congregation. Between the columns, and around them, and on the walls, hung rich, thick festoons of oak leaves smelling fresh from the forest; orange trees and handsome shrubs had been brought from some conservatory, and prettily disposed about the church. The altars were dressed in fresh gathered flowers, and all the pictures had their frames richly concealed in like manner. The service was reverently performed, and the *Te Deum* well sung; but when, in parts, the whole congregation

joined in the psalmody, and the assembled voices rose in one full harmonious note of praise, I felt a deep and hallowed happiness. The devotional singing of the Germans is of the very highest order; they observe a slow, and measured time, and preserve a fine accord. Moreover, they are sincere and solemn; the tones seem to come up from the depth of their hearts: the eyes are not turned fanatically upwards, or wandering coldly about; they have a fixed, serious, abstracted gaze, prayerful and true.

In the course of my rambles about the city I met a groupe of boys returning from school. Young as they were, their gait, and carriage, was already erect, and martial, even to the coarse stamp of their military boots; and, instead of satchels for their well-thumbed Cæsars, all their books were packed in little knapsacks fitted square upon their young shoulders.

I walked out to the tomb of General Marceau alone: his early laurels, his early death, and the memorable circumstances of his honoured funeral, invest it with a mild

glory, which shines but rarely on the grave of a warrior. His remains lie immediately under a fort, where, in all future continental wars, there will be red artillery flashing upon the tomb that guards them.

A lame *commissionaire*, such an one as is to be found at the gateway of every hotel in every large town upon the Rhine, and who is generally one of those "broken tools that tyrants cast away," procured for me the regular permission to visit Ehrenbreitstein, and accompanied me. As we walked slowly up the hill I gathered his brief tale. A native of the city, he had seen a regiment of French hussars pass through, and had followed their fortunes. He had served in Spain and Russia, as all these poor fellows have, or say they have. But here, from his relation of a particular circumstance, I was satisfied that I was walking by the side of a man who had been drenched by the very same midnight rain, and, after a morning of rude greetings in the field, had been dried by the same welcomed sunbeams as myself some fourteen years ago.

The works of the fortress have again arisen in considerable strength, but much remains to be done. According to the rate at which they now labour, and the number of men they employ, it would take seven or eight years to complete them: this the old Prussian bombardier who showed them observed, adding, with gravity, that there was no hurry, as there would be plenty of time.' I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that he may be right; but to think of a grey-headed old soldier, who can remember, within the narrow space of ten short years, two such days as those of Jena and the triumphal entry into Paris, thus speaking,—as if havoc were never to be cried again, and the dogs of war chained up for ever. From the walls I looked out upon the same magnificent scene I have already spoken of, as discovered from Williamstadt, and traced the extensive works, which, on every side, protect Coblentz, and the calm meeting of the Moselle and the Rhine. There is a handsome church in this lofty fort bomb-proof. There is always a great stillness about a

church; even if it be an erection of yesterday, it breathes composure on the visitor; but to be reminded by the word *bomb-proof*, that it is designed for that hurried worship, which, amid the alarms and tumults of a siege, is the only service that can be joined in by a belted soldiery, awoke in me the thought that there was nothing more difficult for regularly educated clergymen than to preach the Gospel to soldiers; and that, in the course of a long period of military service, I could scarce summon to my recollection one single discourse, delivered by a chaplain, which met the minds, habits, feelings, and spiritual wants of private soldiers. I shall be told Christianity is the same everywhere, and at all times, and among all classes of society. True; but to preach it in the carpeted drawing room is one thing, to preach it in the open camp is another; to keep Sabbath where bells do knoll for church is one thing, to keep it in your shut heart amid the stir of a line of march is another; at least I think so, and I have often wished to see a helping volume for the tent and the guard-room: but

yet I so reverence the ark, that I almost fear to see a soldier's hand on it.

I took a *calèche* to myself from Coblentz to Maynz, that I might linger on the way. Leaving Coblentz after dinner, I passed to St. Goar, where I slept: the route is never to be forgotten; much is felt, but little can be said upon it. It is a blending of all beauties; cliff and ruin, wood and crag, vines and happy-looking dwellings,—dwellings, old in their fashion, and solid in their aspect; thresholds of worn stone that have been stepped over by many generations; and vine-clad porches that have shaded many a wayworn traveller as he partook the free hospitality of kind owners smiling in peace and abundance.

I strongly recommend an evening at the post-house of St. Goar to all travellers, for, if it is still what I found it, they will meet with cleanliness, tranquillity, and civil treatment: moreover, the site is most beautiful.

While they were preparing my supper I took a walk. Walks at the hour of dusk are ever soothing and pleasant, but especially so on the bank of a fine river: the

flow is heard more solemn in the stillness, and the glassy light of broad and gliding waters is seen with a more thoughtful feeling. At a bend of the stream I saw some figures approaching in the distance, and presently they broke out into singing,—it was a hymn. They passed me linked hand in hand, and my heart's blessing went after them as their forms disappeared, and their voices died away.

The ruin of Rheinfels, above St. Goar, is well deserving a visit: it has been in succession convent, castle, and fort. In this last character it was surrendered or betrayed to the French, on the first summons, during the war of the revolution; by them it was blown up. A weedy garden, the painted walls of a music room, and spacious cellars, tell of mirth, music, and the wine-cup; while a few horrible dungeon tombs, resembling the famed *oubliettes*, remind you that there are more passions in the human breast than the one of love, and other sighs in this our world than those of lovers.

On your route towards Bingen you pass under a rocky height, called the Lurley-

berg, where there is an echo. Of this echo your postilion is too proud to remain silent; he disturbs the solitude with his shout, and smiles back in your face, as he is answered by obedient PAN.

The site of the castle of Schönberg, as you pass forward, is very picturesque. The town of Oberwesel stands prettily; there is a ruined church, and another beautifully clothed with ivy, which demand a passing visit. Here, too, is a small chapel, dedicated to the memory of a youthful martyr and canonized saint, named Werner, who is said to have suffered a death at the hands of the Jews, many centuries ago, under circumstances of the most aggravated cruelty and horror. The legend is similar to that related by the prioress in Chaucer's tales, and to that other preserved in the old ballad styled Hugh of Lincoln.

A wine-press and a cottage stand in the same enclosure with the chapel, and the good people keep the key, and open it for strangers. It is dilapidated, but not altogether in ruins. The windows are broken, indeed, and the damp air is busy on the

walls; but devotees still visit and kneel before the altar, over which hangs a very horrid picture of this martyrdom. It represents the victim youth suspended with his head downwards, and several Jews in the act of lancing his body with knives, and taking from it goblets of blood. Although the mind rejects at once the interested invention of the miracles, which, in all these cases, are recorded as having followed on such sacrifice, by rendering it impossible for the perpetrators of the crime to bury or conceal the mangled corpse of their victim, which is, in every case, stated to have spoken out after the extinction of life, it is not easy to refuse belief to the simple fact of a Christian child having been murdered by Jews at one of these places, if not at all. I cannot, however, credit the monstrous tale, that it was a deliberate practice of that persecuted sect to sacrifice annually a Christian child in solemn assembly. In Asia, to this very day, the boys in the streets will spit upon and jeer at the Jew. Now, we may readily imagine that the laughing taunts of children, and their practical in-

sults, would exasperate the spirit of hunted and irritated men, even to madness; and this may account, I think, for children having been the chance victims of a people, at once vindictive and timid. In the ballad of Hugh of Lincoln, the boys are represented playing at foot-ball, and the one who afterwards suffers, as kicking it through a Jew's window. This more strongly inclines me to an opinion, in which I wish to be confirmed, rather than be compelled to admit that such puttings to death were solemn and sacrificial. In either view none can deny to the subject a very deep and affecting interest. The mother is thus wonderfully depicted in Chaucer: —

This poore widow awaiteth al the night
After her little child, and he came nought:
For which as soone as it was day-light,
With face pale for drede and busy thought,
She hath at schole and elswhere him sought,
Till finally she gan so farre aspie
That he last sene was in the Jewrie.

With mother pitie in her breast enclosed
She goth as she were halfe out of her minde
To every place, where she hath supposed
By likelihood her child for to finde:

And ever on Christes mother good and kinde
She cried." —

Forgive me, reader, I could not choose but quote these lines; forgive me for that one, —

With face pale for drede and busy thought.

Remember, too, that these tales and these verses are in black letter, true German text.

The scenery onward continues rich, romantic, and varied; the famous stone, near Bacharach, called the Altar of Bacchus, shone smooth, dry, and hot above the bosom of the Rhine, giving promise of a full and fruitful vintage. Of the vineyards on this route, pictorially speaking, I must observe, that they are generally more honoured and bepraised, by travellers and poets, than their appearance warrants. They rise on rapid slopes, and, in many instances, on narrow slips of land, which are forced to be protected and built up by low-walled embankments. In all of them, the brown surface of the earth bears so large a pro-

portion to that clad in the verdure of the plant, that the general effect, were it not for the association of ideas, would be almost painful; it would seem to the mere gaze as if vegetation was struggling weakly and in vain upon a barren and ungrateful soil. The vine trelliced is every where beautiful, or when trained in festoons, as in Lombardy; or when, on a wide flat vineyard, the bushes show thick, and you cannot get sufficiently above the ground to view its nakedness.—But I feel shame; it is a pitiful return to the grapes of Hockheim, and Laubenheim, and Rudesheim, which so gladden and strengthen the traveller's heart, to criticise the aspect of the gardens where they grow; it is like praising a real good fellow, and then coldly regretting that he is plain.

The strange-looking, many-windowed inn at Bingen was empty; so that I sate down to my cover alone, but with plenty to amuse the eye, for on the papered wall were depicted the French triumphs in Egypt, and pyramids, palm-trees, obelisks, tents, Mamalukes and French hussars were blended

around in gay and unintelligible confusion. With these objects staring me in the face, I could not resist the little vanity of saying that I had been in Egypt, although I had only a waiter to say it to.

"*Est ce un bon pays, Monsieur? est ce qu'il ya du vin?*" The Arab always asks the stranger if he has dates in his country? Thus it is men are bound by the fitted gifts of Providence to their own allotted path in creation.

In this place, opposite the inn, I recollect seeing a young mother, and her first-born child, of rare beauty; and the playful fondling and returned caresses gave me a picture perfect in its kind.

There is a garden on a height here, with a ruined castle in the midst of it. The whole is prettily laid out in walks, and flower-plots, with arbours and rustic seats, in spots commanding the finest prospects.

There is an Æolian harp placed in the ruined tower. When the garden was empty, and the shades of evening fell thick, and all was gloom and stillness, I returned and leaned long against the locked door, to

listen to that fitful, melancholy music. Such things send you sad, yet happy to your couch.

The route to Mayence crosses the Rheingau: a blessed abundance smiled all round; wide corn-fields, grapes in the blush, and fruit-trees, in long avenues, on the very road. The wayfaring traveller gathers the unmissed apple from the loaded branch, and rests beneath its shade, and eats it; and no one says nay to him.

The view of Mayence, on the road from Nieder Ingelheim, is very fine; at the gate a bronzed old Austrian, in a white uniform, demands your passport; and ten yards farther you meet a youthful, fresh-complexioned Prussian, who demands it again. In short, you are now fairly in the hands of the high Allied Powers, for they garrison this noble city and important post between them. You drive down a fine broad street of princely old mansions, unoccupied, or converted to some public use, such as an office, a store, or a barrack.

It was the hour of dinner when I reached the hotel, and a scene of great bustle and

discomfort it appeared; a long, crowded table of busy feeders, and unheeded musicians carelessly playing their worst pieces. The next day, however, when I was neither hot nor dusty, I enjoyed the *table d'hôte* much.

Mayence is, to my eye, a very interesting place; a man might stand rooted for a whole evening in the middle of its long bridge, looking down that unequalled valley of the Rhine; and long might he lean over the parapet of its promenade, just above the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine; and long might he gaze down upon the city, and mark that cathedral, so deeply richly red, when, at the sunset hour, it passes through a glorious course of changing tints, till, in the all-grey dusk, it stands black and solemn above the mass of habitations, just veiled by the rising vapours. The evening I was on the promenade there was music, martial music, but soft breathing, as if to win the hearts of women, and aid young soldiers, as silently they walk with beauty, and sigh their first loves.

Germany has been, in our day, one vast

theatre of war, and scarce a city on the Rhine, the Danube, or the Elbe, but has witnessed

> "Sudden partings, such as press
> The life from out *young* hearts."

Knowing this, we look upon young German lovers as rejoicing that the war-trumpet cannot startle them in that sweet dream which comes not twice in any life, and is not fairly and unbrokenly slumbered through by one in a million. I am old, but I cannot and wish not to forget that I have been young. Germany is a country for bringing such recollections home to the hearts of all men, especially of soldiers.

There is a public library here, a museum, many Roman antiquities, and some pictures of interest; but there is no fine building to receive them, and they are crowded in small miserable apartments, little heeded by visitors. This gives great pain to the professors and citizens, and is certainly not to the credit of the Sovereign Duke, of whose indifference to the general welfare of the city, as well as to these little ob-

jects of their pride, they largely complain. In weighing, however, the discontent of the inhabitants of Mayence, it is necessary to remember that they were greatly favoured by France, and greatly enriched by the constant passage of her troops into Germany. Here the French soldier generously spent his last sous, and, crossing the bridge, here he left his conscience to rejoin him with his arrears, if he should ever chance to return.

Among the lions of the city, the Guttenburgh tablet ranks high: at the time of my visit it was in peculiar honour, in consequence of a paper war between a professor of Moguntia and Haarlem, on the disputed title of the former city to the glory of that invention, which has so largely contributed to the improvement and the happiness of man.

In the citadel, a fine broken tower, of the massive Roman build, recals the name and renown of Drusus. The traveller is conducted to view and ascend it by an Austrian orderly. It looks down proudly, and

rather contemptuously on the unpicturesque forms of the modern works, and upon cannon, those meaner engines that in the day of Rome were not.

In the cathedral are found many old tombs, to which the verger's long tale is attached; but none does he tell more briefly, and before none does the visitor stand so long, or with so delighted a feeling, as that of Frauenlob the Minnesänger. The sculpture is small, and quaint: eight gentle dames are represented as supporting his bier: such were the funeral honours of Henry of Meissen. He lived and died a canon of the cathedral; the lyre the solace of his days, and he sung the praise of woman. Five hundred years have rolled over the city, and scarce fewer calamities; yet here, surviving the shrines of saints, and the tombs of princes and warriors, the name and the fame of a humble bard remain cherished and sacred. Strange and delightful memorial! honour to it; and peace to thy mânes, Frauenlob. In the lays of the Minnesängers I find no spe-

cimen of Henry of Meissen, although the engraving of his tomb forms the appropriate frontispiece to that interesting volume. All, therefore, that I know of him is, that he was one among those to whom women should feel indebted to this very hour; for, no secondary cause has so humanized, refined, and blessed our world below, as the high place in man's esteem, and tender reverence, which the minstrel of the middle ages did first assign to them, and the knights of chivalry in brave accord confirm. As I turned to leave the tomb, one sad thought forced itself upon me. I have read somewhere, that it is the thorn, which piercing the breast of the nightingale, causes the sweetness of that melody we love.—This bard lived and died unwedded.

On the morrow I left Mayence, delighted with my short sojourn, and looking back on it all the way to Biberich with admiration and regret. There is a chateau at this place belonging to the prince of Nassau; it is pleasantly situated in a garden on the banks of the Rhine. I left my carriage at

the gate, and walked into the grounds. Before the house I saw two sentinels, who suffered approach and said nothing; but I was quite confounded as I came suddenly on a glass door, and saw persons seated, and moving within. I hurried past, and, at a side-door in the wing of the building, asked if there was any part of the chateau to be seen. From two persons I got a "*ya,*" "*ya,*" but no instruction or offer of assistance. Near the stables I saw two grooms in quiet liveries of grey. One of these, a smart handsome man, returned with me, and spoke to the maître d'hôtel, who was standing in a full suit of black close to a maid servant, engaged in washing silver plates as they were brought from table. This majordomo gave a gracious "*ya,*" the maid two, and a nod; the groom pointed out the way up stairs, bowed respectfully, and went away. I mounted, and found myself at liberty to pass along galleries, with bed-chamber doors half open, and seemingly not long deserted by their occupants, till, at length, opening a door

at the further end of a long corridor, I entered a gallery, running round a painted dome. Close to me was a gilded Corinthian capital, and below, as if exhibited for the gazer's entertainment, the duke and three others partaking of a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, and waited on by several attendants, in full suits of black, with shoulder knots of orange ribbon. At a glance I saw all this, and that the party were eating off silver, but I instantly retired; not that I believe I should have done anything contrary to usage by sitting the scene out; but to a plain Englishman this kind of thing is felt either painful, or ridiculous; for a duke of Nassau is not exactly a king of France, and I should as soon have dreamed of looking into the breakfast parlour of a quiet English nobleman, or country gentleman, as into his.

From hence I drove to Wiesbaden, a small place of baths, with just that sort of aspect that seems distinctly to say, here you either must be happy, or pretend to be. Smile and stay in welcome; but if you begin to sigh, away with you. The place is

all white. The hotels white, and vast; the salles white, and vast. I sate down to a long dinner table, about as full as a ball supper table at home, and about in the same comfort,—soups cold, and wines hot.

There was one lady in the company, although it was only the noon repast, in full dress; arms and neck uncovered. It had a very strange appearance, all the rest were so shawled and bonnetted. She was a handsome woman of vulgar beauty, if I may use such an epithet without sacrilege, and I could not but suspect that it was a designed mistake.

There is a very fine building at Weisbaden, called the Kursal, appropriated to public amusements; it is three hundred and fifty feet in length, by one hundred and seventy in breadth:—the great saloon is truly magnificent. We have no idea at home of amusement conducted on the scale on which it is here.

Restauration, balls, billiards, cards, music, all under the same roof, and, in the

arcades adjoining, such shops as are always to be met with at watering-places, for the sale of trinkets, toys, bon-bons, essences, music, and engravings.

The city of Frankfort did not interest me at all: there appeared no bustle, no activity in its streets; and I believe, at no time, except at the season of the fair, is there much, if any. It rained heavily during my short stay, at which I was well pleased, for the weather had been intolerably hot, and the roads dusty. The traveller can scarcely be weather-bound in a place ministering more abundantly to his comfort than Frankfort. The hotels are excellent: he will find at the casino English newspapers and reviews; and it is just a spot for repose and letter-writing.

I passed a morning in the Picture Gallery. It has not much to boast of, but there are many specimens of the old German school which always produce the same effect on me as the reading of an old ballad; an effect which few, who are acquainted with it, can deny to be very delightful.

In the garden-house of a merchant I saw the admired statue of Ariadne, by Dannecker. To my eye the figure is altogether too large, too fleshy. It is exhibited with a great parade for producing, artificially, a voluptuous effect,—happily, in vain; for the marble is covered with spots and streaks, blue and livid as those on a body tainted by the loathsome plague.

Although, however, this subject was to my taste a very disappointing one, I love the art too well not to offer my tribute of admiration to the sculptor. It is pleasing to think of a boy of thirteen determining his own path in life in the fearless and interesting manner in which he is said to have done so, and carried on irresistibly by the power of his genius, gaining the high honours of his art.

The theatres of Germany must be visited by every traveller who would know the people. That at Frankfort is a poor one, the orchestra good. I saw my countrywomen sadly caricatured in a drama, the name of which I cannot remember. Spen-

cers of a pale blue silk, with waists of a most immoderate length, and round straw hats with very narrow brims, disfigured two red and white women, whose beauty would at no time have been very remarkable, and who were selected as the representatives of the two lovely daughters of an English merchant. This worthy old gentleman is prevented from throwing himself into the Thames by an English nobleman, who is walking London bridge at the same moment, and with the like intent. There are scenes of punch-drinking, love-making, and marrying: — as I could understand little if any thing of the dialogue, I can only say that I thought the piece absurd. I was not sorry to feel thus at my first introduction into a German theatre, as I had occasion, in other places, to observe that the attention to costume in Germany is in general, especially as it regards the early and middle ages, correct, and the acting most natural and impressive. There was a lady (from Prussia I believe) in one of the boxes of surpassing beauty: there really seemed a light all about her.

The dismantled ramparts of the city are laid out in pleasant gardens, and between the showers I met in them numbers of fine looking children, prettily dressed, in charge of staid old German nurses. As to costume, in general, the gentlemen of Frankfort are not to be distinguished from those seen daily on our Royal Exchange. The old part of the town is dirty enough, nevertheless its narrow streets have a very peculiar and a very picturesque aspect; and then they have been walked in long, have seen new elected emperors ride through them, and have listened to many proclamations. Neither the Election Hall nor the famous Golden Bull did I see; nor can I shelter myself under the excuse of Bishop Burnet, for, so far from any difficulty attending the visit, I believe that it was because a *domestique de place* pestered me about it, that I did not go.

Near the gate of Friedberg is a monument erected to the memory of the brave and devoted Hessians, who fell at the assault of the city in 1792. There is a huge and hollow helmet on this monument which

greatly pleased me, as did the whole memorial, although I am aware that in strict taste the style and proportions may be considered faulty.

The road to Darmstadt traverses a very noble pine-forest. The town, though small, has a handsome, court-like look; the square is really fine, as is the grand street leading from it. I found a good hotel, and got a very cheerful chamber. In this place I lingered delightedly for three days. There are most pleasant gardens to walk in; there is an excellent opera for those who love music, — and who is there does not? there is a gallery of paintings, in which are many pieces of acknowledged merit; and yet, with all these appendages of a court and a city, Darmstadt is as still, as tranquil as a village.

I was not a little amused at two rehearsals of the opera of Fernan Cortez, where the Duke himself, the scroll of leader in his hand, governed his orchestra in person. I largely forgave him his hobby, while I listened to his fine full band, and,

if he would only be a little more considerate to Mayence, should regard this harmless folly not very indefensible: he might have tastes quite as costly, though they would be regarded as more princely. May it not be a beguilement, in which he seeks to conceal from himself the nothingness of his poor sovereignty, and to console himself under a sad bodily infirmity? I was particularly struck by one thing; although he is crooked, has an infirm and bending gait, and an impatience of manner, which might tempt to ridicule, yet does he bear himself withal so much the gentleman and the nobleman, that no liberties appeared to me to be taken with him, and the musicians were all most subduedly obedient in their calling. I remained at Darmstadt for the final representation: the scenery was fine, the costumes of the Spanish characters excellent, in the true old Castilian taste. Those of the Peruvians were, of necessity, fanciful rather than correct. The theatre was very brilliant and well lighted. With the sole exception of the *prima donna*, the singing

was not at all remarkable; but the instrumental music was perfect. The choruses, too, of the Peruvian women, produced quite a thrill in my bosom, they are so wild, so shrill, so piercing, and the breaks so sudden and effective.

At the risk of being considered tedious, I cannot pass over the Picture Gallery in silence. There are many chambers, and some hundreds of pictures, the greater part of them fit only, according to the phrase, to cover walls: yet I often think, even about pictures so spoken of, take one away, take it to your own chamber, and hang it up there, how a painting, poor in the proud eye of the vain artist or wealthy collector, becomes dear to the man of imagination. There is in this collection a picture, the subject of which is the death of Mary. There are thirteen figures in the groupe; the countenances are of a calm, sacred beauty; the costumes nunlike, and in sober keeping. The effect of the whole is solemn, sweet, and sad; the

painter's name is John Schorel; the canvas small, two feet and a half square.

There is an embalming of Christ, with the Marys, St. John, and two angels, — a picture of great beauty, by Schwartz. There is also a holy family, with Christ on the the cross, Mary Magdalen, and St. John, by — *Unknown.*

I pity the man who dares not admire a picture because it wants the magic mint press of a name. My perfect ignorance of the art leaves me in this point happily independent. I rejoice to be pleased, and I want no sanction for my admiration.

There is a fine Domenichino in this collection, the subject, the Prophet Nathan's Accusation of David. Nathan is a strongly marked prophetic form and face, terrific in gesture, and mantled in deep red. The king is starting, and has the wide stare of terror. I admire the painting, but like not this way of telling that awful story. Nothing, perhaps, was more calm, nothing more stilly, than the utterance of "Thou art the man." These simply-whispered

words must have resounded as God's own thunder on the sinner's ear, and gone down keener than a two-edged sword into his heart. There is a St. John in the Wilderness, by Raphael; a Virgin teaching the Infant Jesus to read, with Joseph in the back ground, by Ludovico Caracci; a Peter denying Christ to the Maid, by Domenichino; an Old Man, by Spagnoletto; a Hagar in the Wilderness, by Pietro de Cortona; and many others, well rewarding the time passed in gazing on them.

The court apartments in the castle, which are shown to the visitor, have their interesting old furniture, and their gaudy new. The Chamber of the Throne is remarkably rich in its decorations. I could not help calling to mind the speech of Napoleon in 1814, when, on the invasion of the allies, he so angrily dismissed the Chamber of Deputies, and in the course of which he broke out with his rude but impressive camp-eloquence: "What is it, then, *a throne?* only four planks of wood nailed together, and covered with red vel-

yet! It is not the throne; it is the man who sits on it — *Moi je suis le trône.*"

'There are many things in this palace presented to the Grand Duke by Napoleon; among others, a very elegant clock from Paris. The device is classical, and in the happiest taste. The figures of each advancing hour issue forth from an urn of alabaster, and the motto is,

"OMNIUM VERSATUR URNA."

In one small chamber is the portrait of a little child; it is that of the present King of Prussia, and was taken when he was in infancy. The person who conducted me through the apartments told me, that when this sovereign was last at Darmstadt he breakfasted alone in that very cabinet, opposite to his own picture. An anecdote like this I love; it shows a king confessing his alliance with our common kind, wishing himself again, perhaps, the little uncrowned thing that played free in a nursery, instead of the sceptred monarch, labouring, and

that subjectedly, in a closet. Childhood is the season of true royalty; they command us all; they bid us do this and do that, come here and go there, show the picture or tell the story, or sing the song, and we do it all with delighted obedience. It is innocence we serve; nay, we feel them, in so much, beings of a higher order; we forget not that of such is the kingdom of Heaven, and that the angel of every one among them does continually behold the face of the Most High.

There is a beautiful garden in Darmstadt, called the Herrengarten, with wood, and shrubbery, and winding walks; a seat on a mound commanding the extensive plain beyond, and a small lake with an islet in the midst, all fringed about with the drooping willow. There is another garden on the other side of the city, in an older fashion, with fine shaded avenues, terraces, fountains, and a large old conservatory full of orange trees, — just the place for a summer fête. In a ramble to the south of the city, I found on the plain a small camp

of horse-artillery, with a large butt for practice; and the pine-wood near was echoing to the rollings of the drum, where a set of chubby younkers were learning their first beats under a drum-major.

In the streets of the city I saw the state-carriages of the Duke going to meet some honoured guest; they were preceded by running footmen. This is old and courtlike; it provokes a smile, however. The less of substance in sovereignty, the more I observe the shadow is always clung to. The waiter at the hotel where I lodged professed to be learning English, and begged me very hard to give him some English book. Of the few pocket volumes I carried with me, I could not bring myself to part with one. I gave him, however, an old pocket-book, which I chanced never to have written in, so that I furnished him with most important knowledge for a waiter; and he may now learn how to measure out his respect to English travellers according to a printed list of our Lords, Commons, Baronets, and orders of Knighthood.

The first part of the road from Darmstadt to Heidelberg lies in a wood of pines. The sun lighted the rough rind of their tall stems with a golden hue, and the shadow of their black branches gave a fine relief to the picture. I stopped at the village of Alsbach, and, directing the carriage to meet me at Auerbach, ascended Mount Melibœcus with a German peasant-boy for my guide.

The walk is delightful in itself, and from association magical. It is the Odenwald which you traverse: there are not many large trees, but there is all that tall, tangled, and matted brushwood which belongs to the forest hill; there is a talking stream; the path is circuitous, now ascends, now dips, then rises again, and winds far about, to the tower-crowned summit. Save the water, and your own voices, you scarce hear a sound, without it be in parts the axe of the wood cutter, who may be chance-seen, far in the glen, at his solitary labour.

I practised the few words of German I was master of with my young guide with greater success than hitherto: at that age

they strive to understand you; the older German never does; you either speak his language or you do not. He is proud of his mother-tongue, and cares for you in exact proportion as you may be master of it. I speak of the people. French carries the traveller, with the greatest ease, all over Germany; and for the slight intercourse you have with coachmen, barmaids, and guides, a few words of German intelligibly pronounced, and intelligently applied, will answer all the purpose of warding off embarrassment. This I state, because I am sure that many travellers, of a certain age, are deterred from visiting that most interesting country from an ignorance of the language, and a despair of acquiring it. No man, indeed, can read two dozen pages in a German grammar without seeing that it is a language most difficult of attainment, its construction very perplexing in conversation, its pronunciation rarely to be acquired by a foreigner, after that season when the organs are yet flexible in youth, and of an evident copiousness and richness which few may hope to command but those

who have early lisped in it. This I say not to excuse indolence, or discourage industry, but to check presumption. Before many talkers of German, French as well as English, the puzzled persons they address smoke, and remain dumb. Bounding my own efforts most narrowly to my daily wants, on a rapid excursion, I each morning renewed my resolve to study and master the rewarding language at some favourable period as to leisure and abode.

From the tower of Melibœcus you look out far over the vale of the Rhine, the red cities on its banks, and the blue mountains of the Vosges beyond; immediately below and around you lie the wooded and wavy hills of the Odenwald, with here and there a ruined castle on their summits. The whole presents to the eye a very glorious natural panorama. I descended by a rude path to Auersberg: here I found among the ruins a German gentleman and his two sons, boys of six or seven years of age. After examining the remains of the castle he joined me on my walk down to the village, where my carriage was waiting.

He was very agreeable, and amused me much by a long and thorough German dissertation upon the difference of character in his two boys, and its developement in the most minute circumstances. This he was exemplifying to me, as they played before us, by the different way in which they ran up and down the banks near us, and the different objects that made them stop, or attracted their young regards. He disappointed me by speaking very lightly of Madame de Stael's Germany, a book I thought most highly of before I saw that country, and think more highly of since personal observation has confirmed to me the value of it. I believe, however, that the plain English of the old gentleman's objection was that true love of father-land, which resented the idea of any but a German born, bred, and resident, treating any subject connected with the history, the institutions, or literature of his country worthily enough.

The road from hence to Heidelberg, along what is called the Bergstrasse, is a wonder and a delight: the eye rests on

nothing but beauty, fertility, and abundance; the outstretched hand can touch no branch that is not fruitful; it has all the appearance of a vast garden; the very towns and villages lose their man-made character; they, too, look as if they were but just enough to preserve it from running to waste, and as if the happy inhabitants had been placed in them with the same blessed command as our first parents in their Eden, "to dress and to keep it." But I check a rhapsody so naturally inspired by the scene, and must confess to my reader, that this paradise is traversed by a military road, and that we need not look farther back than the history of our own times to know, that from these same trees the blushing fruit has been rudely snatched by hands yet red from the battle. This road terminates in the valley of the Neckar; the hills, between which the river flows, are picturesque in their character. On the left bank lies the city of Heidelberg; upon a wooded cliff above it stands the castle. This ruin greatly disappointed me; it is a huge pile of building, dilapidated, roofless, windowless. Row

above row of square gaping vacuities stare out upon you from walls, which want alike the form and the colour that give dignity to a castle, or interest to a ruin. It is like the shell of a barrack, a hospital, or a manufactory; such, at least, it appears in the glare of noonday. In the grey hour of dawn, however, or the deep gloom which follows upon sunset, the effect is certainly imposing, and may be called majestic. I visited it at both those hours, and I sate out on its terrace, looking down the river on the glorious plain, bounded by the Rhine, with an entranced rapture.

There are some pinnacle points on the loftiest part of the ruin, surmounted by statues, the attitudes of which are grotesque. In the evening hour they look like living beings, and produce a very fantastic illusion. I did not forget to visit the famed tun; it is like an old Dutch ship on the stocks, a large ribbed vessel, that might contain a sea of wine, and float it safely over an ocean of water.

I met several students in the gardens,

both in groupes and singly. Heidelberg is a university containing many hundreds. Of German students I can only speak pictorially, as I have seen them in my brief passage through the country, and as I have been impressed by them. Their costume, when clean, I am far from disliking, and their sins of smoking and singing appear to me venial offences; even the drinking of beer where they cannot get wine I forgive. I believe Porson, our renowned Grecian, would have smoked and drunk beer with any two of them; and, perhaps, his shirt-collar might not have shamed the whiteness of theirs. Tom Warton (that well-beloved name) liked his ale and his rubber of bowls, and so did the men of his time. Ale-houses had a long day both at Oxford and Cambridge, but Germany is far behind us; with her they are the rage still, that is, where the country affords not wine. Of the students in German universities the great majority are poor. The period of their residence is a very trying one, and nothing but the care generally bestowed on their boyhood at home would

safely carry a youth through it, and restore him, as * a late traveller tells us it does, "to fall into his own place in the bustling competition of society, and lead a peaceful, industrious life, as his father did before him."

In their universities there is none of that wholesome discipline so honourably distinguishing those of our native country. It was the immediate and shrewd observation of the Duchess of Oldenburgh, on visiting Oxford:—"Here is one great secret of your superiority in discipline, your scholars live enclosed in colleges, and separate from the citizens." But yet, with all these advantages, let a German traveller arrive at an inn in Oxford; where some of the wilder young gownsmen are holding such a dinner and supper as we know they sometimes do, and let him go next morning to the theatre, and hear an unpopular vice-chancellor and his proctors hooted, nay, literally, by some, howled at with a tone only suited to a cock-fight; would it not be pardonable if he were, for a moment, a little

* A Tour in Germany, by John Russel, Esquire, vol. i. page 193.

staggered about the excellence of our discipline, and the gentleness of our manners? Yet a little enquiry would soon convince him of the true worth and sterling qualities of our students, and enable him to smile away and forget such trifles, as circumstances by which he might have been led to form a very unfaithful estimate of the true character of that great and admired seat of learning.

I mean not to institute an unfair and impossible comparison between the comparatively wealthy gownsmen at our universities and the poor burschen of Germany, but I want more allowance for the latter than is generally made.

No man can pass an hour in a room with German students without discovering that they are worshippers of knowledge, and lovers of their father-land. This love of father-land does indeed give them heated and vague notions, the warmth of which does never, I hope, entirely die away, while the vagueness settles down into something defined and valuable in permanent guiding principles of life.

As to the foppery of their eccentric costume, be it remembered, that, a few short years ago, every trifle which distinguished the German from his French enemy, or from those of his own countrymen, corrupted by intercourse with their conquerors, was of great importance. It is with such an eye that I have looked upon their shapeless coat, their long hair, their bare neck, and the open shirt-collar falling back upon their shoulders. I have certainly seen among them the would-be rakish, or rather the rakish and the rude; but many a cheek have I observed pale with study, and many an eye bright with the intelligence of that happy age, when it is a pastime to attempt the hill of Fame. When gathered together at their universities they are all young, and they dream that Germany might be a free land. When they become men they awake, and see distinctly the cheerless reality. Then, contenting themselves with personal independence as men, political liberty, as members of a nation, they forget or forego. Germany must go through a dreadful ordeal before she can ever be (what they de-

sire to see her) a country; she must be *made one* by some ambitious and wide-conquering usurper, and he, or his successor, chained up by charters, or made nothing by a firm and resolved people.

I attended divine service at the Lutheran church, and heard a sermon, of which I understood nothing. The preacher was serious and earnest in his manner, and the congregation, especially the young students, of whom numbers were present, devoutly attentive.

On my way to Manheim I visited the gardens of Schwetzingen. They are very spacious, and, from the small number of persons met in them, you can command solitude. They cover nearly two hundred acres: they have avenues, bowers, fountains; in these last an Arion, infant tritons, dolphins, and aquatic birds, spout up the waters. There are many statues,—a few good and appropriately placed: — Apollo shining in an open temple; Pan seated on his rock. There are several temples, a mosque, and some Roman ruins imitated with great skill. But nothing is more dis-

displeasing, or disappointing to the taste, than a mock ruin; caught by the aspect of a brown and broken tower, to walk towards it with a quicker step, and to find that it is all a scenic trick, that you have been cheated of an emotion, makes you angry with the artist and with yourself.

You drive forth from Schwetzingen by a most superb avenue of poplars. They are not here thin in their foliage and waving, but they are full of leaves:—the sky cannot be seen through them; and they rise to a most stately height, resembling, to the fancy, a long line of green obelisks; only the shadows these cast have freshness rather than solemnity, and the wind, as it rustles amid their branches, tells you that they are living things rejoicing in existence. Poplars are found all about German cities, especially on the Rhine; they form quite a feature in all their town views, and to my taste a very graceful one. You approach Manheim through a line of numberless small garden-houses, but they are close to each other, situate in small plots of ground, and dusty. Manheim, you are

told by guide-books, travellers, residents, and *domestiques de place*, is one of the most regularly beautiful towns on the Continent. I admit the regularity, but deny the beauty. There is a sameness, tame and tiresome to the eye,—it is insipid, and uninteresting. I walked out to breathe freer in the suburbs, and crossed the bridge over the Rhine. From thence the view of the city is very fine. The square towers, if I may so term them, in the wings of the castle, rise above the thick foliage of the trees in the garden, red, massive, and ducal. I returned and walked on the garden-bank,—the traveller will linger long and late on it. There is always a calm glory in this broad and beauteous river, as it glides stilly at the evening hour, which fills the inmost soul with peace. The living water speaks in silence to your spirit; you feel all its immortality, and it tastes repose.

The church of the Jesuits at Manheim is a very handsome building. I found something in it quite out of character with the general appearance of the city, where the streets are all straight, clean, and new-

looking, the houses good and tall, and the citizens well clad. It was a pilgrim, a true pilgrim, one who might have served a painter for a model quite as well four hundred years ago as now. He had not at all the look of your holy beggar, your alms-seeking penitent. His dress was a coarse robe of capuchin brown, without collar or hood, bound round him by a thong of leather; he had a staff and beads, and his shoes had the gathered dust of long travel. His countenance was not of the common order; his cheeks were worn, and wan; he was not old, but his beard was grey; he had a small missal stained by his feverish hand; and the view of him, as he kneeled in the deep and sincere agony of his prayer, filled me with pity. These true penitential figures always do good, and, in the old time, must have produced a very strong, and oftentimes a salutary effect wherever they passed. Their very look is enough: how forcibly it speaks of sin and sorrow; of the grave and judgment to come! The assassin might, at such a sight cast away his dagger; the reveller forsake his wine-cup,

and the blood of the cruel libertine run back coldly to a sickening heart.

On the drive to Karlsruhe the road passes through several villages; the houses (for there are no cottages) are very tall, crossed in many directions by black beams of wood, and have shingle roofs. Their loftiness gives an idea of space and comfort corresponding well with the appearance of the peasants, who are are all fine, stout, erect men. The carriage of the people, indeed, both here and throughout Germany, is quite martial; they all seem as though they were trained to the field. You approach Karlsruhe along the edge of the Hartz forest, and it is a pleasant resting-place; the streets have a clean, cheerful aspect. It was early in the evening when I reached the hotel, and, after dressing, I took a stroll on a promenade outside of the town, in the direction of Beyertheim. This is a place of baths and amusement, resorted to much in fine weather by all the inhabitants. The path which I followed wound between a well-kept road and a most beautiful green plain. It was planted with trees and

shrubs, bordered with turf, had rural seats, and all around wore the appearance of pleasure-grounds; all the persons, too, whom I met, were walking enjoyingly, and slow. Attracted by the sound of music, I made my way to a kind of promenade *haus*, standing in a garden at Beyertheim. On the steps before a large saloon I observed a groupe of officers, and a few civilians. Judging it to be a place of public amusement, I mounted the steps, and asked a gentleman, in plain clothes, if it was a building open to the public. He bowed a "Yes," and pointed to me to enter. I did so, and was not a little startled and confused to find myself in a ball-room, hung with festoons of leaves and flowers, and the benches and chairs all round filled with the young ladies of Karlsruhe, and their chaperones. I saw with a glance that it was not exactly public, came out again, apologized to the gentlemen near for my intrusion, and was going away, but they most promptly and frankly entreated me to remain and witness the ball. They said my mistake was most natural; that, in fact, public balls were

often given there, but that this was a subscription-assembly, supported by the military of the garrison, a few of the chief inhabitants, and the civilians in public employ, and that the ladies were all of their families. A ball is always a pleasant sight, if conducted with propriety and decorum; it is one which always gives a reflected pleasure to a middle-aged man, not the less sweet because somewhat sobered by the knowledge of the incredible swiftness with which the spring-time of life hurries by. It seems but yesterday, to most men of my age and profession, that we could journey twenty miles to an assembly, dance the short night away, and back to the early muster of the troops; but twenty years have flown by with us all since that yesterday; yet I hope that we are none of us so churlish grown as to dislike an occasional ball, if it were only to see "lamps shining o'er fair women and brave men," and hearts beating happily. But this ball had the charm of novelty,—a German assembly, a circle of waltzers. I bear testimony, from attentive observation on this evening, to

the extreme propriety and decorum with which the Germans dance this their national figure. I take the dance to be one of very great antiquity, as great, perhaps, as the very commencement of men and women joining in the dance together. The sacred dance of the East was entirely confined to the service of the temple, and mingled with their idolatrous rites, and is undoubtedly of the highest origin; but this I take to be the genuine offspring of the ancient German camps and settlements, where, before their huts, youth and damsel clasped each other, and moved in rude circlings to sound and song. The waltz, however, transplanted, becomes another thing, and is no longer the German dance. In Spain, for example, the dark beauties of the south transfuse into it all the warmth of their climate, and all the indolent voluptuousness of their natures. In England, again, I have noticed, from causes which it would not be difficult to trace, the waltz assumes a character either of great awkwardness and painful constraint, or of a bold, unblushing indecency, braving all censure. Here it

was not so: in points like these we are all the creatures of custom, and probably, to the eye of the unaccustomed German, many parts of our old country dances may have appeared to have improprieties greater than his own. To him the waltz is customary and innocent; to us, at home in Old England, it neither is nor ought to be regarded as innocent, and will, I trust, never gain established favour. I have only spoken thus because the Germans are taunted with their passion for this dance, as if it stained and demoralised their whole country.

I observed that such a thing as a lounger, or an insipid, who will not join in the dance, is not tolerated among them; for, in the cotillion part, a couple break out from the large circle, and setting to any bystander, he is led off to a waltz movement, before he has time to ungird his sword. Again, they have a custom, in parts, of taking each from the assembled circle the lady or gentleman of their choice, for one tour of waltzing, quitting, for the time, their actual partner; — a most pleasant privilege. I was exceedingly interested: the girls ap-

peared to me to have great simplicity and frankness of manner; and there seemed an absence of all encumbering vanities in their dress.

The music of the waltz has turns and cadences of a character most soft, most sweet; and where two hearts beat with a strong youthful attachment towards each other may certainly minister delightfully, and not without danger, to the silent language of the eye. I thought of all this as I looked on the cheerfully innocent smiles all round me, and remembered that a few years ago the gallant youth of Germany could only snatch these pleasures as they were hurried about, under one banner or another, to scenes of combat and death. I have dwelt too long on this, but the young and their pleasures are dear to me; moreover, such a picture belongs essentially to the aspect of German society.

"The wise man sees his winter close
Like evening on a summer day;
Each age, he knows, its roses bears,
Its mournful moments, and its gay.

"Thus would I dwell with pleasing thought,
Upon my spring of youthful pride;
Yet, like the festive dancer, glad
To rest in peace at even-tide."

One other stanza of this song I must give for the sake of any once admired belle, now in the conscious wane, reminding her that it is the production of a songstress and beauty of the olden time.

"The gazing crowds proclaimed me *fair*,
Ere, Autumn-touch'd, my green leaves fell;
And now they smile, and call me *good*;
Perhaps I like that name as well."

Lays of the Minnesingers, p. 275.

The traveller will find Karlsruhe a most pleasant spot to refresh in. Although the country around is flat, the view from the tower of the castle is beautiful; the dark mass of the forest seen on one side, and the white town on the other, contrast very happily; and when you think that the place owes its origin to the vow of a tired hunter resting under a shady tree, where now, in the midst of a cheerful and not inelegant square, his bones repose, your heart

is agreeably moved by the many strange associations which mingle themselves with your train of thought. For the solitary blast of some enquiring hunting-horn, you have now full military bands filling wide the air with their brazen and haughty tones; for the whispered prayer of the benighted wanderer, the hymning of thousands securely assembled in their handsome churches.

In Rastadt I passed only a few hours for the purpose of visiting the chateâu. Here, in dusty closets and glass-cases, are exhibited numberless trophies taken from the Turks by the warlike Margrave Louis William. Here are tarnished cloths of gold, rusting arms, and housings heavy with embroidery, that the infidel came to battle in, and a *horse-tail standard!* The traveller, who chances to recollect the twenty-second stanza of the Siege of Corinth, may quote it here, if he can get the room to himself, and that wonderful picture of a Turkish host will give shape and life to these relics. I remembered most of it; but, oh! for that boy memory again, to which page after

page of any thing that delighted was familiar enough to come clear at the bidding at any hour, in any place!—it is gone and will never return. Fragments, however, of poetry are to the solitary traveller as music and companionship. The man who travels much, and alone, feels a fond personal obligation to poets. The fancy is never in so happy a frame for receiving imagery as in journeying; the heart never so ready to listen to the melancholy moral, which, in their moments of high and pure inspiration, all truly gifted bards convey.

The apartments in this castle are all laid out in the old taste. In one there is a portrait of this celebrated slayer of the Turks, with a court wig large enough for two judges; and there are the pictures of three Turkish ladies whom he captured. There is a closet most grotesquely walled with china. There is a room filled with hunting-trophies, such as enormous antlers, and pictures of dogs and keepers; whence, passing up, and out on the roof, you find a colossal statue of Jupiter, gilt, sitting like the god and guardian of the whole.

There is one old chamber in this palace, which you enter through an ante-room hung with faded tapestry, and where you find an old state bed of crimson damask. The view from the windows of it is upon a lawn bordered by trees, and terminating in an avenue. It has a peculiarly calm, still look; you involuntarily gaze out upon the tranquil scene, thinking with what a sweet contentment one should awake and pass the morning hour in it. I know it sounds silly to attach any importance on paper to such a trifle; yet I do not think that any one on the spot would learn that Bonaparte once slept in this chamber, on one of his military expeditions against the Austrian, without being startled, and made to muse a little.

It is no uncommon thing for travellers on the Continent to see apartments that have been occupied by Napoleon. He has been everywhere; in all the palaces in Europe (save ours); but the Spirit of turbulence, the wielder of so much of our earthly thunder, the king, the conqueror, when you find that he has slept and waked in

such a scene, you ask, for a moment, whether he did never, or here, or in like quiet places, feel the nothingness of his pursuit, and the meanness of ambition.

It was the fair in Rastadt, and the streets were crowded with peasantry. The men wore, for the most part, either long blue coats, or short round jackets of that colour, with leather breeches, cocked hat, and buckles in their shoes. The costumes of the women were rather more varied:—some all in black, and unadorned; others with little coloured or embroidered coifs; others with fur-caps, having a red crown and tassels of tinsel. The goods exposed for sale were mostly for common use, and of little variety, and the fair seemed only frequented and supported by the peasant population. There were many stalls with articles for dress, such as shawls for the women, of a deep red dye, laces, and ready-made caps, men's hats, shoes, and clothes, and one very large stall of second-hand coats, &c.; where I was sorry to observe great custom, for nothing but a pinching poverty induces even the humblest peasant to buy cast-off cloth-

ing. There were all sorts of farming and kitchen utensils, and numerous stalls for provisions; also a few with coloured prints, for cottage picture galleries, with strings of little beads for fairings, and pipe-heads for the life-lasting gift; and watching here I could see the longing gaze, the slow purchase, and the kind wish of the large heart in no equivocal expression of countenance. It so happens that in the very middle of the one wide street where the fair is held, stands the church; all the better stalls, and larger throngs of people being gathered immediately about it. Sounds of greeting, and joy, and conviviality, of the pledged glass, and the loud bargaining, echo all around. The great door of the church was closed. On the steps of a small side-door sate an aged beggar-woman to gather the alms of such rustics as might go in to visit the shrines of their patron saints. I went in:—one man I found in prayer before the high altar; he soon rose and passed out, and I remained for many minutes alone with the only human form in that deserted temple. It was the pale corpse of a person, not

older than myself, that lay awaiting the burial. . . . .

In driving out of Rastadt I met several long waggons, filled with happy peasants, going to the fair. The slow-paced animals of labour were urged into a brisker trot to keep time with the brisker spirits of their fellow servants. These, permittedly forgetting yesterday and to-morrow, were jolted along, singing and laughing, now silenced for a moment by a rut or stone, and the next louder and more joyous from the confusion caused on the narrow benches.

I went to see the small chateâu called Favorite, built about a century ago by the Margravine Sibyl Augusta; it is a pretty place, and rewards a visit. There is a cool hall in the middle of the building, lighted from above, and adorned with four fountains. The apartments are none of them large, but they are fitted up in various and not unpleasing tastes; some tiled with china, some painted, some tapestried, some embroidered by the hand of the Margravine herself and the ladies of her small court. There is one little chamber, the walls of

which are entirely covered with looking-glass, japan gilt panelling, and a vast number of miniatures. Many of these are full length forms, representing the Margravine and her husband in masquerade dresses; some rich and gorgeous, as Turkish and Spanish; others prettily or joyously imagined, as those of hay-makers, reapers, shepherds, vine-dressers. But the kitchen is the true cabinet of curiosities, all things in it are in a character so fanciful and freakish. The cook's idol or dumb assistant is represented by a wooden figure, a bloated, fat, squab of of a gourmand; his huge paunch conceals numerous small drawers for holding spices and other rich ingredients of gout-giving condiments. Near it hangs a painted board, where, in compartments, the various materials for all high seasoned and savoury dishes are duly displayed to assist the bewildered memory of that busiest and most important of personages, a head cook. In the closets and cupboards here you find glass and china of every sort and quality then known, and of various whimsical shapes. For instance, glass animals or

monsters perform the part of cruets, and among the glasses for wine are numbers as quaint in form, and as capacious, as the Bear of Bradwardine.

There is also a complete table service of china-ware, the cover of each dish representing that which is served up within, as turkey, peacock, wild-fowl, boar's head, artichokes, asparagus, cabbages. Two of these last, the large white-headed sort, and the rough green savoy, are done so inimitably, that they might, at a little distance, deceive the eye. It is impossible not to image to one's self the kind and playful merriment of the feast, where these dishes made their first appearance.

From the house I was conducted down a long vine walk, trellised over head, to a rustic hermitage built of unbarked wood and cork, and thatched. It has a rude chapel and two or three chambers adjoining, in one of which is a table with three waxen figures *: among them (I

* The figures are seated at this table. There is a vacant place, which the Margravine was wont to occupy, and the whole thing was designed to represent the Last Supper.

write the fact with pain) that of our Saviour. In another is a like figure of Mary Magdalen. They show you a knotted scourge, a coarse mat for sleeping on, a penitential dress of chain work with small pointed spikes to fret the breast, the back, the knees, while performing the offices of penance. I regarded the whole thing as a park toy, and not a very reverent one; but it is not a toy: here, during the season of Lent, the Margravine was wont to retire and pass it in acts of penance that partook of profanation, so ludicrous that they might excite a smile if we did not see deep enough into human nature and human wants to be moved rather with pity than indignation. Doubtless the heart of this crazed being bled more severely beneath her gayest masquerade dress than her breast under these iron tortures; and, amid sounds of unsatisfying merriment, her mind was more deeply goaded than when on her bleeding knees she passed the sad vigil here. How painful to think of is this spirit of fear, at once so humiliating, so agonizing, and so vain, and differing so widely from that which we are promised and com-

manded to seek, namely, "the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind!"

You pass into the well-known watering-place of Baden-Baden, by a road which turns off from the more public one leading to Strasburgh, and runs, for a couple of miles or more, into a deep and hidden vale. The aspect of the place (the town itself I mean) is not remarkable, and the stream, on which it is built, is narrow and inconsiderable; but then it is a stream that flows from hills, and hills of no common beauty, which rear their woody summits on every side, and fill the traveller's heart with gladness. No situation can be more charming: this retired place of baths lies deep-nestling in as sweet a bosom as nature ever formed.

It was with some difficulty I got accommodated, and that in a bad hotel, the best being full; but the view from my window at once soothed and contented me.

After refreshing I walked up to the castle. You are shown what all castles contain,—dungeons; but here I met with a new feature in them: there is a dungeon-door of stone, of great weight and thickness; it moved upon its grooves so heavily,

and with a sound so sullen, so very mournful, that I stood by it awhile alone, turning it to and fro, that I might fix in my mind's ear for ever the melancholy tone. There is a vaulted chamber near these dungeons, where the secret tribunal, once so dreaded throughout all Germany, is said to have held its awful sittings. The upper rooms are sufficiently cheerful, and the large hall is surrounded by portraits of warriors in armour; among them is one in hermit robe, and bearded.

It was growing late, but I walked on into the country, in the direction of the old castle. The views, on all sides, were beautiful; the path soon wound up into a thick wood; it was gloomy and still. As I came near the castle, but while it was yet concealed from me, the sun set, and the deep, deep red light that followed it glared through the black trees with a solemnity I have never seen exceeded. I now came close upon and passed in at the old double gate, and, looking into a little ruined chapel on the left, found an old woman kindling a fire, and a little girl with her, about six

years of age. The wardership of this ruined castle, the stewardship over a few bottles of kirchwasser and schnapps, and the privilege of conducting travellers about these crumbling walls, are vested in this poor family. The little Johanna (Yohanna) tripped lightly before me to point out the steps by which you ascend the tower. We had not gone many yards when a young Paris cit, who had just descended, came breathlessly towards me, with a "*Monsieur, est ce que vous parlez François?*"—"*Que je suis charmé de vous avoir rencontré.*"—"*Le bête qu'on m'a donné pour me conduire ici ne comprend pas un mot.*"—The undisturbed guide came slowly after, and the young Parisian ran on with "*Vous allez monter, Monsieur.*"—"*Ah! la vue est magnifique, superbe.*"—"*Mais vous êtes déjà trop tard.*"—"*Est ce que je vous accompagnerai?*"—"*Je remonterai.*"—"*Non, eh bien, je vous attendrai ici bas.—Vous reviendrez bientôt.—Il fera bientôt nuit, et je ne crois pas que le chemin soit sure.*"—After extricating myself with not a little difficulty from this volunteer companion,

I passed on, he calling after me, "*Monsieur, vous ne resterez pas long temps; il est déjà bien tard; je vous attendrai.*" — You may, methought, — long.

It was the earliest portion of the twilight hour; a light, as of polished steel, still lingered on the winding bosom of the fair Rhine: a lofty mountain, with a dark crown of firs, rose immediately near me, and turning, there lay before me the *Black* Forest.

"Schwartzwald," was uttered by the soft and innocent voice of my little guide. The words sounded magically in my ear; the scene at that moment was gloom of the deepest. The forms of the forest hills are wavy and shadowy; the night was falling on them. I sent down the little child to her mother, and remained till all was curtained by blackness. I slowly descended, and passed out of the arched gateway, without hearing any sound but the slowly-uttered "*gutte nacht*" of the gentle little Johanna. It has a kind, a meaning, a protecting sound, that "*gutte nacht;*" and the "*felicissima notte*" of Italy is a heartless piece of business compared to it.

The effect of a lonely night-walk through a wood is always awful; but when that wood is a part of the Black Forest, the one shattered pine that leans across your path, and the stumps of the many that have been cut, and that gleam white and reproachfully, looking like monuments, give a character to the scene which impresses the mind with something that, but for religion, would be terror, and, in spite of it, partakes of superstition.

There is a most pleasant walk on the other side of Baden, of a very different character; this leads to the convent of Lichtenthal. A stream, meadows, cottages, a shady avenue, and seats for rest, are the objects among which you pass; and you see wood-cutters and sawyers busily engaged at their clean labours. The court of the old convent of Lichtenthal is farm-like; in the quadrangle are stables, implements of husbandry, and straw-litter. I saw two of the sisterhood cross it in their black garbs, with clean white hoods, and fair German faces, looking like two figures just stepped forth from a canvass of Albert

Durer's; and I heard the innocent, cheerful sound of children's voices at their school-lesson issue from the building that they entered. In the centre of the court was a fountain, that, with a calm, kind tone, responded to, or rather mingled with, that peculiar and pleasing murmur of young voices. There are two chapels; in the large one I only remarked, with any attention, the tombs of an abbess and of a priest. They lay in their strait shapeless length in hard stone; but the sculptor had contrived to give to the countenances of both a something of softness and expression that might almost be called beauty. I notice it because it is seldom, in these recumbent figures, we find such a charm; not but what they have charms of a nature peculiar to themselves. In the small chapel, near these, is a monument to the memory of an ancient Margrave, who lies (in armour) a huge and shapeless statue or image of stone on the top of it, a hound, as shapeless, by his side, and his feet resting on a round-headed, round-eared monster, which the

habit of reading such things with a traveller's gaze alone enables you to translate into a lion. On a tomb, near these, is another figure of a warrior, lying belted, and in chain armour; he holds a broken sword. He, too, rests his feet on these otter-headed lions, and four of them support his tomb. The looking on these sights, as I have before said, of the old German paintings, is like reading old ballads; snatches of such old compositions come to you like remembered airs, and furnish appropriate music.

In my second walk to the old castle I started early, took full time, went to the rock above the tower, and sated myself with the far and glorious view. Here is a wooden building, erected for the accommodation of those happy little feasts (pick-nicks), which are always among those pleasures that youth, and parents who love their children, most delight in. The walls of this shed are covered with names cut with knives, or rudely scrawled in charcoal. Here the Legion of Honour is found in friendly juxta-position with the order of the Black Eagle; the Austrian prince with the

shop-boy of Strasburg; and here I saw the names of two of my fair countrywomen from a fine old English mansion. These walks, this scenery, the quietude, the comfort, are very attractive to the taste, and I think it one of the most delightful places of summer resort with which I am acquainted. I could walk about for ever, and not tire of the scene. It is by no means a dear place, and, if a man were to make for it direct, not at a difficult distance, and most conveniently reached across France. Here he might learn German, read old ballads, listen to music, walk in woods, and, if his health required it, take the baths. A watering-place has always, however, tastes to supply of an inferior order; and, accordingly, there is a promenade house, where the fool may lose his money, and some knave will be found to win it; and inscriptions may be noticed on the seats in the gardens exhibiting as little decency as sense. The principal spring, called the Ursprung, and that styled the Hollenquelle, where they literally come and scald their fowls, are those visited by

strangers as objects of curiosity. The antiquarian taste may find an hour's amusement in a small museum of Roman monuments, all of which were collected in or near Baden; and there is a lounging library for the hot hours of early noon. It is a place which, I should think, few travellers would quit without regret.

On the road from Baden to Strasburg I was in a carriage with a chance-collected party. We met a young man with a knapsack on his back, very well-looking, and decently clad, who ran by our side, and stretched forth his hat for alms. No Englishman is slow to give the casual sixpence, but he rejects at once a petitioner of such appearance, and with a feeling of anger or contempt. A German in the carriage, to judge from externals penurious in his habits, questioned and relieved him. My curiosity was excited, and the gratification of it tended to correct a feeling of prejudice which had arisen out of ignorance, and which I rejoiced to have removed.

He told me that it was the custom, throughout Germany, for young men learning a trade to travel for two or three years, taking journey-work in different towns or cities in their route, before they settled in their calling at home; that it often happened they were disappointed of obtaining labour, and not unfrequently had to journey long distances, dependent on the liberality of those whom they met, or of the town where they passed the night. This it was delightful to know, as it henceforth became a pleasure and a duty to assist them. I like not the system; for I think that it must very much unsettle the habits of young mechanics; that it exposes them, at a very dangerous age, to great temptation, and that it frequently subjects them to a state of need not favourable either to a becoming spirit of independence, or to steady industry. It must be confessed, however, that there is nothing of the mean suppliant in their application; the hat is taken off, and the question is asked in a plain, frank manner, and seldom in vain,

for the Germans are a most friendly, *generous*, and a *very considerate* people.

Strasburg is a large uninteresting city, a frontier garrison, a place of rest, relay, and conference for generals and ambassadors. The inns are still full of the recollections of the war, and of the great men who have occupied their chambers. Here, therefore, an unattended traveller is thrust into a little cabinet, and any remonstrance is met by a smile, or a shrug, or a consolation, or, what is worse than all, by an impudent assurance that it is the best unoccupied apartment in a large, straggling, empty hotel. Such was my fate. I consoled myself by a good supper and a bottle of excellent wine. An English gentleman came into the saloon and took coffee opposite to me. We naturally fell into conversation; and as the talk of travellers generally runs on travelling, on what they have seen, and what they desire to see, we found out that we were bound, for a few days, in the same direction. Though averse from a travelling companion, especially a stranger, I agreed

to journey with this gentleman to Schaffhausen through the Hollenthal. My companion proved a most agreeable, full-minded man, with a well-thumbed Euripides in his pocket, yet not a word that betrayed the pride of a scholar in his converse.

The tower of Strasburg cathedral is a work of wonder and beauty; tall, massive, when seen in shadow, but when the light shines through its open tower and spiral turrets it seems a fairy structure. I prefer, however, and greatly, that of Antwerp: the form is more graceful, and has equal majesty.

In a church in this city is the tomb of the celebrated Marshal Saxe. The Marshal is represented in the act of descending into the grave; a figure of Death is eagerly opening the vault with one hand, while in the other he holds up an hour-glass, whence the last sands have just run out. The figure of the Marshal, his attitude, his air, his fixed and tranquil gaze, are all noble and expressive; and, whatever may be the conceits and defects of this monument, as a whole, they are abundantly redeemed by that one statue.

The effect on the beholder will be different according to his age, his profession, his habits of thought, and the spirit of his religious impressions. No soldier can look upon it without interest; it seems to say, I have always known that this was the end, that

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The natural heart throbs with pride to see death thus bravely met, thus calmly despised; but that throb is stilled, that pride laid in the dust, by one awful thought, the force of which has been felt by the very haughtiest and most daring intellect of our day. It is "the archangel's trump not glory's" that shall awaken him and the youthful minister whose early death and hallowed life are recorded on a modest tablet of marble, not far from the encumbered monument of the warrior. The nameless persons who gave the humble slab, at once briefly and beautifully describe the character and worth of the departed, by representing themselves as "*lugentes amici, auditores grati.*"

One of the most truly characteristic figures that I saw in the city of Strasburg was a French officer of rank, short in stature, with large epaulettes hanging forwards upon rounded shoulders, and these last raised to the utmost. His sword was tucked under his arm like an umbrella, his pace rapid and hurrying as a London language-master, and his air altogether so unmilitary, that you might traverse Germany for such a figure in vain. Yet was his breast covered with disregarded decorations; and I could not but view that pace as emblematic of the restless energy and activity which enabled the armies of France to carry the eagles of Napoleon wherever his bidding directed them.

The air of the garrison was remarkable. The young officers appeared to live through the day with laughter, but the older soldiers of humble rank, such as captains, and those below them, had that blank air of settled disappointment and increasing *ennui* which, though silently, was yet distinctly and continually asking, "Is this the end?"— "Was it all a dream?" — "Were we really

the conquerors of all Europe?" Yes, happily, it is the end; and they now mount the dull and daily guard peaceably, and with as little of pride as may well consist with shako and plume, and the treasured remembrance of those electrifying bulletins which so pithily recorded their many, and, in truth, gallant exploits in arms.

I think it was from Kehl, only just across the river, that Napoleon, in 1809, issued one of those brief orders to his army on suddenly joining and putting it in motion, which at once prophesied and produced his triumphs. It called to the recollection of the soldiers, that they were round him in his camp-hut in Moravia, when Austria swore eternal friendship and fidelity to him; it spoke of moderation and generosity to that power (with little regard to truth); it accused her of breaking a solemn treaty by passing the line of demarcation, and thus commencing hostilities; it boasted that, on hearing this news, he had flown to them with the rapidity of the eagle, and it closed with these remarkable words: —

" *Marchons, et qu'à vue de nous, que les Autrichiens reconnoissent leurs vainqueurs.*"

The gentleman whom I had fallen in with and myself took a carriage between us to Schaffhausen.

Our first halt for refreshment on the road to Friburgh was at a small town, the name of which I have forgotten, though I well remember how the aspect of the long old street delighted me. Its quaint fronts, and its numerous bay-windows, are striking features, although these last might be judged useless to all such old women as delight in sitting at them, for not a human being was moving in that street save ourselves; not a boot-tramp, not an urchin at play, or a child crying; not a girl tripping to draw water: by the way, the German girls in this part of the world do not trip, but they plant a foot, and that none of the smallest, firm, flat, and heavily on the earth. The inn where we alighted was distinguished, even in this old place, by superior antiquity of front, being richly ornamented with old, black carved wood-work.

The landlord came to the door, not out, and saluted us; then asked the driver, while we were descending, if we spoke German, and if we wanted dinner; which last question he repeated to us as we entered the house, and being replied to in the affirmative, he walked slowly to order it. The room was quite a picture: — several old heavy tables; long, old, black settles against the walls, and a few solid wooden chairs made to outlast many a generation of smokers. Some coarse young boors were drinking at one table, an old wayfaring man taking *ein zuppen* at another; while a third was slowly and deliberately covered with a clean white napkin for us. This the old hostess, who was engaged in the middle of the room mangling great quantities of household linen at a heavy press of black wood, delivered to him from a countless store in which she seemed to pride herself, and then resumed her occupation with a plain unbustling air. Now, for travellers, who go to see, this kind of thing is most pleasant, — for those (and there are many) who go to make a little parade

and display, it must be somewhat mortifying. Ourselves at one table, our driver at another, the old wayfaring man, the young boors, were all served with like attention of manner. Our fare was good, our wine excellent. The host said a word at one table, a "*guten appetite*" at another, and then chatted with his wife, who quietly mangled piece after piece, and looked about the room with the air that she would if a set of children were feeding before her;—acknowledged objects of her care, but to whom she did not feel responsible.

The masters of these kind of country inns in Germany are often represented by travellers as surly, deficient in courtesy, and unwilling to accommodate. It is not impossible that some of them, having suffered not a little from haughty exacting travellers, may intrench themselves against impertinence by a sullen demeanour, and that a few scattered individuals may here, as in all countries, be dull or brutal; but thus, generally, to characterize the German landlord is unfaithful, and not fair. The truth is, the man feels himself the master

of his own house; he receives strangers without obsequiousness, without any very eager desire to pick their pockets, but as a plain host ready to supply their wants when made acquainted with them; and if, while they are under his roof, he likes their manner, his own will, in some degree, warm up to it.

Such was the impression I received, and I found it repeatedly confirmed.

Go where you will in Germany the personal independence of the individual German strikes you very forcibly, and it is, perhaps, the kind of contentment which this generates, combined with a consciousness that Germany can never be one great united nation, which renders him so indifferent to political changes, so little inclined to stir and rouse himself to produce them. The word Father-land is indeed a talisman of acknowledged power; it unites, for the moment, all true German hearts; and their language, that seems not only to be printed, but to be spoken, in black letter, is another.

We slept at Emmedingen, where there is a good inn of the city stamp. The tra-

veller finds comfort, cleanliness, and civility. We drove through a very beautiful country on a most pleasant morning to Friburgh. This city has a particularly bright, cheerful look, and it being market-day, and all the peasantry filling the streets in their holiday costume, the scene was very enlivening.

The pride of Friburgh is its cathedral. It is among the oldest in Germany. Its tower with the spire, by which it is surmounted, is five hundred and thirteen feet in height, and is said to vie for renown with that of Strasburg. Seen from below or from a distance, it certainly does not produce an effect so imposing. Moreover, the site here is unfavourable; for hills of a bold and abrupt elevation arise too near, and such character of stately grandeur as we naturally associate with loftiness is thus altogether lost. But when you ascend the tower and pass into a large hollow spire of open stone-work, wreathed and twisted as fancifully as an elegant toy might be, yet of a strength that has defied ages, you are powerfully struck with the taste of the

design, with the labour, and daring of the execution. A light beautiful thing to look up through to the blue sky, and out upon the leafy hills: — a moonlight hour there would be magical. It were worth some delay to see it in the noon of a bright night,—a temple, as it were, above a temple; such as the Persian might have worshipped in; as open to the light and air of heaven as a mountain's top; a place where you almost fancy that angels might delight to gather and stand with white wings folded, and all attent for human sighs; those sighs which grateful love, when chance awakened in the still night, breathes to a God of mercy.

The choir of this cathedral is kept too clean; the wood-work shines with the oil and varnish of yesterday; the white and yellow washes on the walls looked fresh; the pictures and their frames were clean. In cathedrals I love "dusty splendour." Those words, however, stand alone for the banner-tapestried roof of some vast and glorious pile, like our Westminster-abbey.

There is an university in this city. In the saloon of the inn where we breakfasted we observed several heads of the small roebuck, a game that abounds in the mountains near. The *table d'hôte* was laid for the dinner of noon; it was a table frequented by several of the students. I noticed one napkin-holder embroidered in the fashion of our old samplers at home. Do they still exist, by the way, in dear Old England, these samplers? are they still worked by the simple daughters of our honest farmers? The inscription on this was, "*Ansicht in alles,*"—"Foresight in all things,"—the sensible caution of some prudent mother; and very honourable was it to see that the young man to whom it belonged could fearlessly use it in public among his associates. I should like to have seen such a youth; but we set forward again before the party assembled. The fact is, that you cannot laugh *home* out of a young German's heart. I will venture to say, that any person, thoroughly conversant in the German language, might

try the experiment upon German feeling, among the wildest of the young bürschen in Jena, or any where else, and find the response most prompt, affecting, and true.

Our route now lay through the Hollenthal: this is a very disappointing misnomer: you prepare your mind for horrors, true German horrors, impending cliffs, and black pines that topple on them, and cast eternal shades; huge masses of rock hanging in those frightfully-suspended fragments that menace the traveller, every moment, with a crushing death, and the torrent's voice, and the boiling bubble of waters that have fallen headlong from high steeps. These things your fancy images forth in the Hollenthal, the Valley of Hell. Well, there is nothing of all this: in parts where the defile becomes narrow, the scenery is romantic and bold, but no where has it any character of sublimity or terror; on the contrary, by far the greater part of the route it is softly beautiful, a sheltered, secure, peaceful vale. About the middle of it we stopped to refresh, at a clean, delightful little inn, Welsh-like. It is situ-

ated in one of those sweet spots, on which, if a man has ever gazed, he is sure to think again, when care or sorrow press upon him. It is a place to linger in, never to leave: the sights are velvet meadows and sheltering hills, and black fir-screens, and cottages, *house-cottages* for large families, with penthouse roofs, or broad projecting eaves, and covered all over with shingles, or tiles of wood, being at once the most serviceable and tasteful dwellings. I never saw any thing, in their way, more beautifully neat than the small wooden tiles. To these objects may be added clear, sparkling, and glassy streams; — not forgetting their sounds; — the cheerful, happy rushing down; — and their busier talk as they turn the water-wheels of clean saw-mills, and are sung to by contented labourers.

On the day on which we passed the Hollenthal, almost all through the valley they were getting in their after-grass; and nothing could be more picturesque than the effect of the many groupes of haymakers, — first, from the beautiful site of almost all these meadows, — next, from

the rustic taste of the peasants: they wear broad straw hats, which, being painted straw-colour, preserve a new brightness, and look summer-like and rational, conveying an idea of enjoyment, which we are always happy to think may be associated with labour. As we passed up out of this valley, we gained a country open, but still hilly, and still beautiful, a wild, a dreary beauty, such as suited with the blue cold grey of that evening's sky, and prepared us, as the night fell, to desire any resting-place, and taught us content with that we found. It was a small, wretched cabaret: here, a dish of thin soup, made from the field-pea, a rag of black meat, and bread and wine alike sour, made us glad to creep between coarse paillasses of straw, and forget that they were not down, and that our fare had not been more palatable and wholesome. We departed very early in the morning: at a village on the road we saw a funeral, attended, apparently, by the entire population of it: all were dressed coarsely, but decently and alike, and the

scene was gratifying. The same afternoon we reached Schaffhausen.

Switzerland is to no thinking mind a strange country: we form acquaintance with it in books, in drawings, in models, by every after-dinner talk: dine where you will, some man has seen the lake of Geneva and Montblanc; and you can ask no question about Switzerland at table, but some person is ready with a reply. Conscious of this, and having seen but a small tract of it, and that only in passing, yet can I not resist the pleasure of recording, briefly, what I saw and felt, in a very short traverse of that most interesting line of country, from Schaffhausen to the St. Gothard. This is German Switzerland, and partakes, in many ways, of the sober and sterling character of the father-land. The town of Schaffhausen is German in aspect, the houses quaint and old-fashioned, the appearance of the people staid and quiet, and their dress plain, and without any singularity. A few peasant women, whom I saw on the bridge, wore a head-dress of black crape, not becoming, but yet inter-

esting to the stranger's eye, as the provincial costume of the lower orders.

My companion and myself strolled slowly about the town, and among the quiet gardens in the suburbs, and at last seated ourselves on a low wall, just without the gate, close by the Rhine, at that point where its blue waters roll, in a glassy volume, over a gentle fall or break in the river's bed. Smoothly they glide, even as youth, all smiling and unwrinkled, and most gently overflow; then is their clear beauty gone, and they break in troubled foam below.

There is no converse like social silence on such a spot; no painting, no poetry, no music, like such a scene, and such sounds. The soul is mysteriously moved, and answers to that "ceaseless flow," that voice eternal, with a feeling that assures to it its own immortality.

The next day we drove to the falls. I am told they generally disappoint travellers; what, then, do they expect? Sanguine as I am, and much as I have seen, my expectations were surpassed. Visiting them, as we did, from Schaffhausen, our

views came exactly in the order which I should, under any circumstances, prefer. For a great part of our drive we could see the waters in their ordinary flow; here, deeply blue; there, glancing green; there, feathering in the eddy: but, as they approach the rocks, their motion slackens to a calm, slow roll, with a smooth surface. For a little while you lose sight of them, but you hear them; not, however, very loud. You now enter the castle of Laufen, and, going into a small summer-house, lean from the window, and look immediately down upon the fall. Broken in its course by large fragments of rock, which rear their wet heads above the rushing waters, the Rhine angrily divides itself into five columns, two of amazing grandeur, and, bursting past these barriers, breaks in a sea of foam, and a voice of thunder, below. It is a fine thing to lean over, and feel the spray which they toss up at you, and to hear their loud and conquering rush. Next, you pass to a gallery below, built in under the rock, and close to the great mass of the largest body of water. I went over the

slippery plank, and leaned upon the rail — wet and trembling — not with fear; every thing trembles; the board you stand on, the rail which you lean upon, the trees on the nearest islet; the very rock looks unsteady as you gaze. It is impossible to stand here without experiencing the strongest, yet sweetest, emotions. There is awe sublime, and yet present confidence: you know that the waters have their bounds, which they cannot pass; the hand of Him who walked the waves, and rebuked the storm, upholds and reins them, as they leap their headlong course, and that, too, with fearful roarings, as if they lived, and could, and would, but for the God who holds them chained, and guides their mad career, devour you. You admire, but you tremble as you admire. Thus, near the bars of a new-caught lion's den, as they see him chafe, and hear his loud forest-voice, the safe crowd stand backwarder in fear. I think the Rhine-falls glorious: the view I least enjoyed is the full front one from the house or mill on the other side of the river, and that in crossing

is like it. There is not height enough then, and the spread is too great. Three German students stepped into the boat as we got out, with knapsacks on their backs, and staves in their hands, and sung together, as the young and the happy may and should. We went to the camera obscura, because it is usual, and therefore right to give the expected fee; but I confess that I like not rocks and rivers so represented. A camera obscura I can be amused by for hours, when man is the thing exhibited,—man Lilliputianised. It is a fine lesson of humility to see thus a crowded and fashionable esplanade, a race-course, a review, a procession; but a mountain and a waterfall should never be reduced to miniature size, save by the draughtsman, where, as he can never give the hue of nature and the motion of life, you take his sketch, as it is intended, for a memento, an aid to the memory and the imagination.

We proceeded on our route, and dined at Winterthur. After our repast we walked forwards, leaving the carriage to overtake us. The road is pleasant: the country

residences have a look of plain comfort, but little of taste. The two villages we passed were not clean, and the appearance of the peasantry very disappointing. Such trifling disappointments, however, are at once forgotten as you ascend the higher ground, and see, far on your left, a line of Alps crowned with snows, and clothed grandly in majestic shadows. The day was of that fitful cast, now bright, now summer-cloud, that at first we asked, are they of our world, or of that heavenly one above us? but, as the eye caught, and clearly took in, the fixed outline, and realised their giant forms, we recognised the great features of that scenery which hallows all the land.

I think that Zurich has been overrated: the city is ill, and not conveniently, built. The environs are beautiful: the view from the promenade up the lake is a fine thing, from which you are slow to turn away.

We visited the library, where are preserved the letters of Lady Jane Grey to Bullinger. The hand-writing is the beautiful scholar-hand of the period in which

she lived. My companion kissed her signature (for which I liked him the better): perhaps I should have done so, had I been alone; but without you originate an act of folly it has no charm for you. We went to the armory, and, among other relics, saw the cross-bow of William Tell. The name and the fame of Tell are one, and enough; but in this part of Switzerland they serve it up after a fashion most offensive to taste: not an inn do you enter but a set of French prints stare at you from the walls, where this self-ennobled peasant is most provokingly represented in a pair of tight white pantaloons, *chapeau à plume, veste à la Milanese*, and *bottes au Hongrois*, just, in fact, as some *artiste* is made to screech the part in an opera, or *pirouette* it in a ballet at Paris. This is intolerable, and speaks volumes for the regular inn-tour of Switzerland.

One of the most interesting spots in Zurich is the small still square containing the church in which Lavater preached, and the house in which he dwelt. From a low wall you can look down into the garden,

where he was wont to walk, and in or near which he was slain, when the fierce troops of Massena possessed themselves of this helpless and unoffending city.

The route towards Zug is delightful. The views of the Zurich lake are enchanting, and ever varying. The look back upon the city in ascending a hill a few miles distant is particularly fine; and as you drive forward new features of the lake open at at every step.

As we crossed the Mount Albis, and began to descend, of a sudden there burst upon our sight Alps in their white raiment. Mount Righi and Mount Pilate stood on either side of this picture in the foreground, and their dark and wild forms, especially that of Pilate, gave a wonderful effect to the snowy summits, which filled the centre and back-ground, and rose pure and clear into the blue sky. The scene had a stilling power. Your senses are afterwards relieved and lulled by the soft green beauties through which Zug is approached. The inn at Zug is quiet and silent; so is the place itself. There is a small *maison de cam-*

pagne here about a mile and a half from the town, situated most delightfully, and commanding a view which combines all that is lovely and magnificent. There is an old painted chamber in this chateau where are the portraits of all the kings of France, and where Tell is represented on the walls other than in the print from the passage Feydeau. There is a small painted oratory in this building with a little gallery-closet above: in the garden is a summer-house for eventide. It is altogether a sweet spot: I saw not one in my brief passage through the land where I would so gladly have anchored for life. Our guide led us from hence to a cemetery. The graves are all surmounted by crosses of figured iron-work, upheld by painted metal cherubim, with texts and little pictures of the Virgin, or the Passion, or Crucifixion, or some martyrdom, and there is a great profusion of gilding on these crosses. There is also a large grated ossuary, where the piled skulls are preserved, and on, or underneath many of them, on a pasted slip of paper, you read the name of the dead. Most painful sights these. I

like not gilding on the grave; still less do I like to see a name, that thing which calls up features, and all that may have been endearing in their expression, written upon a sightless, fleshless skull. There are some flowers planted near the tombs. This is well, and the only thing that relieves the feeling of the pensive mourner. I would have fresh turf and early flowers and ever-green shrubs in all burial grounds; and trees, (not the black yew) but green trees, should spread their pleasant shadows over the still tenants of silent graves, who rest from their labours.

Two men, assisted by a woman, rowed us across the lake of Zug. This small lake is, in its kind, and for its size, perfect. On the left mountain heights, a chapel (St. Adrian) at their feet; to your right, a pleasant bay; before you, the village of Art; and uprising from the lake, on the right of Art, the royal Righi. We refreshed ourselves at Art, and ascended this monarch of mountains from Goldau. Where is Goldau? you ask. It *was* here, is the reply, as you arrive in a desolate vale,

filled with huge fragments of rock, which have bedded themselves in the earth and are overgrown with grass. All over the plain, where these lie, are huge heaps of poor thin mountain soil, which fell together with those masses of rock on the fatal second of September, 1806. On this melancholy day, so memorable in this sweet neighbourhood, a vast portion of the Mount Roethan, loosened by heavy and continued rains, after the short and awful menace of a few falling stones, the rising of disturbed and affrighted birds, a subterraneous sound as of the breaking of strong roots, and the rocking of dark straight pines, rushed, rapid as the waters of a torrent, upon Goldau, and silenced the village bells, and the poor flock that knew their joyful sound, for ever. More than one hundred cottages were destroyed, and four hundred persons perished. The cheerful guide, who was accompanying the pleasure party up the Righi, on that morning, started at the terrific noise, looked back, and saw the end of his little world. The Swiss soldier, in his distant camp, learned that he had lost,

in one short moment, all his kindred,—all the tombs of his forefathers; that the very font, in which he was christened, was a broken and buried stone, and the place of his nativity no more.

It is well to climb on one of the masses of rock and ruin, and to gaze around you; well, as you ascend the Righi, often to pause and turn the head, and look steadily at this spot, brown, desolate, and unfertile, save where, here and there, a little coarse grass is mowed for fodder,—mowed by some grey and widowed labourer, who works slowly and brokenly as the thought of other days comes o'er his blank mind, and fills it with the painful memory of all that he has long lost.

The pathway up the mountain is fine. First it lies through green and sloping meadows, then on among black pines and naked hills, and falling streams. We passed through the *hospice*, and only saw one face, that looked from one of the mountain inns chilly and uninvitingly, and that soured as we passed on. We slept at a rude cottage *auberge*, considerably higher,

where, as night now fell, we determined to sleep, and to go before day-break to the summit of the mountain.

Nothing could be more confused and noisy than the guest-chamber; a party of scholars, most of them boys, and some travelling students from Germany, filled it with clamour. Tea, punch, bad food, and bad wine, were noisily called for, and noisily consumed amid clouds of smoke. We were fortunate enough to get each a little chamber to ourselves. Mine was a clean closet, and, though small, cool with the mountain air; a healthy and a happy sleeping place. The morning brought its disappointment. The guide awoke me to say, that there was a heavy fog, and that we should be able to see nothing at sun-rise whatever. We did not, therefore, rise till it was light, and then proceeded up towards the Coulme. We met several parties descending: in one I recognized an acquaintance, who gave the natural reproach for not sleeping on the Coulme, and being up and out before dawn, but added the frank confession, that it had been im-

possible to see any thing from the state of the atmosphere. Now did I feel in high good fortune, for I saw signs of clearer weather. We went on; breakfasted leisurely in the deserted hostel; the fog passed away, and we had a full and satisfying view of the Alpine chain. Moreover, we had the mountain top to ourselves, to enjoy it undisturbed by any of those large travelling groups who herd at appointed hours in appointed places, with guide-books open, maps flying in the wind, and guides' fingers pointing in every direction: this last thing you cannot well avoid. The better way is to submit, follow his finger, let him name the heads and peaks of all the summits in your sight, and get rid of him as soon and as easily as you most probably will of the greater part of his information. A few, indeed, of the rude expressive names strike finely upon the ear, and carry back the mind to the rough and noble race by whom they probably were first given. But a long list of names perplexes, without interesting the beholder. To the eye, to the mind, it is the vast, the grand, the mighty moun-

tain-crowd, — their glorious apparel, their wild array, head behind head, here snowy, there black, all still, — a world in themselves,— nothing to live, and play, and move upon them, but the sunbeam and the shadow. When, sated with this most sublime picture of the majesty of the Creator, you look below, there lies at the very mountain foot the little Lake of Zug, — a thing, thus seen, of the most delicate and fairy beauty; for it is but as a small green gem of the most transparent water.

The descent of the Righi, on the Kusnacht side, presents a succession of fine views. About a third of the way down, we met two peasant girls of Lucerne going up to the chapel at the *hospice*, in the full costume of their province. This is Switzerland; this is costume; nothing can, in its way, be more perfect: it is better than Arcadian, — the plain look pretty in it, the pretty, charming. A round, flat straw hat sits lightly on the very crown of the head; the glossy hair is parted across the forehead, and falls in two long braids behind, interwoven and adorned with a ribbon of pink;

a neck-kerchief, of a pretty plaid-like check, is wrapped flatly and modestly over the bosom, nearly to the throat; round the white throat is a collar of black velvet; the white sleeves of the under vest hang full and loose at the shoulder, leaving bare the fore arm; a coloured corset with coloured strings, a coloured apron, all rustic, and all in keeping; with a stocking of white, and a shoe-tie of red ribbon, complete the picture.

What wonder that the manly Swiss drew their brave bows against Gessler and his mercenaries, with wives and daughters looking thus?

It is with a feeling of deep delight that the traveller stands before the small and still revered chapel of Tell. It is erected on the very spot where he lay wait for the tyrant Gessler, and first levelled an arrow against the life of a fellow-creature. A group of boys and peasant girls were sitting near it. An old woman is the guardian of it; and a rude painting on the wall commemorates Tell's history.

We walked slowly into the town. The church bells were ringing, and all the in-

habitants hurrying there in their holiday dresses. The men appear to have preserved little remarkable in their costume; but the women were either dressed as I have described above or with caps, some of white muslin, others of black crape, with high fan-like crests, something like the crest of Achilles; or, to be homely, that of a domestic cock. I stood in the churchyard, and watched the congregation coming in. There are flowers here among the monumental crosses, and near most of them a small metal vase of holy water. I observed that almost all the passers-by sprinkled water on some grave, and crossed themselves, and uttered a brief prayer: near the more recently erected crosses some longer paused, and heaved the unavailing sigh.

Among the female peasants was one about sixteen years of age, with the tasteful straw hat, and braids of dark brown hair that hung nearly the length of her dress. She was as innocently beautiful a being of her happy lowly class as I ever beheld. It is to be hoped that they will not send her

to sell their market produce at Lucerne. It is related in that city, that a peasant girl of the neighbourhood, who frequented their markets some few years ago, and who, from her exceeding loveliness, and that happy taste which is so natural to, and so dangerous a gift in the lovely, so dressed in the costume of her country as to become the model of it, was seen by a wealthy traveller, desired, and purchased — purchased by the vilest means, and in the most heartless manner — purchased for one midnight hour, and sent back polluted to her mountain home, with the wages of dishonour for a dowry, to bribe the first suitor, poor in spirit as in purse, who might take the sullied lily. Have not cities their stews? Be not cities the places man has made that he may dwell with his darling sins in a fitting atmosphere? But the shore of the lake, and the valley of the mountain, can he not leave them free? Must he bring his accursed gold to them?—and if he is to play seducer with a purse, will not some tainted tawdry thing, inviting her ruin and welcoming corruption, serve his base turn?—why come to

the mountain peasant girl? The crime of such conduct may be thought by sound minds and cold judgments the same in either case; yet, I confess, to woo, to win, to destroy the innocence of an ignorant, and, in so far, helpless rustic, does seem to me a guilt of deeper dye. How can such a man climb the rocky summit, tread upon the cracking glacier, cross the blue chasm, move by the precipice's side, and hang over the roaring torrent? Will they not speak reproaches to him even as the voice of God? Will they not deny to him that sublime pleasure which they can minister to the soul of man; and send him back from their pure regions with a heart stony and unmoved, with a mind unsatisfied, disappointed, and impatient of their solitudes?—I think so, and I hope that I am not mistaken.

The inn at Kusnacht commands a most delightful view of the lake from its windows. As we sat at our repast, the organ and the assembled voices of the peasant congregation in the church near rose in swelling and praiseful notes to Heaven.

The scene of the morning in my memory, the figures I had met, the view from the window, the frank hospitality of the people of the house, the simple and grateful fare before us, the resting here, and thus, will cause me long to recollect the spot and the moment with a feeling of unmingled gratitude for a draught of no common happiness.

The row upon the lake from Kusnacht to Lucerne is beautiful; and there was yet day enough when we reached the city for us to saunter along the curious old wooden bridge, and to pass round the city walls by a pleasant path which leads across the meads on the hill above them. In one of the most retired of these fields we met a young German student, with "horrid hair," who certainly looked suspicious and guilty. We thought, from many infallible indications, that he was just finishing the last act of some bloody tragedy, and probably giving the *coup de grace* to his hero. We were walking so provokingly slow, that he had to compress the god within him for many minutes. In the morning we visited the

church, the arsenal, and examined more leisurely the paintings on the bridge. There is an object near Lucerne that no traveller should leave the place without visiting, and on which no one can gaze unmoved:—it is a monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards, who fell on the memorable 10th of August, 1792. The design is truly noble, and the execution very affecting and expressive. Upon the face of a rude and scarped rock, in a retired spot not far from the gates, a lion has been sculptured in full and bold relief, and of a colossal size. The shaft of a huge spear, broken short off, just appears above the side; the iron head, which has given the death-wound, is buried deep within. The royal beast reclines his head on his fore paw, which still grasps a shield (as though to guard it), with lilies on its field; another, with the cross, stands near, and weapons that have been used and broken in the struggle lie by its side. The eye of the noble animal is not yet quite closed, and the feeble growl of a fidelity, that must soon cease to avail for any purpose of defence, seems parting, only with the last

gasp of life, from the open and relaxing jaws.

In large letters above is sculptured —

HELVETIORUM FIDEI AC VIRTUTI.

The inscription beneath the monument records the numbers lost, and the names of the officers who fell.

It is not often that we can allow ourselves to be so strongly moved over the grave of mercenaries as here. But the fidelity, born of honour, gratitude, and a reverence for the soldier's oath, displayed by these men, when the tempest of adversity fell most heavily on their royal patrons, and when the desertion of them might have secured not only life but reward, nay, future distinction, (and I need hardly add, amid draughts of prosperity a quick oblivion of their crime,) demands the tribute of honest tears, and deserves to be thus recorded.

We took a boat from Lucerne to Altorf. If there is any lake-scenery in Switzerland which can, by any possibility, surpass this

of the four cantons, I strive in vain to image to myself what it can present. The day was most favourable; for the first hour or more all sunshine, and the water calm and like a mirror; then clouds and a fresher breeze, winds and young waves. It was a scene of rare majesty: the mountains around are magnificent, and many of the cliffs are scarped and inaccessible. The shadows and the gleamy green; the few black *châlets*, and the white chapels; the mountaineer's long cry, and the tinkling bells,—who shall describe these things? None can—no, not the very finest of our poets: his choicest words, his finest melody of verse must fail him. There are objects in such scenery, and hues on them, for which language has no names; and there is a hallowed music "i' the air," breathing over all, which the mind's ear alone is formed to listen to, and having listened to, does for a while deem lightly of a mortal's harping.

You pass a chapel dedicated to Tell, at the rocky point, where, in the storm, he leaped upon the shore; and, after you land,

as you go up into Altorf, you pass the famed meadow, the Rutlin.

Altorf is a town as dull, as blank, as still as a convent wall. In the silent market-place is a tall unsightly tower: it would offend your eye, did not an inscription remind you, that *here* stood the far-famed tree; *here* the boy leaned, the apple on his young head; *here* sat the tyrant Gessler; *here* stood the father, Tell. The shout that followed on his God-guided arrow was echoed back from the mountains instantly. They are so close, you almost fancy the outstretched arm could touch them; as you raise your eyes, they seem looking down into the square. They are of uncommon majesty. To think that man should dare to play the tyrant so near them!

The inn at Altorf is not without interest: there is an old Italianised waiter, and a fine old woman, who waits also, and is quite a portrait. She had a black crape head-dress, having the true Schweitz or Achilles crest, and her grey hairs all drawn up, and back from her forehead and temples, tight, smooth, and cleanly. Her face was full,

round, and rosy as the clean-shaved, well-fed canon of a cathedral; and, in truth, but for the corset and petticoat, she did greatly resemble such canons as you find a few of, in all countries where there are fair complexions.

Some old pictures hang upon the walls here, which have found their way from some plundered mansion on the other side of the Alps long ago; and you see the cut melon, the clustered grapes, the broken pomegranate, the wine in its flask, the thin glasses, the ices, and the horn-spoons for them,—just as they gave, and give, and will for ever give them in Italy, the indolent and unchanging.

We proceeded, on the following morning, up the valley of the Reuss. It is a most grand, soul-satisfying scene. We took refreshment in a true cottage-inn, with panelled chamber and painted crucifix, and on again through this grand valley. There is one vast mountain, with a naked rocky head, which, go on as far as you may, seems ever close above you, in stern repose; as though, like the unclosing

eye of the invisible Creator, it watched you in your passage. The torrent of the Reuss talks wildly all the way. The only part of this valley which, fine as it is, at all disappointed me, was the Pont du Diable: the much-exaggerated account of its sublime beauties, or terrors rather, is not at all borne out by fact; there are finer spots along the vale. The rocks on the road, above the Pont du Diable, have, indeed, a fine, wild character. When you pass through the pierced gallery in these rocks, and come out upon the still, tranquil vale of Andermatt, the effect is astonishing: there are no trees, but there is a lovely verdure on the earth. The loneliness, however, of this spot is its greatest charm: the walk through it is the realising a page of some old fairy tale. We went forward to the village of Hospital to sleep: it was already dark when we arrived. In the guest-chamber we found a Hanoverian officer and an English gentleman at supper, whom we had before seen at Zurich, and crossed at other points of our route. My companion, who designed turning back into Switzerland from

this place, and revelling among the strange beauties of the vale of Chamouny, and the Mer de Glace, employed the next day in a short excursion to the *hospice* of St. Gothard. As I designed crossing into Italy the day after, I, on the morrow, hired a horse and guide, and visited the glacier of the Rhone. Fortunate and satisfied as I had been in the society of the gentleman who had lately been my companion, I quietly rejoiced in my spirit as I found myself riding alone up a solitary mountain path, which, after quitting Hospital, is only broken by a small *hospice* and a few goat-herds' huts. It takes four hours to ascend the Furca: it is a long sloping vale, between two ridges of lofty mountains, through which the track lies. The Reuss, here a small summer stream, at the bottom of a deeper and more rugged winter bed, flows past you nearly all the way. Its course is slightly impeded, here and there, by rock and stone; but this gives it great life, and it tumbles and babbles cheerfully down the mountain vale, like a happy boy rolling and making holiday on a green hill-side. In

parts, the bridle-path is very narrow, and passes along the side of a hill not exactly precipitous, but so steep as certainly to be dangerous, although it has nowhere that terrific appearance which some tourists have spoken of. Still, a slip could not easily be recovered, and both horse and rider might fall into the stream far beneath, and be seriously injured, if not destroyed. Such accidents, however, are rare, and the possibility of their occurrence was only anxiously suggested to my mind by the sight of a party, about half a league before me, consisting of two English ladies, a gentleman, and their guides. I had caught a glimpse of my fair countrywomen at the small inn in the morning, and heard the sound of their soft voices; and, therefore, though the rules of travelling every where, but more especially in Switzerland, forbid either the joining or accosting others, I could not help casting a thought forward to them, as I watched their giddy course. The Reuss is crossed twice on those fine rude pass-stones, which break and give such beauty to the rivulet among these

Alps. On reaching the Furca, I observed that their guide took them to the height on the left, where they seated themselves to refresh; I therefore passed wide of them, to the right. At a certain point, commanding, it is true, a most glorious prospect, and showing a fine bed of glacier in the distance, my guide stopped me, saying, that this was the spot from which travellers generally viewed the glacier of the Rhone, and from whence they returned. This I do not believe; for to do so would not be to see the glacier, and would be, moreover, to lose by far the most sublime feature of that scene of wonder.

When I stood upon the edge of that vast and wide bed of eternal snow, wiped my hot brow beneath a scorching sun, and gathered the flower of the evergreen at my foot; when I saw, at the bottom of the glacier, the young brown river issuing forth from cavernous mouths in a deep mass of snow; and when I looked up to that ridge, which stretches from one dark mountain peak to its dark fellow, and over which this sea of ice must once have rolled into its

present bed, I was moved with wonder, as if I had seen a vision. The whole of that rifted ridge seemed but one bright wall of pyramid, and obelisk, and spire, builded in white snow by spirits, the ministers of Heaven; a barrier none but glorified bodies, light as the summer winds, might pass, where nothing polluted or defiled might hope to gain admittance; a place apart from our world, and the portal of a better.

As you tread upon the glacier, you remark that the snow, whose kindred peaks shine from above with such a dazzling transparent brightness, is beneath your feet, in many places, soiled and discoloured: still it is snow that fell white from Heaven, and shall again haste from all defilement, and image back the sunbeam from blue and clear reflecting waters. Ah! thus we pray and hope that it will be with the human soul. No man can look upon these scenes, none can tread this snow, which here cracks to the foot, there glistens meltingly in the hot sunbeam, and is here again broken by rude chasms and

clefts, down into whose beautifully blue depths you look with trembling,—none can do this, and forget that he has with him a second self, invisible, spiritual, immortal.

As I walked back by the edge of the glacier, I met the ladies, and the gentleman who attended them, coming along the path towards the Grimsel. They dismounted, and went a few yards on the bed of the ice. After they passed on, I went down to the spot, that I might have the pleasure of seeing woman's foot-print in such a scene. Ah! what woman is to man!

I re-ascended the Furca, pausing at every step. What a scene it is! From one of the very loftiest ridges above me I heard a shout and a laugh. I cannot tell how very wild and fearful they sounded in that solitude: it was only the cry of some marmot hunters, whom the guide well knew; yet it shook and stirred me strangely; methought they were laughing too near Heaven.

I descended towards the *hospice* with the sinking day; the shadows were spreading fast and far; the mountain-herds, and their rude pastors, creeping to lower shelter; and, when I reached the *hospice*, the capuchin was reading the vesper-service to the goatherds assembled in the chapel. I stood uncovered and silent at the door, and listened to the well-known melancholy murmur of that service. I have seldom seen a people of more rude and cheerless aspect; they were poorly and coarsely clad; the very young among them looked not youthful, and the old looked not as they had ever known joy. I observed blear eyes, and blains, and sores from cold winds, and stones, and snow. Such are the mountaineers of St. Gothard. I saw not one man with the light limb and the bounding step we so often and so naturally associate with the very word mountaineer. I went into the friar's dwelling, and took a cup of wine: two young peasant girls of Andermatt, relations, live with him. They formed quite a contrast to the population of the

rude hamlet, being both of them pretty, one remarkably so. Lest I should unintentionally raise a smile at the expence of the poor capuchin (and I am not fond of capuchins), I think it right to add, that it was evident, to the observing glance, their intercourse was of the most innocent nature. He was a man of a certain age, painfully plain, and of a sad, dull, unintelligent appearance. I looked into his little cabin-like sleeping cell, and into his small, poor garden. For many months of the year the inhabitants of this place are snowed in: the two fine faces near him must then be felt as blessings, if it were only that they light up a dwelling. There is a something in a fine human countenance, seen daily about you in the common services of life, which does greatly gild existence.

On my return to the inn at Hospital, I found my companion, the Hanoverian and his, who had all three been visiting the *hospice* of St. Gothard, at supper. We interchanged our accounts of what had struck or delighted either. I here parted with

the gentleman who had accompanied me for many days. It is impossible for two men to travel for even so short a period together, and to separate, without some feeling of regret, especially if they have stood side by side, and gazed on such objects as we had visited together. Our sentiments differed on many points, as we soon discovered; but I must say, that I have rarely met a man with whom I could so happily "agree to differ." I shall long recollect, with pleasure, my journey from Strasburg to the St. Gothard, and my talented and cheerful companion.

At early dawn I was on horseback, ascending the St. Gothard, and, leaving the guide in charge of the sumpter horse that carried my baggage, I rode forward alone.

The ascent and passage of this mountain are inconceivably grand. The grandeur of which I speak is dark, desolate, terrific; all is rock, granite rock, in rude and mighty masses, not impending or threatening, but lying stern and still. The hue of every

thing is iron; the sight and the sound of water alone remind you of the mercy of that Being who created the awful wilderness around.

I overtook a boy driving a laden mule alone: I talked with him awhile; but he was in the habit of crossing the mountain thus, and partook its character, — was grave and dull, as one habitually oppressed by solitude and silence: himself and mule were the only living things I passed between the village of Hospital and the *hospice*. The sun did not shine: thin white vapours flitted about the mountain, now veiling, and now displaying to greater advantage some of the loftier and ruder points of those rocks which surround the wild valley of the lake, at the summit of the passage: now they enveloped, now chilled me; now sailed slow away, and left me in clear and open air, a near gazer, and close watcher of the cloud. I shouted long at the *hospice* before I could make any one hear me. A few goats were standing in, or straying about the yard, with

udders full, as if waiting for the milking hour; and, at last, a miserable-looking herd-boy crept shivering round the gable of an outhouse, and came towards me; while, almost at the same moment, the keeper of the *hospice* slowly opened the door, reproaching me for being there before the usual hour of the mail. The post-bag, it appears, was on the solitary mule I had passed with the boy, the courier himself being somewhat behind it again. So much for the security of the communication over the St. Gothard. The keeper of this wretched *hospice* was an old soldier, spoke French, Italian, Spanish, and was not unintelligent. Such a man would hardly accept this post, if there was not some sure mode of making money, besides tending a few goats, and selling a few glasses of *aqua ardente*. I exchanged a few words with him about old times, took a cup of warm milk, to which, after the camp fashion, he added a glass of Cognac, from the bottle reserved for first-class customers, and, leaving here my horse to follow with the guide, I walked forward on foot.

There is yet another association connected with this cold wild scene, and it is one which, received into the mind as you stand alone, in the midst of so many rude yet sublime wonders, makes man start to think of,—war has been here, *up here*, in these high, dark solitudes. The stubborn Russian and the "fiery Frank" had a smart action here, during the campaign of 1798 or 1799; and this rude place of repose for pilgrim and muleteer was taken and retaken, in combats of musketry and the bayonet. I know not how it is, or why I should so feel it; but uniforms, and words of command, and the spitting fire of regular sharp-shooters, seem quite out of character with the scene. Man feels himself a pigmy in these places: horses and horsemen, stretched dead on the wide battle-plain; foot-soldiers lying slain on all the green knolls around; and yagers skirmishing with their rifles among the bushes and thickets, are things common and in keeping with fields of warfare; but feeble creatures crawling about, round and among

these mighty fragments of the day of Chaos, this stony girdle of our world, and with distant and pitiful shots levelling their fellows, and bodies lying *small* near huge masses of dark stone! — it sounds too daring, and human combatants, with all their swelling, appear too little in such places, — I mean numbered and regimented combatants, and hired legions. For the solitary struggle of man and some one deadly assailant, for such peril as knight or pilgrim, as female innocent, or as hunted martyr might encounter, the scene is fitted by that very sublimity which makes the regular operations of modern warfare sink into a tame insignificance in such a theatre.

The circumstance of St. Gothard being, to this day, impassable for carriages, leaves it in possession of all that character of romance which the musing mind may have been wont, from early age, to attach to a passage of the Alps.

As soon as you begin to descend, all that was naked and stony disappears; it is left behind; beautiful prospects open on you;

the vale, into which you are moving down, is green; there are villages and foliage; trees climb all the hills, and, on the very summits, screens and patches of black fir lie disposed in the most picturesque forms, and contrast protectingly with the sheltered pastures beneath them. The sun broke out, and lighted all things. "*Buon giorno*," said a man coming up with the broad hat, the round blue jacket, the blue breeches, the white stockings, and the large shoe-buckles of the Italian peasant. You are in Italy, the very sound of the Tessino would tell you so, it hurries so gladly on, leaps so rejoicingly from rock to rock, and whitens, and foams, and sparkles so at its many beautiful falls.

The small inn at Airolo is kept by a most civil landlord: the chamber where I washed, the beds, the furniture, all Italian in fashion; while the countenances of two females of his family more particularly and more pleasingly announce Italia, the sunny and the soft, the land of warm tints and fine features. I travelled from hence,

by what is called the post, to Bellinzone. The vehicle is indescribable; it must have stood for upwards of a century, undisturbed, in some old *remise*, and have been lately purchased by our speculating host for a song, drawn forth, and advanced or degraded to the service of carrying a mail and passengers. The old faded velveteen linings, the heavy panels, the clumsy springs, were of a date now forgotten. The driver, indeed, was in keeping with it; he was a peasant in old peasant garb, and the buckles must have been made, I should think, about the time when the carriage was built.

The whole road from Airolo to Bellinzone is delight, delight: at every turn some new romantic feature, or some of a softer loveliness. Fontana, Faido, and Giornorco, are passed in succession. You begin with pasturage. You pass down into gardens of fruit, orchards, and vineyards, and on to green fields, and wider meads: beauty and brightness keep the traveller's heart glad, and every thing looks light and cheerful.

I had no companion but my driver, but he was lively and companionable: we changed drivers at Faido. The second was a little merry fellow, who sung, or rather hummed all the way admirably well, giving every bar and turn. I looked, I suppose, as I felt, contented. "*Vi piace?*" said the little man, and then on he went again like a bird. "That is a Spanish air," I said; "where did you get it?" — "*Non so.*" — "Give it again." — "*Per ubbidir la;*" and he sung to me to my heart's ease. At last, when arrived at the end of his stage, he jumped off his seat, took a young infant from the arms of a fine young woman, with a pretty and smiling face, and was so fully occupied in kissing and playing with it, that, if I had not called him, he would have suffered the relay to drive on without even asking for his *buona mano*. He told me, cheerfully, as I tipped him, that he was a young married man, and this his first child; wished me a happy journey; and there, as I looked back, I saw him stand at his cottage-door, fondling his young child, and

chatting with its pretty mother. Well, there certainly is a great deal of happiness in the world, that tyranny and misgovernment, by God's blessing, never reach: here, however, in these peaceable times, they boast of freedom; for this is a canton of Switzerland. The view of Bellinzone, with the three castellated hills that rise above the city, from whence walls descend to her three gates, giving her the power of shutting and guarding the valley on every side, is very noble and striking.

According to my plan, I went forward to Lugano. I got a room at the *albergo*, commanding so delightful a prospect, I was so captivated with the small lake, and even in the town itself the aspect of so many things struck and pleased me, that I lingered there three days. The inhabitants of Lugano are said to be industrious, and the silk of this place is in high repute. But, in truth, the people do not look very industrious, and as almost all trades ply their work either in the open air or in such open shops as the passing eye may gaze in upon, I should call them indo-

lent. Although a small town, I never saw any other (save Naples) where they seem so studiously to spare themselves the trouble of keeping house, and preparing food in their families. The town is full of cooks' shops, whence all are content to be supplied: a way of life that begets a disregard of comfort, but, at the same time, gives a kind of cheerful carelessness. To the passing observer, society, in this state, (however he may regret that things are so,) gives a certain pleasure; for he sees it well, and near, and fully. If we stand for hours near a glass bee-hive, with a pleased interest and lively curiosity, how much higher the gratification, in despite of the pain it brings with it, to stand among our fellow-men, our proper study, and to see how they live, and move, and have their being. Lugano is Swiss, and free by its constitution; but Lugano is enslaved by habits, by climate and beauty, oil and wine, and, above all, by the spirit of her religion. The place is overstocked with convents and churches,—and the tinkle of the small bell

is perpetual. The view over the lake, from the terrace before the mother-church, is enchanting; and for views, generally, turn where you will at Lugano, they are lovely. The hours I passed upon the lake were such as on a lake gliding in a boat may be passed in any land, in summer seasons, where lakes are to be found. But, as Lugano is not much visited, I name it, assuring any, who may follow in my track, that the form and features of it, and its romantic shores, merit a wider fame than the vicinity of the larger lakes, and the reports of travellers have allowed to it. I took boat on the day of my departure to the small village of Porlezza, at the head of the lake; hence I crossed to that of Como on foot. In the small cottage *albergo* of Porlezza, where I refreshed before I started, they gave me bread whiter than milk, excellent wine, and abundance of luscious figs and grapes: of these I made the boatmen partake, as also a ragged boy that had worked his short passage over at an oar. In a country where nature bountifully provides such luxuries, and where

the poor, amid their rags and poverty, do yet so often partake of them, it is surprising to see, at the chance occasion, the easy courtesy of their manner with those to whom, at other times, they are so slavishly deferential. They take, and eat thankfully and cheerfully, and seem to feel a sort of pride that the traveller should so like and praise the produce of their country. It is about six miles from Porlezza to Cadenobbio: a guide carried my *valise*.

The elevated vale, through which the road lies, is beautiful. When the traveller arrives by the winding footpath, along which he is conducted on the height above Cadenobbio, and looks down upon the bosom of the lake of Como, he will assuredly send forward his guide, and throw himself on the ground, and long refuse to be hurried, even by himself, from such a feast of the soul! The glorious river-like form of this lake; the mountain shores towards the head, round which it sweeps, as a broad majestic river would; the towns, the villages, the little bays and inlets on its smiling shores; the beautiful division of its two arms im-

mediately beneath you; the glittering water, and the white sails that play upon it, fill full the gaze, and make the heart heave quick. When I descended, I saw the landlord of the inn coming to meet me. He talked English a little, and I found had begun life as one of those itinerant venders of prints, maps, weather and spy glasses; who shiver through a few English winters for the sake of a purse, that may enable them to sit down under the shadow of their own vines, in this delightful region for the rest of life. There was little romantic in the appearance, or manner, or talk of my good host, but it was evident that his local attachments were strong, and the beauties of his native country dear in his estimation. I found his house clean, his fare good, and his charges reasonable; and had all three been the reverse, the prospect from my chamber-window would have abundantly consoled me.

I took a boat in the morning to Como, visiting the show villas, and loitering for some time in the cool and shady villa

Pliniana, concerning which so much has been written.

On my arrival at Como I immediately took a *charabanc*, and crossed by a most romantic and beautiful road to Lecco, a small town, situated at the head of the second branch of the lake. The following day was the market at Lecco, and the place was filled with peasant figures of the true Italian stamp, affording numberless studies to the painter. From hence I took a carriage to Bergamo, a large and busy city. The great fair was just over, and from my own observation, and the enquiries I made, I should think a person desirous of studying Italian character would do well to make a point of visiting Bergamo during the fair. This lasts for three weeks, is always very numerously attended, and exhibits a great variety of character among the peasants of different provinces who frequent it, — peasants who preserve unalterably the dress and the customs of their fathers. Moreover, Bergamo is the true birth-place of Harlequin. We have all, I suppose, liked

Harlequin in our day, have most of us laughed ourselves into innocent merriment at Mother Goose, and still remember with wonder that rolling head of Bologna's which scarce seemed a part of the man, and Grimaldi, of memory immortal in the annals of drollery. I saw here, in Bergamo, a man, a Falstaff, or rather, not the fat man of a play, but of a pantomime. He was the keeper (as should be) of a cook's shop. His paunch, literally, appeared to move before him. The fall from his breast to his stomach was so made that you might have opened and spread a huge tavern ledger upon it, and there it would have lain as safe bedded as on a church eagle;—his face shone, and his jowls were dewlaps;—a white nightcap and apron he wore, and I should have deemed him a mask dressed for a harlequinade, if I had not stood for a minute of wonder close to him. I have observed of Italy, that land of handsome features, that her ugly, deformed, or corpulent men, are monstrosities. What noses you sometimes meet with in Italy,—like the nodes of a cork-tree in shape, and

stained with all hues of purple and the mulberry!

I went to Brescia the following morning in company with an Italian priest, a man of wood. The road lies through a rich and fertile vale. Brescia is a city of some interest to the passing gazer. The walk round the walls is pleasant, and the prospects from them on all sides fair, on that of the Alps fine. The view from the castle over the glorious plain of Lombardy is one to seat yourself on the broken wall and thoroughly enjoy. The plain is wooded as though it were a forest, and yet you know it to be a watered garden. I saw a party of young men here near the ramparts playing at the ballone, and all the slope above them was covered with spectators and crowned with idle groups of Austrian soldiers. The players wore frilled shirts of the finest texture, ruffles also, and coloured ribbons disposed ornamentally on their sleeves and at the drawer knees. The whole scene was a picture, and greatly enlivened by the interest which the spectators take in it: they shout, and laugh, and exult, as skill or

awkwardness affect them. It is painful to an Englishman to contemplate the groups of Italian gentlemen who lounge away long hours upon the chairs under the awnings of the many *cafés* close to the theatre. They sip ices, they hum, they babble quick about play or small news; they are well enough dressed, well enough looking; but their very air tells you plainly that the higher interests of life neither attract or stir them: they are content to exist, to be, and to be — nothing.

I took a carriage to a small town on the lake of Garda, and here I hired a boat to Riva. The boatman asked me something enormous. I said, "My dear fellow, I have not time at present to go through the regular comedy of bargain-making, therefore here is what I will *give* you," naming less than half their demand. The men looked surprised, now at me now at each other, but closed with my offer. I went to a *café* to take a cup of coffee while they were getting ready; a respectable looking serjeant of gens-d'armerie came in, and bowing to me, said that I had made a fair bargain, and

he never saw the trouble so usual in making one, so easily got rid of. He related the circumstances to those in the *café*, who laughed heartily at the expression about the comedy, and gave me credit for thoroughly understanding this class of their countrymen. The boatmen proved hard-working, honest, cheerful fellows, and kissed my hand cordially at parting, because I threw in a trifle more for a long laborious row after the wind fell. I gave a poor peasant woman of Roveredo a passage, and for a small bit of silver got white bread and fruit enough for the whole party. The basket of fruit was quite a picture, as we all agreed. These poor Italians have a quick perception of beauty; a quality of the mind which certainly gives great delight to the possessor, but which, like all earthly blessings, is counterbalanced by strange heart-achings, and a very painful corrosive canker in moments of privation, disappointment, and blank melancholy.

The sail up this lake into the very bosom of the mountains is at once lovely and grand. The chamber of the inn at Riva

looks out upon the lake, and commands a noble view of the magnificent and rocky heights which rise from its borders.

About three years ago a huge fragment of the mountain just above Riva fell, destroying, and literally sweeping into the lake two cottages. The warning, though but momentary, was yet sufficient to preserve the inhabitants, who fled out naked in the night, and saved their lives :—such price is sometimes, and not unfrequently, paid for dwelling amid the romantic scenery of the Alps. A bill at these inns is often diverting, when they charge the articles separately, as they did to me here. A bottle of fine wine, really good and well flavoured, was put down about sixpence; a tough, uneatable morsel of *arrosto* about two shillings : such proportion bears the luxury to the necessary in their estimation. I was too delighted with the room, the scene, and the wine, to object to paying eight times the value of the scrap of burnt veal they styled *arrosto*.

The scenery between Riva and Roveredo is exceedingly wild, and the road is very

lonely. Roveredo is rather a busy-looking place, and their principal trade is in silk. All this country brings back to the mind the early and most honourable triumphs of Bonaparte: here he laid the foundation of his fame and fortune. I remember that the first picture I ever saw of Napoleon represented him in a general's uniform, at full length, with the subscription:

> Cui laurus eternos honores
> Italico peperit triumpho.

A truth which few, even of his enemies, have disputed, if the reference of it be limited to his exploits as a general. The violence done to property in that war must not all be chargeable to his memory, though, as he was the commander of an army, which he was left by the jealousy of the French government to clothe, pay, and feed as he could, of course the sufferers affixed their curse on him. It is related that as Bonaparte was one evening conversing courteously with an Italian lady, she took some flower or trifle from his hand playfully: "*Gli Italiani*," said the General, smiling,

"*sono tutti Ladroni.*"—"*Non tutti, mas buona parte,*" was her ready and severe retort. Nevertheless, in the north of Italy, his name is often accompanied by a benediction. It has been said of him, "There was greatness in the General, greatness in the Consul: the Emperor was only mighty."

The bronze medallion of him as First Consul, struck only for private distribution after the battle of Marengo, as a work of art, and as a beautiful expressive head, exceeds any modern medallion that I ever beheld.

The route from Roveredo to Trent is narrowly walled in, and is hot, dusty, and very provoking; for you can see nothing, although you feel that if the walls were beat down, there would be continual prospects of beauty.

Trent is very prettily situated: it is a city of the Tyrol, but I like not to call it by that nobler name: it is Italian, true Italian; moreover, was the seat of the famous Council that puzzled and plagued the world for so many years.

There is a picture of this assembly in the church where the Council was held, on a small scale, and faded; but you may trace all the costumes distinctly enough — cardinals, bishops, abbots, monks, and doctors, seated in dull array. How these four or five hundred luxurious gentlemen were fed, was an idle fancy or speculation that I could not get out of my silly head, all the time of my stay in this old city. What a market it must have had! what cooks! what convoys of sleek mules, laden with luxuries! and how, in their distant and regretted residences, all the old housekeepers of these perplexed and provoked absentees must have busied themselves in the preparations of savouries and potted meats, dried fruits, and delicate conserves, and in the regular and never-failing dispatch of supplies from the well-stocked cellars. Trent is, in itself, an abominably stupid place; but Fancy, reverting to the period of which I speak, soon peoples it with portraits of a vast and amusing variety.

Not a chamber of the hotel where I lodged but some crowned head, or princess, had slept in it: their arms, and the dates of their visits, were over the doors. If, therefore, the traveller feels discontent with room or bed, he has the consolation of knowing that the lords of palaces fared no better at Trent, in this respect, than himself.

As I left very early in the morning for Bautzen, my bill was brought, and, I conjecture, prepared by the waiter. Every thing was charged double: this I observed, to the vexation, no doubt, but certainly not to the confusion, of the man; for he received the half with the most spaniel-like demeanour, just like the celebrated black-leg, who scored with notched chalk; and, on being told by his pigeon, of whom he had, doubtless, won thousands, "Why, you have just marked two instead of one," replied, "Have I? then I will rub one out again." My companion in the carriage to Bautzen was a priest of the country, altogether an Italian, in look, manner, and language — nothing of the Tyrolese about

him. The road is beautiful and romantic; the villages which you pass on the early part of the route bear marks of frequent suffering and devastation; and the effects of the memorable campaigns of 1796, 1797, are distinctly visible to this day. It is not until he approaches Bautzen that I consider the traveller fairly in the Tyrol. This city is situated on the rapid Eisach, and mountains of great majesty environ it. Here German is the language of the people; German is their aspect: here the varieties of costume, which have, for centuries, marked and distinguished the inhabitants of the different valleys in this famous country, first press upon his attention. Some of the women here wear a head-dress, certainly not very becoming. It is a conical cap, of very fine dressed wool, either of a white or black colour: it looks like the softest fur or down, is expensive, and an article they take great pride in; but to the travelled eye it has a very strange appearance, and seems a more fitting head-gear for some Tartar chief, galloping on his native steppes, than for the peasant woman

of these mountain vales. Others, however, of the women wear a black hat, small and round, the crown high, and nearly conical, and their long hair is rolled up behind into a glossy knot, and just shown under it. Others wear broad green hats, either of beaver, or covered with green silk, and bands of broad ribbon, of the like colour, tasselled or fringed with gilt thread. Some plait their hair in two long braids, others bind it about the head. Their corsets, their aprons, their petticoats, their stockings, are of various colours, rustic and coarse, but producing an effect most pleasing and picturesque. The men are magnificent alike in costume and appearance: they are remarkable for their fine make, and the open fearless expression of their countenances. They wear hats, some broad, some narrow, some of green beaver, some of black, with green ribbons, or bands of black velvet, and jackets of brown, green, or black, worked with lace, and adorned, at the sleeve and waist, by frogs of red or coloured cloth. Their waistcoats are commonly red, and all the Ty-

rolese wear very broad green braces outside the waistcoat, as also broad belts of black leather round the middle, on which are usually worked the initial letters of the owner's name. Many of them show the knee bare, wearing only a half-stocking from the calf of the leg to the smail, and put a light shoe, with a long quarter, on the naked foot.

I met groups of these noble-looking peasants on the walks and in the streets, and I saw a large assembly of them in the cathedral. I went into a burial-ground adjoining, where many of both sexes were scattered among the graves, kneeling and praying, some evidently with a very deep and devout abstraction of manner. Near each monumental cross is a little vessel of holy water, as in Switzerland: there was also a large bonehouse, with skulls placed in the manner before described, and labelled. I observed a young female praying sadly before it. All the persons in the ground were bare-headed; all was solemn and silent; and when I looked up and beyond the narrow bounds of this cemetery,

my lifted eye encountered, on every side, mountains in their brown repose.

I passed the evening at the *table d'Hôte*. We were waited on at table by maid-servants; but Bautzen being a considerable town, and the inn a large one, the traveller does not yet see the true kellerin of the Tyrol. The table was full: opposite me sat a tall, well-dressed man, looking rather genteel than gentleman-like, whom, from his conversation (for he was in plain clothes), I soon discovered to be an officer in the Austrian army: he was a native of Trieste. He afforded me some amusement, by saying that he greatly desired a war with England, as it would give him pleasure to fight against the English nation, they were so proud. I immediately asked him where he had formed that opinion of them, and what he knew of them? He said that he had been embarked, on one occasion, with some troops, on board an English line-of-battle ship, in the Adriatic, and complained sadly of his treatment. By a little cross-examination, I found that he had been a young lieutenant at the time,

and thrown principally among the midshipmen; that he was sea-sick and wretched, and, of course, easily and often irritated. I told him, that he must not exactly judge of English men from English boys, or of England from a vessel's crew; that our youth went to sea at a very early age, and were early taught to hold the skill and prowess of all enemies inferior to their own; that their rude and manly education on a boisterous element, and this ever-present persuasion, begat in them that spirit of enterprise and daring, which had obtained for our navy the renown it long had, and, I hoped and believed, long would enjoy; that I should be sorry to see them alter, but that he would find the manners of our country, and even of our camps, somewhat different; that if Fate ever should oppose him to British soldiers, he would not be disappointed of adversaries, alike worthy and proud to claim kindred with British sailors; and that as I concluded the object of his desire was the natural and noble ambition to encounter gallant enemies, the day might yet come, and the wish he had

here expressed be remembered. I shall never forget the smile that passed across the broad and bronzed face of a stout Bavarian officer, or the gratified look he gave me, and all that it seemed to express. This man looked worthy to head a squadron of heavy horse, and such a one as would not turn back in the *mêlée*. It would not have done in that place to have touched on the relations in which Bavaria had stood to France; but I doubt not this Bavarian had served with the French army, and had, perhaps, been opposed, at some period of the long war, to the British. The Austrian, who felt that he had volunteered playing "*bavard*," looked silly, and acknowledging that he was not altogether in a state to form a correct judgment of any thing while at sea, sunk into silence, and soon became as civil as he had shown inclination to be rude.

I journeyed from Bautzen to Brixen, in company with a Bavarian merchant, and his son, a fine school-boy. The road has all those features of romantic beauty which the traveller expects to find, and cannot

describe. At a cottage inn on a hill, about midway, we stopped for a quarter of an hour. There, seated at a table before the door, we took wine and fruit, and the eye wandered over scenery such as the soul loves. A dusty wayfaring man sat down by our side, and took a tankard of beer. The tankard was of fine, clear, thick, heavy glass, with a bright metal top. Throughout Germany in general, especially in Austria, they have abundance of excellent glass, and the luxury of fine large well-shaped tumblers and wine-glasses is common.

Brixen is a city beautifully situated, among mountains, at the junction of the rivers Rienz and Eisach. It has a cathedral, a palace, and many good houses: the style and fronts are Italian. The inn was not very comfortable, and exceedingly crowded. I met a German gentleman at supper, who had just returned from a ramble in the lateral vallies of the Tyrol. He was full of delight, had been present at some of their fairs and festivities, had been welcomed and made at home by them and was enthusiastic in his praises of them. I

never met a foreigner who spoke English with such a happy fluency, or such a thorough understanding of our tongue. He spoke of acquaintances at Oxford and Cambridge, one of whom was personally known to me, and the name of another most familiar, as an accomplished scholar. He appeared to have seen every thing in London that traveller could see, and, with the strong and permitted curiosity of an active mind, had not omitted to dive into the cellars of St. Giles's, or to visit the booths of St. Bartholomew. He told me that these lateral vallies could not be visited without a thorough knowledge, not merely of common German, but of those familiar phrases, and that low language, of cheerful festivity, which these liveliest of German peasants take delight in. He pressed me to accompany him to Munich, but I had previously decided not to enter Bavaria farther than was necessary for traversing a part of that country on my road from Inspruck to Vienna.

When I awoke in the morning I found the large inn deserted, and myself left to

dress, and walk about the long old room adjoining my bed-chamber in stillness and alone. This room was hung with old paintings, none good, but none without interest. The old German painters seem to me to have been fond of such subjects as admitted the introduction of thrones and gorgeous dresses, cloths of gold, brocades, jewelled turbans, and costly caparisons, with rich embossings. When such things hang faded on a wall before you, as Queen Esther before Ahasuerus, as Belshazzar at his Feast, Naaman in his Chariot, and such like subjects, you cannot choose but think.

After breakfast I procured an old dusty calêche, with a capital horse and a rustic driver, to Stertzingen. Beautiful is the drive, and the small town of Stertzingen, for cleanliness and brightness, and an aspect all its own, delights but defies description. Shame to me that I have lost the note with the name of its *none-such* inn. Though I am never likely to forget the house, yet cannot I tell any one who may ramble after me whether it be a Rose, or a Crown, or a *Goldnen* Lion that hangs dangling before it.

Here was an elderly landlady, a pattern of kind hospitality and motherly propriety, two fair daughters, clean and modest, and a stout and trusty kellerin, with black petticoat of ample folds, and keys enough, in number and size, for the warder of a castle. Her guardianship, however, is not over turrets and dungeons, but over closets and cellars, wines and meats, fruits and preserves, and all household comforts. There is no feature about the inns of the Tyrol more remarkable than the kellerin: she is a personage of the first importance; she makes all charges, and receives all payments; for which purpose she wears a large leathern pocket, or purse, which, like the tradesman's till, is emptied each evening. She is intrusted with all the household stores; she brings each traveller his meal, and blesses it; she brings him his wine-cup, and it is yet the custom, with all old Tyrolers, that she should, at least, put her lips to it. She is always addressed with kindness; "*Mein kind*," "My child," is the common phrase; and it is varied, in warmth and tenderness, according to ac-

cidental circumstances. It is sometimes endearing, as "*Mein schönes kind,*" "My pretty child;" "*Mein herz,*" "My heart; "*Mein schatz,*" "My treasure." In general, however, although I have seen some of great beauty, the kellerin is a stout, coarse, active woman, with a frank readiness of service in her manner, and a plain pride of station, — the pride of being trust-worthy.

It may be supposed that these phrases are not always used, without some lightness, by youthful travellers; yet is there a manner of employing them without any impropriety, and the very utterance is a pleasure, they beget so much kindliness and good humour.

I was shown into a room that would have satisfied the cleanliest of Quakers; and the first objects my eyes rested on were some English prints, not very common ones, — a series, with the pictured and affecting story of Lady Jane Grey, and one other, the Tomb of fair Fidele, and, beneath, the lines,

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb," &c. &c.

Now, certainly, we do not travel abroad to see English prints, yet did I heartily bless the chance that brought them there; was happy in their sweet company, and confident that many a solitary English traveller had felt the like throb of a thankful heart, as he sat down in this little chamber, the welcomed tenant of a day. There was a little garden, and flowers in it, before the window. It was a place to do nothing quick in; the washing, the dressing, the repast, all slowly lingered over, and the eyes ever straying to the sweet figure and face of Lady Jane Grey, and then on to "Fair Fidele's grassy tomb," the lip and voice each time engaged, just as we hum over and over the bars of some old and well-loved air.

In the evening, as I sat thinking after supper, I heard voices as in prayer; and, looking out of my chamber into the large irregular-shaped hall, I saw a party of peasants assembled on their knees, before a large wooden crucifix, and performing their evening devotions. In the Tyrol, if the house is considered a good one, and the

people worthy and devout, the peasants and muleteers, who lodge in the outhouses and stables, do always use the hall, or guest-chamber, as a chapel, imagining that they confer and receive a blessing by so doing.

Stertzingen was the scene of one of the greatest triumphs of the Tyrolese over their invaders, in 1809. In the immediate neighbourhood of the town there is a marshy flat, on the hills near which they most judiciously contrived an ambuscade for the Bavarian cavalry, and completely defeated them. There is so much of the pride and pomp of a regular army about a body of well-mounted and well-appointed horse, that the picture of such a description of force defeated, destroyed, or led captive by mountain peasants, in the rude and picturesque garb in which they toil and hunt, does awaken in the fancy a very lively delight, and give an honest pleasure to the heart; as honest, at least, as we may ever be permitted to take in warfare. It was a bright and memorable feature in the rising of the Tyrolese, that no acts of

wanton or capricious cruelty, no acts of savage or vindictive barbarity, stained the character of their cause. The only persons who were roughly or severely treated were such of their own countrymen as they suspected of treachery; but, towards the French and Bavarians, especially the latter, when defeated and captured, no violence was shown beyond that necessary to secure them as prisoners. How glorious do things like these tell! — A man for a leader, of whom *a nation* should say, "The word of Hofer is enough for us;" "What Hofer says we will believe;" "What Hofer bids we will do;" and this a lowly man, honest, brave, compassionate, and devout. There is scarce an instance in history of a man with so little ability effecting so much by the mere weight of personal character. The general and the politician closeted in Vienna made this noble peasant their tool; and, in fact, it was in all the trouble and intrigue at the close that this plain, unsuspecting, credulous, and faithful man was shipwrecked; and (eternal disgrace to the French!) was taken, *tried by a military*

commission, found guilty of being bold, and good, and true, and put to death. Such deaths, indeed, are hallowed, yet are they heart-breaking to hear of and think about. The print of Andrea Hofer is, of course, every where: he is represented in a brown jacket, red waistcoat, broad green braces, and the letters A. H., the simple distinction on his body-belt, when he sold and bought cattle in the fairs, figures there, to tell the name, and, in the name, the rank of that most glorious, because most merciful, of patriot leaders, who thus walked among his fellow-countrymen, as a simple one of them, at the time that he commanded, and ostensibly directed, all the energies of Tyrol against the Bavarian and the French armies.

If any of my young readers should desire to peruse an animated and beautiful sketch of this mountain war, let them turn to the "Edinburgh Historical Annual Register" for 1809 or 1810. I have not seen the chapter that treats of it for sixteen years. I read it in Portugal, but the glow of it does in remembrance warm me still.

The road between Stertzingen and Inspruck traverses for many miles the lofty Brenner. Near the summit is a small house of call; and here I saw a perfect picture of the mountain kellerin, with black and glossy hair, a brown cheek, a bright eye, and teeth of a dazzling whiteness. At Steinach, where I dined, was another of coarse aspect, but kind and gentle in her service. These women, to the eye of any traveller who has a something of the painter's perceptions and of the poet's feelings, form a very interesting feature, and they might be woven into the tale of the novelist with strong effect.

Inspruck, the capital of the Tyrol, lies in a valley watered by the Inn, and immediately at the foot of a mountain ridge which rises above it like a mighty wall in barren and precipitous magnificence. You pass the Schönberg and descend to it by a winding road that presents, at every turn, a prospect of some striking and picturesque beauty. I arrived late in the evening, and and was put into a large chamber, where by portraits, arms, inscriptions, &c., I found

many crowned heads and noble persons had at various times been lodged. I requested and obtained with difficulty on the morrow a smaller one. The inn-keeper here, who is a jolly old man, and was once courier to the duke of Cumberland, is fond of making kings of such travelling Englishmen as are gratified by the folly, while for the amusement of his German guests he can sing, with the most comic effect,

"The ducks and the geese they do swim over."

I encored him in it, and wished Matthews at table to fix the man and his manner for wider amusement. I was made exceedingly comfortable at this hotel, and dined every day during my stay with a small party of superior officers and private gentlemen, whose manners and conversation were most pleasing, and where, contrary to the usual custom, the host did not appear at table. It was at a supper the night before I went away that I heard the old man sing, and that he showed me all the medals of Hofer.

The first thing which I visited in Inspruck, and the object which I could not tire of gazing on after repeated visits, is the grand cenotaph in the church of the Franciscans, to the memory of Maximilian the Emperor.

The mausoleum itself would require, if I attempted it at all, a very minute description, and of a nature that would be tedious to the reader, without conveying the general effect to his mind. It is raised on three steps of veined marble, on the highest of which there is a finely executed bordering in bronze of arms and trophies. In bronze, Maximilian, robed as an emperor, kneels suppliant on his tomb; on the sides, in tablets of white Carrara marble, each of which is two feet wide by one and a half in height, are represented, in bas relief, the most remarkable actions of his life. The sculpture is exquisite, and all the scenes are represented with a fidelity at once minute and animated. But the charm and the magic of this monument arise from the remarkable circumstance of its being surrounded by a stern and silent company of

colossal statues * in bronze. The figures are male and female, persons of renown and royal birth: many of the house of Austria and in the ancestral line of Maximilian, and others, to the stranger's eye, of a deeper and more attaching interest. There is "*Gottfried von Bouillon, König v. Irusalem,*" in armour, with the cross on his breastplate, and the crown of thorns upon his cap of steel. There is Theodoric, king of the Goths: Clovis of France: Philip the Good, and Charles the Bold; and it is with a start of delight that the Englishman reads on the pedestal of that one whose port and bearing are allowedly the most knightly and the most royal, —

ARTUR, KÖNIG
V. ENGLAND.

You ask not why he is here; — you gaze upon his coronetted helm with the worship of one who had lived his subject; you

* That is, somewhat larger than life.

mount the pedestal and raise his barred vizor, and look upon the still features; you grasp his gauntletted hand, and touch his sword —

> (The "massy blade
> Of magic temper'd metal made,")

with a fancy that you are daring too far, and down again in reverence to the paved aisle.

I lingered among these forms at a second visit till it was dusk. Albrechts and Rodolphs were frowning on me in fearful armour. Queens and princesses standing solemn in large draperies of bronze, and I happily pacing or pausing among them with a created and indulged terror; and ever as I came near "*Artur, König von England,*" the harp of Warton sounded in my ear, as it was wont to do, when as a boy it was my pastime to recite his fine "Ode on the Grave of King Arthur."

In this same church lie the remains of Hofer, under a plain stone, simply inscribed with his name. They were disinterred and

brought from Mantua by order of the Emperor of Austria, that they might be honoured with a public funeral in the capital of Tyrol. They were received by the faithful Tyrolese with transport, and followed to the place of their present rest by the public authorities, the military, and crowds of the peasantry, who flocked down from all their mountains to grace the glorious procession. A costly monument is to be erected to the memory of this great peasant. I saw the design, and thought it cumbrous. The tomb of such a man cannot be too plain. A block of granite on a mountain's top were enough; and I would have it on a mountain hitherto pathless: then would every footstep of the way be a trace of, and a tribute to, his fame.

The man who served me during my stay at Inspruck had been at Mantua when Hofer was put to death, and saw him shot. He was an Italian of the regular indolent *domestique de place* character, roused, as he described it, by the running past of an idle crowd, and the cries that a man was to be

shot: some designating him as the great robber, some the mountaineer with the long beard, some the traitor, some the rebel. He told me that Hofer walked pale and praying, but very firmly; that he gave his watch, just before the fatal moment, into the hands of a bystander, as a legacy to his family, and died easily: — a better head and a worse heart, and Hofer would not thus have died. A Tyrolese gentleman told me that during a great part of the time of that insurrection, Hofer was very unhappy, by finding himself involved in the administering of so many affairs, of which he knew nothing. His great adviser was a priest, and among his minor advisers another, who, it is whispered, finally betrayed him. Even Hofer could not escape the charge of injustice, nor perhaps the real though unintentional commission of it. To a person who appeared before him on behalf of a friend who had been taken up and put into prison, his reply was, "Your friend cannot be a good man or without fault in this matter, *or he would not be in prison*:" but it is fair to add, the counsellor

priest was at his elbow; for it does not sound like the character of a man, who, long before the insurrection, was continually appealed to by his countrymen as a just arbitrator, as one who would hear both sides, say what in his conscience he thought, and from whose decision they cared not to appeal. The fate that lifts a man into a situation of high responsibility may bring him fame, and high renown, and lasting gratitude, but it will deny him peace till he finds it in the silent grave.

The convent of the Capuchins in this city contains a cell, whither the great Maximilian was wont to retire at certain seasons for the purposes of devotion, and where he performed the strict penances so common to the age in which he lived. The rude articles of furniture in this cell and a wooden inkstand are said to have been the work of the monarch's own hand. Even the seclusion of the penitent is found insupportable without some occupation that may exercise the body, and divert the mind from the oppressive weight of thought. The cell of a royal penitent does always more deeply

interest us. Here it is that we find them men, poor men like ourselves, seeking rest for their hearts: — a rest which the cell and the stripe, the vigil and the fast, can never give.

The walks about the city are on all sides beautiful and interesting, for the valley is of the greenest, and the loftiest mountains rise close above it. There were several companies of Tyrolese jagers stationed in this city. They appeared fine young men, brownly ruddy, erect and soldierlike, but certainly much disfigured by a most unbecoming uniform. The jacket and trowsers are of a dull dirty grey, the hat round, like that worn by our marines, and like that looped up on one side, but the brim of it is narrow and scanty, and the whole dress has a paltry and unmartial appearance. I must except the officers and serjeants, whose hats are overshadowed by large black plumes, falling, like those on the Scottish bonnet, with a severe and frowning grace. In general the rustic gains in personal appearance by exchanging the garb of a labourer for the uniform of a soldier; but

the peasant of Tyrol sacrifices all that in costume is calculated to display the form. The fine calf of his well-made leg is hidden under loose trowsers, his manly neck confined by a leathern stock, and the very rifle in his hand, if you couple with it his black cross-belts, looks less warlike than the weapon he has been wont to bear, when, with a broad cartouch-belt girt around his waist, he leapt lightly on the hunter's paths among his native mountains, or stood steady in his aim opposite the prize-target in the vale, sure to hit the bull's eye, and place it in pride above his cottage door.

It was pleasant to me, as I walked the streets here, and in many cities throughout the Austrian dominions, to be saluted, as I frequently was, by the soldiers. The officers of the Austrian army almost invariably wear plain clothes in their home garrisons, except on the parade or on any duty, a circumstance which may account for this. Often, however, this compliment was paid to me by soldiers who evidently recognised me for an Englishman and an

officer, although no part of my dress as to make or colour announced my profession. The circumstance gave me a very natural pleasure. I was glad to see the army of my country so widely respected, proud to belong to it, and glad to feel that the *bivouac* had left its mark on me. Military life is a strange, an unnatural life, but full of incident and excitation. The man who has passed the brightest and best years of his existence in the army is in general ill adapted to fall down quietly into a still place in private life, especially in England, where, happily for our glorious constitution, however mortifying to the individual, an officer is not much considered at any time. It is too often forgotten by John Bull, that, at that very period of life, when the members of most other professions are reaping a something into the garner for the winter of their days, his officers who have served him and upheld his name all through the spring and summer of their existence, have given him their youth, and health, and strength, and perhaps have

cast down their little all of money on the promotion lottery-table, have no harvest to look to, not even the gleaning of a field; that most of them are fit only, "like rusty swords and helmets, to hang up i' the armory," but without the hope that "new wars could new burnish them again." This feeling, among retired military men, acting upon old habits and early associations, produces what has been called *demoralisation*, a very long word which has been in every body's mouth since the fall of Napoleon, and the dispersion of his vast army; a word which does simply mean, I take it, that undefined aching of the old soldier's heart after the melancholy pleasures (for they still are pleasures) of campaigning. Yet the active spring of gladness which gave quick motion to that heart in youth, and in its first fields, may never again be hoped for, and might not, nay, assuredly would not, in like scenes be found. This demoralisation, as it is called, is but the missing of accustomed things, and the longing for them. The atmosphere of affection in

which you moved, rude and rough as it may have been; the old soldiers with whose good or bad qualities you were as familiar as with their brown faces; the young whom you encouraged; the very rascals who were as thorns in your flesh, whom you ruled with rigour, or reclaimed with judgment,—all the little favours of which an officer is the dispensing patron,—the very trump and the drum will be regretted,—the music of the march and the music at the meal; and as for friendship, take an old soldier's word for it, in the common relations of man to man, the title of brother officers may stand high. If this be, as I suspect it is, demoralisation, why, then, I fear it will be found an inhabitant in the bosom of many a soldier in retirement, who, though he may have chosen earlier from wisdom, what must sooner or later have been his fate, does not feel his weaning the less.

I engaged a place in a carriage returning to Vienna, for the chance of companionship; but I took care to bargain for a halt of three days at Saltzburg. My travelling

companions were a parish priest, and a student of Padua, both natives of German Tyrol, and both enthusiasts in their love of their native country. The priest spoke French with tolerable fluency, and could read English a little; the student understood French, but could not converse in that language: both, however, spoke Italian freely, so that we made out famously. I liked them both: the priest, to my regret, quitted us at Saltzburg. I shall long recollect this worthy pastor with affectionate respect: his polite attentions, his cheerfulness, his kindness, his exhaustless store of interesting talk, his tolerant notions, his Christian feeling, and an occasional tinge of melancholy, that would chase for a few minutes, and a few minutes only, his customary animation, impressed me deeply. "*Gratias à Dio*" was a phrase often on his lip, not uttered coldly or cantingly, but with a rub of the hand, and a sparkle of the eye that told you it was ever in his heart: he gave it to the sunshine and the shade; to the beautiful prospect and the running

river; to the pleasant rest and the pleasant meal, and the cool chamber. I could have journeyed with such a man all the world over; he ordered all our meals, made all payments, gave content to every one, and host, hostesses, and kellerin, if they did not smile when they first saw him, were sure to part from him with that sort of kindly smiling regret which is so pleasing, and so flattering to the traveller, where he can believe it to be sincere.

My companions sung for me, again and again, the Evening Hymn of the Tyrolese peasants, beginning, "*Der lieben feüer stunde schleckt;*" "The loved hour of repose is striking," or, as our English bard has it, "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

The burden of this song, or hymn, as they brokenly and imperfectly rendered it for me, is beautiful, the ideas poetical, and the lesson, — Content. Even thus prosaically given, the reader will admit its beauty: —

"The loved hour of repose is striking; let us come to the sun-set tree; let us lie down in the pleasant shade. Oh! how sweet is rest after labour! How I pity those who lie all day on the couch of down, and are fatigued with doing nothing! They know not the sweetness of rest like ours: sweet is this hour of repose, and sweet is the repose of the Sabbath day; but sweeter will be the repose of that long Sabbath, when we all rest from our labours, in the presence of our Heavenly Father! There will be no sun to burn us; there will be no toil, no pain, no poverty, no sorrow, no sin, but sweet and long will be our rest in heaven."

Relying upon the assurance of these good friends that I should procure both the words and air at Vienna, and upon my own memory to enquire for them, I neglected to take them down at the time, and have since repeatedly searched for them in music shops, but in vain. The air is uncommonly simple, and I doubt whether even in Vienna, where, amid new objects,

I forgot it altogether, I could have procured the same unadorned melody which the peasants sing, each evening, at the sunset tree. I was more pleased with it every time I listened; it is devotional, and, sung from and with the heart, by men who rise early to labour, and late take rest, is an evening sacrifice, accepted, surely, at the gates of heaven.

The Tyrolese, according to their light and persuasion, have a great reverence for Divine things. This was eminently shown during their insurrection (or *war*, I will call it); for the mild character of the Christian religion, as taught by their simple parochial clergy, subdued in them those vindictive feelings, or, at least, the cruel acting of them against the prisoner and the captive.

I observed that my good priest often rose suddenly, almost immediately after our meals, and paced up and down the room in a hurried nervous manner; then he would pause, and seat himself again at table, and apologise to me for so doing:

but he told me, as an excuse, and a mournful one it sounded, that often, when at his home, he made his solitary meal walking about the room; for that living quite alone, he had not, as I can well understand, at all times the heart to sit down to a table. He taught me a few German words, and pledged himself to make a German of me in three months, if I would come up to his mountain, and study. His parish, he told me, was situated about five leagues from Saltzburg, and consisted of five hundred souls, of the very poorest class, few of whom could read or write, and not one among the whole companionable for him: neither were any of his clerical brothers sufficiently near for social intercourse. He represented the manners of his flock as extremely simple, their moral conduct excellent, their ignorance that of children, their obedience that of children. He took occasion, from this statement, to start the subject of our Biblé Societies, and to condemn the distribution of the Holy Scriptures among the common

people, asking me many questions concerning our societies in England established for that purpose. We had a long and interesting conversation, and, of course, all the old arguments were soon gone over. I most successfully used the *argumentum ad hominem* in this instance; for compelling him to acknowledge the light, the life, the hope, the peace, the consolation that he found in the possession and daily use of that inestimable treasure himself; as also, that if the child of the peasant were instructed, at a tender age, in the common rudiments of plain learning, his capabilities are like those of a child in any other class, and that he might acquire the power of reading the Gospel for himself, and, by the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, make a believing application of it to the wants of his own heart, at all times and seasons,—I drove him into that intrenched corner, where, as a Roman Catholic priest, he was, perhaps, compelled to take refuge,—"that the mother-church is the sole guardian and the only true interpreter of God's word, and that ignorance would corrupt

it, and wrest it to its own destruction." Thus it is that spiritual bondage is perpetuated from generation to generation. I pressed him a little upon the strict and severe government of his church, especially of that species of discipline which watched over and controlled all, even the minutest actions of domestic life; I saw that his mind was with me. I spoke to him of the enforced celibacy of the priesthood, and I got fairly into his heart; for he said, with sad eyes and a melancholy warmth, that it was the institution of man, and certainly not the appointment of God. He asked me to read for him a chapter of Isaiah, from an English pocket Bible. I did. He expressed himself delighted and moved with the rich majesty of our language, and said the Latin version seemed poor compared to it; so I told him was the Greek considered to be by our best scholars; and it was generally allowed that the English translation was alive and warm with the very spirit and power of the Hebrew.

I dwell upon this chance-companion at some length, and with delight, because,

although it is by no means true of any nation, "*ex uno disce omnes*," yet the inferences to be drawn concerning a people, by intercourse with individuals of different classes, ages, and professions, however short that intercourse may be, are not to be lightly regarded. One painful subject, connected with English policy, this worthy man, and many others of intelligence whom I occasionally met, questioned me upon, with a kind of wonder,—the state of Ireland. Who can explain it to the satisfaction of a clear head and an honest heart? When all is told that is known, or can be thought of, to extenuate, and only to extenuate, our blundering legislation for that unhappy country, still the question recurs, are these things to be for ever so? is this crying evil to endure for ever?—and the Englishman can only answer by hanging down his head, in sorrow and in shame.

I believe that if the Irish Roman Catholics had been emancipated twenty years ago, thousands and thousands of them would now be of the Protestant persuasion;

that the whole nation would have progressed rapidly towards spiritual liberty, in the light of the distributed Word, long ere this; but the language held by the mistaken zealots of a cause. which, after all, perhaps, the mass of thinking Englishmen have more warmly at heart than they, has, as it seems to me, more than once alarmed not only the timid and intolerant Church of England men, but its good and conscientious members, and has disturbed, if not for a time destroyed, the hopes of every lover of civil and religious freedom.

But I am forgetting the Unter Inthal, through which we travelled, and which is of uncommon beauty. The Inn is ever near you, the prospects varied and romantic, and you pass occasionally the green yet rocky mouth of some happy valley, that is the world of its rustic population.

The entrance to Saltzburg is very striking; it is by a noble gateway, cut through the rock, under which you drive for nearly one hundred yards. "*Te saxa loquuntur*," is the appropriate inscription; and the bust of the Prince-Bishop, who executed

the work, is above. It was fair-time, and the streets were full of women, with a strange-shaped cap of gilded tissue. The appearance of it is remarkably contrasted with the plainness of all the rest of their dress, and, as it is not very tasteful or becoming, it is, doubtless, some dear remnant of ancient costume, clung to by successive generations, who, from childhood, fix their eyes with a fascinated gaze on the glittering thing it will one day be their privilege to wear. Saltzburg is a fine city, that is, the situation is very fine. It has a handsome square, a lofty and commanding citadel, some fine churches, a famous cemetery, many handsome houses, and two country palaces in the immediate suburbs; but the uncommon grandeur of the scenery around this city fixes the admiration of every beholder. It is Alpine, and just at the proper distance for giving outlines the most bold, and every light and shade that alternate mountain and defile can present. The views from the citadel, which is large and empty, and about the lonely chambers of which it is a pleasure to be led, are very

fine; that from the summit of Monchsberg magnificent. The apartment is shown you where one of the former Prince-Bishops was confined for five years, by order of the Pope, because he had brought a scandal on the episcopal character, by wedding privately a fair Gabrielle, whose statue, recumbent, executed in a coarse and spotted marble, you may see at the pleasure-château of Helbrunn, where there is a pretty park, stocked with deer, a natural amphitheatre of rock, and a garden childishly laid out, and full of silly tricks and toys.

There is a remarkably fine riding-house in Saltzburg, the manege of which, in its day, was very famous. It is now used by a regiment of Hungarian hussars. I walked through their stables; there appeared to me a great want of order and cleanliness; but I was struck with the paintings in the winter riding-school, where all the represented practice, both of horse and swordsmanship, is pictured by stricken and beheaded Turks. The figure of the Turk yet remains as the target, the butt, or fancied opponent of the Christian cavalier.

The summer riding-school is spacious, open, and backed by a scarped rock, in which are cut galleries for the numerous and noble spectators, who were wont, in former times, to assist at these exhibitions. A statue of Bucephalus rears at the watering fountain, and horses are pictured in a rude painting behind, in every variety of playful and skittish action. Certainly the bishops of Saltzburg were of the church militant, in the lowest sense of that word, and should have worn helmets instead of mitres.

About nine miles from Saltzburg are the famous salt-works of Hallein. It is a beautiful drive, and a most rewarding sight; to me, moreover, it was a new thing, for a mine I had never seen. I took an early dinner in the town of Hallein, at a very comfortable hotel, where I was well and cheerfully served. At a table in the same room sat two gentlemen, of middle age, one of whom, a pale clever-looking man with bad health and bright eyes, soon fell into conversation with me. While it was general, all was well; but as soon as he found, on questioning me, that I was come

to visit the mine, he broke away on his hobby, and left me at a wondering, but not an envying distance. He recommended to me the perusal of *two quarto volumes*, in which these salt-works were most particularly described, and some other volumes of *like dimension*, on his favourite study. He politely expressed his regret that he could not have the pleasure of accompanying me that evening, and I saw he would not unwillingly have done so. When he took his departure, the steel hammer at the head of his walking-stick announced to me that he was that most formidable of enthusiasts,—an enthusiastic geologist;—a travelling nobleman, as my host informed me, and very learned. Although his manners were most pleasing, I was heartily glad to be left alone with my ignorance. The language of geology is one apart, as hard as granite, but not quite as durable; for I am told the terms are continually changing. To have taken my first lesson in that study in a mine would, doubtless, have been a great advantage; but I freely confess that the last thing I wanted to

listen to in the bowels of the earth was a lecture on geology, as diffuse as this worthy philosopher would probably have given me. I ascended the mountain behind Hallein, by a beautiful and easy path, amid scenery of a most peculiar and enchanting character. There is the black pine, as in Switzerland, and there is grass and pasture intermingled with the forest patches, as in that country; but yet they are differently disposed, and the verdure of the sward is of that beautiful depth which, I have been told, is so remarkable during their brief summer in Norway. As far as imagination has ever pictured to me Norwegian scenery, that of the mountain above Hallein must greatly resemble it.—Near the summit of the mountain you find a small church and a few dwellings, and, not very distant, in the face of a small cliff, is the entrance into the mine. You are taken into a small room; a light coarse dress (as of a miner), which entirely covers your own, is given to you; one stout glove, as worn and polished as the groove of a pulley, for holding the ropes as you descend the

shafts; a lighted candle is put into your hand, and, with a miner before you who does not talk, and a *domestique de place* who will if you let him, you enter the rock. Man is the rabbit here: innumerable long passages pierce the mountain in every direction: they are, for the most part, strongly lined and roofed with rough timber; but the swelling and pregnant earth does, here and there, force a way, and, between the gaping ribs and rafters, you see the rock-salt, with its veins, of a deep or bright colour: the grey and red predominate, but, occasionally, it has a fine yellow tinge, or, is variegated with a dark blue. The descents, although some of them are considerable, are none formidable, or even difficult: you lie down on an inclined plank, between two smoothly-rounded spars; a rope, which is made fast, both above and below, is held lightly in the hand, and you descend with the greatest possible ease. If you lie too far back, the motion is slow and hesitating; if you lean too far forwards, you may, and probably will, pitch upon your head: but if you hit the happy me-

dium, "the cord flies swiftly through your glowing hand," and, quick as lightning, you are fathoms down below. There are two-and-thirty reservoirs at Hallein; the principal one will long be remembered by the visitor. Emerging from a narrow gallery in the rock, I came suddenly upon the edge of a small lake. A faint and lurid light gleamed upon the surface of it; some human figures, indistinctly seen as to forms or faces, further than that all were pale, stood and moved on the bank opposite. I entered a small bark with my guide, and was ferried over it. All that I had ever read of the heathen hell—of the hell that poets feign—rushed to my imagination, and my blood ran chill with an awful delight. The rock above is blackness and darkness, and glistens slimy and damp as the grave. The rock around is so thrown into shadow, as to look cavernous and sepulchral. The water is stagnant and sluggish, without a voice, without a smile: all is severe, all sad; it seems a gulf between life and death, or, rather, between the grave and hell.

I lingered long here fascinated as by some unearthly power; I passed and repassed the gloomy water; I walked on the rocky bank there where it lay in deepest shadow; and from the sixth book of the Æneid I peopled the melancholy region. Nor did I forget that great gulf, which the Word of Truth has told us is fixed between those that have served God and those that have served Satan. All may read that book of the Æneid with deep profit to their souls beyond the solemn pleasure which it must afford the imagination.

> "That angry justice form'd a dreadful hell,
> That ghosts in subterraneous regions dwell,
> That hateful Styx his muddy current rolls,
> And Charon ferries o'er embodied souls,
> Are now as tales or idle fables priz'd,
> By children question'd, and by men despis'd,
> Yet this do thou believe!"

Such children and such men may find that in all ages it has been easy to wound the conscience and convict human beings of sin; and he may learn that to heal the wounded conscience was beyond the power

of the wisest teachers of mankind till the soft voice of the Gospel-message was delivered.

> "Lightning and thunder (Heaven's artillery)
> As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
> Those but proclaim his style, and disappear,
> The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there!"

Small as the first faint ray of mercy dawning on the darkened soul is the gleam of light, which, from a black chamber in the bosom of the mine, is visible at the extremity of a gallery, that seems interminable. You take a seat with your guide on a kind of wooden horse on wheels, and are dragged with great rapidity for eight hundred yards along a narrow passage in the rock, not without an apprehension that you may be bruised against the sides of it, and, at length, emerge in safety at the bottom of the mountain, on the opposite side, and find yourself in a scene of wood and grass, lighted by the sun, and still, but the stillness of life. You hail it, your flesh and your heart leap to the vivifying influence,

and you lie down upon earth's green lap, as on that of a mother.

I returned home to Saltzburg delighted: I had seen, as I have said, a new thing. I well know that I ought to have been disappointed. You see at Hallein no chambers of the rock in crystal, no grottoes, no chapels, no dwellings, no families begotten, born, and reared, where the sun never shone. The reservoir or lake of which I have spoken is said, when fully illuminated, as it is occasionally, out of compliment to royal visitors, or conquerors of renown, to present a superb spectacle. The few feeble torches which they placed around it for me, and which just served to make darkness visible, I should, even by choice, have preferred.

I could not help smiling to myself as I drove home to think of my escape from the man of science, and his equal good fortune; for I should certainly have either run rudely from him in the labyrinthine passages of the mine, or have been silent, or inattentive, or worse for him, put him behind me on my broomstick, and carried him away

into the regions of the air, leaving his hammer and some glorious specimen crystallized in cubes far behind us.

The day following I made an excursion to the lake of Berchtolsgaden. It is about ten miles from Saltzburg, and in a direction which would admit of its being easily visited on the same day as Hallein, if the traveller started at an early hour, and made his arrangements accordingly. The road is for a considerable distance the same, but where it turns away winds through a narrow and most picturesque valley watered by the Achen, on and above which the town is built, having, as it should, for the traveller's sake, a convent and a castle. I passed it in going, on the other side of the stream, and drove through it on my return.

I alighted near a fisher's hut on the banks of the lake. At the well known call, out came a smiling family of brothers and sisters to man the bark: one of the sisters nearly woman, one of the brothers nearly man, all good-looking and cheerful, making a pastime of their light labour. It is a two-hours' row to the head of the lake,

where stands a solitary old hunting lodge belonging to the King of Bavaria. This lake may, for its size, vie with the very finest part of the lake of the four Cantons in Switzerland. The mountain that rises to the south of it is very lofty, inaccessible, and of the sternest aspect; the face of it is, roughly scarped, all of bare stony rock rifted and jagged. To look down into the clear and placid lake and see this majestic alp reflected there, and to watch how the gentlest ripple gave it such play and waver, as a garment floating in the air, was wonderful. It is not solid, then, this glorious earth, — a bright shadow only, a thing that shall be wrapped up and changed as a vesture.

About three miles from the landing place, at the foot of this naked mountain, is a natural curiosity, called the Chapel of Ice. I walked there by a wild path through a wood, and among stumps overgrown with moss, which led out upon the stony bed of a winter torrent: up this, for there is little water in it in summer, you pass, and see before you, at the foot of the mountain, a

very small glacier. From its situation it is much sheltered from the sun, and the snow lying supported by the two sides of a small ravine, through which a stream continually flows, that hollow is formed which has given rise to its name. I left my guide at the mouth, and proceeded up it alone. There is no kind of hazard or difficulty: you have to scramble and slip over the huge stones which have been worn round and smooth by the torrent, and water drops on you from the snowy roof. One chasm in that roof lets in the blue sky and the sunbeam, and lights up the very inmost recess of this rude and chilly oratory. Undine alone could perform a vigil in it with comfort. I walked out upon the crackling surface of the snow, and again descended beneath it to feel and enjoy the thing; to listen to the running water, and the slow and mournful droppings from the glistening roof. Proud temples of stone and marble shall crumble and be overthrown, while in this the hermit, or the hunter, or the lone traveller shall breathe his unuttered prayer, for centuries to come, in peace. War, tumult, rapacity,

persecution, never reach a spot like this :— happy the king that has so lone a hut to run to, and discrown himself, as the hunting lodge of Berchtolsgaden. They gave me there a plain and delicious repast of fresh fish and some excellent wine. I sat in the quiet chamber and rude chair, where the (late) King of Bavaria was wont to take his homely meals, and talk of the sports he loved with plain men, who liked them as much as himself. It was delightful to hear the people at this place speak of the King, and not only they but the commonest rustics of Berchtolsgaden. Not long after this very day I heard of the sudden death of this excellent man while at Vienna. For that evening, however, I enjoyed for him the dream of a longer life, and of repeated visits to his fishing cottage.

The return across the lake was still more delightful than the passage of the morning. The sisters and their brothers sang as they plied their oars. I landed at one or two fine points, and at last reluctantly came on shore, and was driven most rapidly home.

There is a comfortable inn at Saltzburg.

I got a most excellent room, and was well served. I should think it a delightful place to pass a month at as head-quarters, and make excursions among the mountains.

I observed at table a young man rather of the dandy cast, red and white, and who spoke French always, but with a bad and affected pronunciation, and a wretched choice of expressions. I learned that he was a prince, and a captain in the regiment of Austrian infantry stationed in the city. I must remark, in passing, that in the Austrian army the considered, or, as we familiarly term them, crack regiments of foot, rank before and much higher than their cavalry, and have more men of family among their officers. From some enquiries which I made here, as to prices and the common expenditure among young military men of his cast, I found that with an income which would scarcely keep a British officer in the garrison of Dublin, however quietly he might desire to live, this gentleman was enabled to keep two men-servants, (not soldiers) two horses which he rode or drove in light carriages, two of which he kept, a

close and an open one; all this he did upon two hundred florins a month; and I was assured, and made to see from calculation, that the thing was easy. To be sure there is one thing that would never meet the ideas of an Englishman, — the personal expenditure of this man at table, for all his meals, did not, perhaps, on ordinary occasions, amount to two florins a day. But the luxury of conveyance is cheap in Germany, as also the hire of common valets and grooms. If you are in a town of any size or consequence you can procure an excellent, and often a very elegant carriage with good horses and a respectable coachman at a very reasonable daily rate. I left Saltzburg with the hope that in the course of my life I might visit it again, and be enabled to make a longer stay there.

The kutcher had supplied the place of our worthy *padre* by a fat woman who had been selling the refuse millinery of her shop in Vienna at the fair of Saltzburg. After one glance of *reconnoissance*, I exulted in the discovery that she did not speak a word of French or Italian. It was

as good as a comedy to see the kutcher reading my face as he introduced this new passenger, and evidently thinking about the possible effect she might have in trying my temper, or trying my purse at the close of our long journey. We certainly doubly regretted our late companion, but the young student and myself lived together and made the best of it: she never ate with us, to our great delight; and we gave one side of the vehicle to her person, her pockets, and her parcels.

The small post-towns of this part of Germany have a very dull, uninteresting aspect: one street, and two or three indifferent inns, are generally what you discover—and all.

The noon-day repast in these small inns is not very tempting: a bad soup and a slice of hard beef is the usual fare, but you can generally get a good glass of wine to wash it down.

The first evening we had a large party at table, and they were all talking about steam-engines, with a most violent degree of wonder and interest. The circumstance

of our sending a steam-vessel to India, which they had just read of in a newspaper, had set them off; and though many of them spoke French, and were very anxious, apparently, to converse with me, it was with difficulty I could keep them in their animation, out of their dear expressive German. I remember well, about fifteen years ago, living for some weeks *en pension* with the *sous-préfet* of a department in France, when a prisoner in that country, and that three German officers were also of the party. It was a particularly interesting period, and one when politics were daily discussed, and also the movements of the French and the allies, who were then in the heart of France. This was done freely and allowedly, the Frenchmen taking their part, just as men should do, and *agreeing to differ* on many points. All these Germans spoke French and English admirably, but it was irresistibly diverting to see them, as they warmed, break from French into English, as nearer the genius of their own language, and soon after away into their rugged German, every eye in a sparkle, and every

mouth frothing at the corner, while myself and the Frenchmen were left behind, I to translate to them what they had said in English, and both of us to wait with patience till they gave us a lame French version of what they had volubly poured out in German.

It will be seen that what is called speaking a little of a language will not answer with the German; he can neither listen to, understand, nor attempt to support a conversation with you so. I think it is the author of "An Autumn on the Rhine" who represents himself as venturing on a little conversation in German with some old dowager whom he met, and being, literally, thrown out at starting. To return: with this party our nation stood the highest and first: we were every thing that was energetic, and industrious, and wonderful. Notwithstanding, however, all that the Austrian may utter in favour of other countries, all that he may trust himself to say against the ministers of his own, still the very word "*Kaiser*" is dear to him; and certainly the Emperor has the hearts and

voices of his people, as far as he and his family are concerned.

The following day at our noon-repast we met two or three parties of travellers who halted at the same inn : in one of them my eye caught an unhappy Englishman, and my ear the disastrous accents of some French, calamitously pronounced, and this in a vain and unintelligible effort to be playful with the German ladies of another party. His age, the cut of his black coat, his spectacles, all made me conjecture that he was some wandering lexicon that had rashly left his college-rooms, his commons, and his bed-maker, for a voyage of discovery. I thought the sound of English might be a comfort to him, and, as I wanted myself to learn the latest English news, I crossed the room to accost him. He was as gruff as an under porter : he had not seen, he said, nor asked for a paper while in Vienna. To humble, to punish him, I asked, if he had not felt the embarrassment of not being able to speak German. He growled out "No," *his French* carried him every where. I saw him turn over a bit of

rindfleisch (beef) and some sour krout with uncontrollable dissatisfaction; he looked as if he had been long unbrushed, and was thoroughly uncomfortable: he evidently disliked his companions, and they him. I politely bade him a good day and a good journey, which he angrily acknowledged. His party, in wonder, half rose, and bowed to me with a smile, and I left him to pursue my journey. Now fancy such a man's account of Germany at his college-table, and fancy his fellow-travellers' portrait of their English companion. It is evidently a mistake for a man of an advanced age, settled habits, and without a foreign language, to attempt journeying on the Continent, especially in a country like Germany, alone. I am persuaded that such a character brings false impressions away with him, and leaves behind him false, and undeservedly bad impressions, not only of himself but of the English temper.

The famous Benedictine monastery of Mölk, one of the most splendid in Austria, is the only remarkable object on the road between Lintz and Vienna. It has the

form and aspect of a palace: quadrangles, windows, stair-cases, galleries, apartments of a palace; all is light, and space, and magnificence. Its situation is very noble; upon a rocky plateau, high, but immediately above the Danube, commanding a very fine view of the windings of the river. The country to the right, as you look up the stream, presents a vast spread of elevated plain; plain that, when Napoleon rested here, was covered with trampling squadrons of cavalry, and heavy masses of his infantry advancing to the conquest of Vienna. They show you the chamber that he occupied, and a burn upon the floor of it, caused, as they told me, by his throwing down in anger a letter from the Emperor of Austria, declining to meet and give him an interview. He was not, I should think, very likely to destroy such a document, even in the transport of his rage; but this may be a fiery print of his wrath produced in some other manner. There is another version of the anecdote, and a half-consumed volume in the library, which he was said to be reading at the moment. The

brothers, and the librarian among them, were at dinner, so that we neither saw the book nor heard the story correctly.

There is a picture in this convent, in a small chapel, by Albert Durer, on which the traveller will gaze long with delight; it is a Madonna,—no, not *a Madonna*,—"a *Mutter Gottes*." The head is mantled white; the face is fair, and full, and not young; but the expression is *all mother*. I mean not to speak of it as a fine conception of the Virgin, but as a perfect one of a mother.

There is another picture here of great excellence—a Rubens. The subject, The appearing of the Angels at the Sepulchre of our Lord, to declare his Resurrection to Mary Magdalene and the Women who accompanied her. The garments of these angels are shining, and their hair streams out of a brightness that marks them as immortal. There is a radiance about them that you would fear but for the calmness that re-assures the troubled breast:—who does not love the things that give such strange and sublime emotions?

This abbey is rather collegiate in its character than monastic. The gardens are pleasant and well stocked, having green-houses and hot-houses. There is a handsome music saloon in the midst of it, and a gay paper on the walls with eastern plants, their large bright flowers, and the painted birds of Asia. This does not look very convent-like; but it is a monastery, and sadder, I think, as a residence, than one older and meaner, bare, and stained grey; for, what are all these comforts? what is this music saloon, if the voice of woman is never to warble there, her eye never to light it up?

Within ten miles of Vienna, at Burgersdorf, I quitted my good kutcher and his vehicle, and took the post, that I might avoid embarrassment and delay at the gates. It was not without regret that I parted with my worthy young student. It would surprise those who hold the German students cheap, to listen to one of their better sort; they literally sigh for knowledge. They hoard their little all of money

for the purchase of books, their all of time for the acquirement of learning. It is delightful to be questioned by them on any thing you fancy yourself to be well acquainted with, and not an easy thing to satisfy their intelligent curiosity. The government of Austria is very strict with all students; will not suffer them to travel, and watches their conduct with great jealousy. This youth was studying at Padua to prepare himself for public employment in the Italian provinces. It is the present policy of Austria to encourage Germans to fill the public offices there, and her Italian subjects to seek situations in Austria Proper; a circumstance which causes the Italian language to be so much studied, that a traveller speaking Italian only, would find little difficulty in journeying from Inspruck to Vienna.

In the immediate vicinity of Burgersdorf I took an evening walk before I ordered my horses; and really the wooded beauty of the scenery, its stillness, the dress of the few peasants I met, the rude wooden

bridges, the dells and paths, and the lone waters, might have induced me to believe that I was far, very far, from the crowds and the corruption of a capital.

They gave me a pair of beautiful iron greys with long and silver tails, young, full of mettle, and in high condition, and I was driven cheerily to Vienna. I notice the horses, because, I should before have remarked, that between Lintz and Vienna I frequently met light waggons either laden with small merchandise, or carrying passengers of a humble class, who lay upon straw; and yet, that very many of these waggons were drawn by four horses of great beauty and in high condition. It is delightful to observe throughout Germany how seldom horses are tasked or worked above their strength, or have the appearance of being ill fed and neglected. The only exceptions, indeed, that I remarked to this humane and creditable conduct, were among the drivers of the common fiacres in their large cities, and occasionally among such of their kutchers as had lost somewhat

of their nation's tenderness for horses by associating with French voituriers and Italian vetturini.

It was dark when I reached the barrier. I found the very word "*Englander*" enough: they gave me no trouble about baggage, but received their small fee with a bow, and suffered me to drive instantly forward.

We proceeded, at a fast pace, through the wide street of a very long suburb, among numbers of carriages, all in rapid motion, and at last came out on a wide dark space, which separates the suburbs from the city. The city lay before me, no otherwise to be distinguished than by its numerous lights, which, as they shone up out of a blackness that completely enveloped both the walls and buildings, presented the appearance of a vast camp, or bivouac. A roll over a draw-bridge, a rattle under a gate-way, a drive up one street, and a turn into a clean court-yard, and the welcoming bell and respectful servants of a well-ordered hotel, will greet the traveller who directs his driver to take him to the Archduke Charles, in the Körner Strasse. He will find com-

fortable apartments, civil attendance, excellent fare, *à la carte*, at any hour, in a beautiful saloon; well-behaved *domestiques de place*, and a most respectable and handsome carriage whenever he may need one. The prices are fixed and reasonable.

Vienna is not the city I, perhaps, expected to find it, although a very delightful place; indeed, I might have known that it could no longer be what, to the imagination of a fond reader of travels, it is so often represented. The figures in the streets of Vienna, both men and women, if I except a few of the lowest class, might walk undistinguished and unobserved down Regent Street, or through the Burlington Arcade. The journeyman tailor, the bootmaker, the hatter, and the young milliner of London, might, in the articles they respectively deal in, detect some difference in material or workmanship; but the traveller sees around him hats, coats, trowsers, boots, black stocks, and high shirt-collars, such as he may have hoped that he had left behind; bonnets, ribbons, gowns, shoes, shawls, and

false curls, such as he has seen before. Fashions now travel faster than they were wont to do; and I think not that the very tasteful and elegant white chapeaux, so common among the belles of Vienna at the period of my visit, had been discarded at the very time from the promenades of Paris or of London.

As to the old story of Turks, Tartars, Greeks, Poles, Croats, Sclavonians, and Hungarians, being seen every where in their national dresses, *it is told*, and will be repeated no more. The day for that kind of display, for that proud avowal of country and forefathers, is gone by: a solitary Turk may, perhaps, be seen scowling under his turban, near the hotel of an ambassador. The miserable Sclavonian peasants do, indeed, in small groups, attract attention to their sallow cheeks, their lank and horrid hair, their coarse, and dull, and filthy garb; and the young Hungarian hussar still dashes past you, the pelisse hanging gracefully from his shoulder, the kalpac looking noble on his head; but for the visitors of

other nations, Greek, Pole, even Tartar, they have sunk into plain, unpicturesque, *hatted* men. As a general observation, I should say the Viennese dress well.

The aspect of Vienna, as to its streets and buildings, is different from that which I should have expected: it is not Germanic, it is Italian; the palaces, the public buildings, the mansions of the nobility, have the regular Italian character, but are decidedly inferior to the stately edifices of Florence and of Rome. Many of the streets in the city itself are narrow, and the houses lofty, an evidence of their age; but yet there is nothing antique about them, or striking. Their shops, indeed, are distinguished, as our own were in the olden time, by signs, either fixed or dangling above them, or by small paintings, displaying the articles they sell. Here, over a hosier's shop, hangs a golden sheep; there, at an apothecary's, figures Esculapius on a painted board; while here again, upon the shutter of a chandler's shop, two flying Cupids (really very fairly executed) support between them—*a pound of tallow candles!*

The squares, with the exception of Joseph Platz, and that of the palace, scarce deserve the name; the others, so called, are only open spaces, irregular in form, and appropriated to the holding of markets, or else such areas as have been left vacant, round churches. The Graben is one of the best and busiest of these open spaces, being filled with cheerful shops, and adorned with two fountains, and a curious monument, commemorative of the plague which ravaged Vienna in 1679, and of the gratitude of the Emperor Leopold and his people when it was stayed.

There is one feature, however, in this city, which more than redeems the tame character of the rest: the august cathedral of St. Stephen stands lofty and alone in the midst of it. Upon its roof painted tiles glitter in the sunbeam, and seem gaudier than the adornments of so venerable a pile should be; moreover, the taste for that style of roofing is strictly Moorish. Yet I know not, if this very thing gives it not a new and peculiar interest in the eye of the traveller, as he reflects that the Ot-

toman has pranced fierce before it, thirsting for its destruction. On the outside it may be said to be encumbered, but richly so, with ornamental stone-work. For my own part, I like that lavish expenditure of material, and of labour, which the Gothic nations bestowed upon their temples. I never enter one of the vast and noble cathedrals which they erected that my heart does not thank them. They built always with costly, uncalculating devotion for a thousand generations. The interior of St. Stephen's is grand and grave : the space and the gloom give a liberty of thought to the spiritual minded, and afford a shade, in which the mourner may pray unnoticed by the happy.

Prince Eugene, a name dear to the reading soldiers of all countries, reposes in this church: his tomb is in the chapel of the Holy Cross. I ascended the tower: the view is magnificent; and it is a great pleasure to see the huge bell, cast a century ago, from the cannon of the defeated Turk.

There is in Vienna a museum of no small interest, called the Collection Ambras, from the castle of that name in the

Tyrol: it consists of old armour, old portraits, old relics, old toys, old works of art. Woe to the curious or careless person who swept from my chamber, at some inn on my route home, the printed catalogue of its treasures, where I had pencilled down my delight in notes of admiration opposite many objects of interest, which I can no longer call to mind. The figures in armour are very numerous, and of renowned men; they are disposed in many chambers, a few in each chamber, mounted, and the walls covered with arms and suits of armour. It is by far the finest exhibition of the kind I ever saw, and I am not forgetting our own line of kings, or the boy-throb with which I should still visit them. But these, although they cannot claim so high an historical interest, are kept in better order, disposed in better taste, and the whole display has a stern severity about it. These coats of mail, these helmets, these costly trappings and caparisons, glossy with their velvets, and heavy with embroidery; these long lances, and long swords, and beside them hung the Turkey

bridle, and the crooked scimitar, and the captured crescent,—are things you cannot tire with gazing on. There is also a chamber with old portraits of the middle ages, and another with curiosities, such as delicate works in gold, ivory, rare shells, and precious stones, quaintly carved into toys, for the princely and the wealthy of by-gone days,—all objects of a singular interest to minds that like looking back into those ages.

I mention this museum because it suits the English taste, and shows how much there is to be found, all over Germany, suited to that taste.

To give an account of the museums and collections of Vienna in detail would require a residence of many weeks or months in the city, and would fill a volume; but it is not, I think, the province of the mere traveller to give catalogues of the contents of galleries, but a brief mention of their existence and value, and to present rather the impressions made on him by the appearances of a country and a people. I must say, therefore, that every one who

visits the city of Vienna will find that there are galleries rich in paintings, and that the museums in general are well deserving his attention.

There is a splendid library, the saloon of which is truly magnificent, and the rare and valuable curiosities of which they freely exhibit. — There is an interesting cabinet of natural history.

There is a cabinet of antiquities, where the collection of engraved stones and cameos is uncommonly rich and beautiful; and where, let me with gratitude record the name, a Monsieur Arnett shows them to the delighted stranger, with a patience, a kindness, and a courtesy, which are too rarely met with among professed antiquarians for me ever to forget them.

There is another cabinet of monuments, busts, lamps, and vases; and there is one expressly set apart for Egyptian antiquities; but neither of these last are very rich in their contents.

The Imperial Gallery of Pictures at the Belvedere Palace is large, and contains many fine paintings; some Rubens, of a

vast size, and several, by other masters of name, that were taken from the suppressed convents, in the time of the Emperor Joseph II.

The Gallery of Prince Lichtenstein is uncommonly rich, especially in the works of Rubens; and in this palace is the noblest hall in Vienna.

The Arsenal is well deserving a visit. The wide corridors, where the arms are brilliantly and fancifully disposed, run round a square court, where hangs a massive chain, with which the Turk, during his memorable siege, shut up the navigation of the Danube. In the saloons there are many Turkish arms, and the head of the vizier Kara Mustapha, who commanded at the last siege, is preserved among them. There are also many antique arms, and many figures in fine suits of ancient armour; round some of these the glorious old swords were girt with belts of bright blue, or other gaudy-coloured ribbons, with silver or gilt fringes, fresh from the shop of some stage-milliner in the Graben. I could not keep silence at the

absurdity and impropriety of this; I was provoked; it destroyed all illusion, and offended the taste so grossly, I cannot understand how it can have been permitted. I let out upon the subject with such good-humoured enthusiasm, and this before a large party of Germans, who so cordially agreed with me, that the conductor looked vexed, and ashamed,—I hope sufficiently so to report it where the error may be rectified. The Germans, as a people, love to escape in thought from the present to the past; they are ever ready to revert to those periods of time which are so richly coloured by the hues of romance, and which shine bright with the deeds of chivalry. Not far from Vienna the Emperor himself has a costly toy exhibiting this taste very strongly; it is called the Knight's Castle, and has been erected with great care and keeping, after the model of some ancient baronial castle; moat, drawbridge, portcullis, arched gateway, court, hall, chapel, chambers, dungeons, walls, passages, galleries, communications, turrets,—all correctly designed and fitted. The apart-

ments have old ceilings, old wainscottings, that have been purchased at a great expence; old furniture, old pictures, ancient armour, ancient manuscripts, and illuminated missals; and, preserved in glass cases, many most valuable curiosities,— goblets, vases, dishes, trinkets, toys,—all of the middle ages, and of rare costliness.

At a little distance from the castle he has a tilting-ground, with regular lists for the joust and tournament. Once or twice they have held mock tourneys here for his amusement. Methinks, if the grim Albrechts and Rodolphs of other days could look out of their graves, they could not choose but smile at their descendants.

This taste obtains among the people. I saw, while I was in Vienna, two pieces, one in their Opera-house, entitled "The Prince of Bavaria;" the other at the court theatre, called "The Fortunes and Death of King Ottocar." In the former, which was a fine pageant, it was surprising with what minute attention all the suits of armour had been prepared; nothing could be more perfect than the illusion. The

prince was personated by a fine handsome young man, with fair shining hair; and when he stood unhelmed beside the lady of his love, wooing her, it was a fine picture. In one part they introduced twenty knights on horseback, and gave a scene a little too Astley-like, but exceedingly well done. In the latter piece, which is a tragedy, but I should judge a heavy one, there is much of the like show, and really (armour, beard, and build, all considered,) the fierce Ottocar seemed to live again in the person of his representative. But, speaking of the theatre in Vienna, I must forget things like these. I went repeatedly to the court theatre, where, alone, the true drama is given, and I was alike surprised and delighted. I was fortunate enough to be present at the representation of the "Death of Wallenstein." Although I sent early to secure a seat, and went early that I might reach it without inconvenience, I could only get a seat in the last row but one of the parterre, and the theatre was crowded.

I have before said that I am ignorant of the German language; but, by translation and analysis, I was well acquainted with

the tragedy of Wallenstein; I could follow and feel all through. I made no effort to construe, as it were, but let the words fall on my ear; and, if it caught the sense, well; if not, the picture and the movement, the look and the tone, were enough for me. The effect of German acting — at least of such acting as this — is wonderful: it has a character of nature in it that is never lost sight of; the walk, the turn, the entrance, the exit; the rising, sitting, using the hand, ungirding of a sword, adjusting of apparel, all deliberate, without being affectedly slow; and the tones ever varying, as they do, according to what is said and felt among persons of the like class in actual life. The actor who performed Wallenstein never once gave you the idea of a man that had learned the words of a part, and uttered them *before*; and when, at the close, after the finest possible exhibition of a silent, superstitious, thoughtful frame of mind, he passes down the stage to his sleeping-chamber, you feel a stamp of reality about it all,— as if you alone had been permitted to listen to the words of this being, and to see him thus, — as if

they never could be uttered, he never looked upon, *again.* The character of Thecla was admirably filled: the taste would have desired for her a more beautiful face and form, though she was not plain; but the eye, as it followed her movements, was satisfied; the ear, as it listened to the soft and loving tones of a voice sweeter than any song, was ravished. The celebrated scene in this tragedy where Thecla, having demanded an interview with the officer who brings to her father the intelligence of her lover's fate, asks for and listens to the detail of his honourable daring, and melancholy death, is a situation as nobly conceived, and as effective, as any in the whole range of the drama. The audience, but for coursing tears and bursting sighs, were mute. Women were in every box; and in the body of the theatre stood a crowd of manly and bronzed officers. • •

I must not be told * that the German

* An Autumn near the Rhine, page 382. — a book by some gentleman of undoubted talent, who has not treated this subject quite fairly. I am an enemy, though an humble one, to all sweeping and indiscriminate censure.

language is "at once monotonous and *vulgar;*" that "there is no nobleness in its passion;" that the poet's lines, "in the mouths of the best actors, have a *muddy*, murmuring harshness;" that "there is, in fact, a *prosaic meanness* in the sound of the language;" and that the style of acting of a German is "without even dignity and chaste energy." I must not be told this; because these happen to be just the points on which any Englishman with an eye, an ear, and a memory of the best models on his own stage, may form a judgment and pass an opinion. There is another thing I am sorry to have been told, by a gentleman of no common talent, no common observation, and whose three years' residence in Germany, together with the generally admitted ability of his Book, give him a most superior claim to attention, and cause him to be quoted, indeed, as an unanswerable authority, on almost every subject (except her literature) connected with Germany,* — namely, "that there cannot be a more dissolute city than Vienna, —

* Russel's Tour.

one where female virtue is less prized, and, therefore, less frequent." I must say, that I think his judgment is, to say the least of it, very harsh, and very hastily pronounced.

Vienna is a capital and a garrison. The citizens, although every shop is filled with proofs of their industry and ingenuity, are great lovers of pleasure; they like to sit under the shade of trees and awnings, when they can; they like to eat and drink of the good things which their country furnishes in abundance; they like the sound of music; and they like to crowd into a ball-room for a dance;—all this they like; and it is strictly true with them, as elsewhere, that they are lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God. That is a very serious and a very affecting consideration, as it regards mankind at large; but the question is not one that I wish to treat here as a mourning moralist, but simply as a traveller, as an observer of my fellow-creatures. And I can only form my own opinions from the eye, and these gathered during a very short stay, and from what may appear, to many of my readers,

very trifling and inconsequent circumstances.

In the first place, before eleven o'clock at night the city is in profound repose: not a female is to be seen in the streets. A solitary figure may still stand at the doorway in the alleys near the Graben, or a shivering wretch still loiter on the ramparts near the guard-houses, — but there is no impudent soliciting of the passenger, there are no loud voices in the thoroughfares, there is no sound of revel from the windows. By day there is no display or indecency of dress or manner in public places, no staring, no turning of the head, no open interchange of glances, no evident assignation-making.

In the Prater, the gardens, the squares, and promenades, and in the theatres, nothing can be more quietly and naturally cheerful than the manners of the citizens' wives and their daughters. The neatness and care with which boys, girls, and children of the tenderest ages, are dressed, and their smiling and happy appearance, would lead the gazer to the very natural conclusion — that their parents loved them, and

each other. That in Vienna the wealthy profligate may purchase the favours of needy and corrupted beauty,—and this, too, where the female has family-duties that she violates, and passes in the scale of society above the open, but more virtuous, though more wretched prostitutes,—I have no doubt; but that a total want of principle is so universally diffused among the wives and daughters of citizens in comfortable and *affluent* circumstances, that to increase the means of their extravagance they are ever ready to sacrifice themselves to a worthless purchaser, I certainly am not disposed to believe.

That in a city where all dance, the abandoned should dance also, and that there should be ball-rooms in which gentlemen are admitted for *sixpence*, and females *free*, does not, I confess, surprise me any more than the existence of many places of resort both in Paris and London, where I doubt if the meetings are for purer purposes, and where, as in Vienna, they are confined to the very lowest classes. Travellers who know Paris, and Naples, and Venice, may bear

with, however they may deplore, the dissipation of the citizens of Vienna; and it would be well, if, in judging of foreign countries, we Englishmen kept present in our minds the exact scenes which our own metropolis would exhibit to the eye of a foreigner; and how rash would be his condemnation of us, as a body, if he formed his opinions from our theatres, our streets, our Vauxhall, our tea-gardens on a Sunday evening, or from the various lodging-houses in the vicinity of Leicester-Square, where foreigners are often made to fancy themselves for the first few days in respectable private lodgings,—to say nothing of the picture that square must present to him every hour.

With regard to the people of Vienna, they are politically degraded: they are not allowed to speak, and they cannot be expected to think, like independent men. But I believe them in their families to be an honest, affectionate, cheerful race, always ready to make holiday, happy in seeing their wives and children partakers of their pleasures, and in no feature of

their character more remarkable than in their frank and obliging deportment to the stranger.

I recollect not to have seen a beggar in Vienna. The benevolent institutions are numerous; the government interests itself greatly in the conduct of them, and the citizens pay cheerfully to support them. There are also many associations among the inhabitants for securing pensions to themselves in the season of sickness, and in the decline of life. There are not less than ten of these, of different classes. In short, although the good people eat and drink, and make their souls enjoy the good of their labour, they do certainly never forget to show some sort of gratitude to God, by the free exercise of love and charity towards their fellow-creatures. Their loyalty is excessive; the word KAISER is ever in the mouth, whether they talk, or sing; and, strange as it may sound, there certainly is, in this most despotic of all governments, such a paternal mildness, a justice, a wisdom, in the administration of the laws, and in the moral rule over the people, that crimes are not

very frequent, and capital punishments very rarely inflicted.

I saw the garrison under arms, with laurels in their caps, on the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic. The Hungarian grenadiers are remarkably fine men. They have not that smartness under arms which the Prussians have, nor have they that animated intelligence of look which marked the old Imperial Guard of France. But they are very warlike; their stature tall, their limbs large, their complexions brown, their uniform white, the cap of sable fur, the pantaloon of a pale Hungarian blue; they are slow and steady in every movement; and, even as they marched at ease to the ground, I observed that none ever smiled. I cannot conceive these men flying in battle; I doubt if they ever have been driven, — they have stood, and died where they stood. The regiment of Austrian grenadiers which paraded by their side was a very fine body of men, but greatly inferior to the Hungarians. A squadron of Hungarian hussars disappointed me. We have no cavalry-general that would not have

ordered them off the ground, their turn-out was so wretched; but they ride beautifully, and look bitter, and ready for the *melée*. That, however, does not excuse such neglect of cleanliness as would be discreditable to recruits; and, to make all worse, their clothing was old and worn out. Some of the young officers were most brilliant in their appearance, and made those *demi voltes* in air which the Hun should make. The finest cavalry I saw in Austria, although there were none on the ground this day, are the cuirassiers. The white dress, the black cuirass, the scaled helmet, the high boot, the long sword, and the broad, brave, clean-looking dragoons themselves, and their strong and well-conditioned horses, I shall long remember. The dress of the Austrian artillery is painfully unmartial, but the men, taken as a body, are, perhaps, as fine-looking soldiers as any nation can boast. Their uniform is a rhubarb-coloured drab jacket, of a long awkward shape, with red cuff and collar, and they wear a round hat, with the flap on one side looped up, and a dark feather. The

conduct of these men wherever I saw them appeared to me most excellent. There are many peculiarities in costume in the Austrian army, which, till the eye is familiar with them, offend the taste. Their generals, for example, are distinguished by red breeches. Now, inexpressibles of this colour are so closely associated in the mind of an Englishman with those liveries, which many servants will not even engage to wear, but in which the fat servants of some old families must still be content to appear, that we really cannot keep our countenances, or look upon these worthy leaders with the grave respect which is their due. The Austrian army is certainly a very fine one; and again, as among the Prussians, the stranger asks himself, how came the French so continually to defeat them? it must have astonished the French themselves. The Austrian officer, who discharges his duty with zeal and intrepidity, may nevertheless linger away a life without distinction; here, perhaps, is one reason. Yet, when we reflect how nobly on many occasions the troops of Austria have behaved, although so few incentives are fur-

nished to their ambition, we must feel increased respect for the character of the Austrian soldiery. There is a peculiar love to the profession of arms common, in a greater or less degree, to all Germans, both north and south. They love the steed and the sabre, the rifle and the powder-horn. They love the sound of the trumpet and the echo of the bugle. They like that strange uncertainty of life which takes away all anxious care about any other provision than for the passing day. They delight in the excitement of the march; and, if the pipe, and the flute, and the pencil, are in their tent, they feel the camp a home. As lovers, too, they object not to that hurried life which strengthens and refines a virtuous attachment, making the object of it a vision sweet and sacred for those lonely hours, which, even amid the tumults of a campaign, the soldier can always command.

Baden very greatly disappointed me. It is a poor place, and not to be compared with any other watering place in Germany which I saw.

The season was indeed gone by; still it was evident to me what, even filled with company, Baden would be. I visited the baths, and to my astonishment saw persons of both sexes in the bath together, and moving about up to their necks in the steaming water. A lady with the unwetted curls of a handsome head carefully dressed, was of the party, and a fat old gentleman, who, his face alone appearing above the water, looked like a red and rising moon. This practice seems, and is indecent; although custom has apparently so reconciled visitors to it, that they walk about in the water as grave, as calm, as unconcerned, as if they were promenading in a garden. The bathing dresses are large, long, and fastened high up on the neck.

There is a miserable square, not larger than a prison yard, with a few small trees in it, in the very heart of the town, that they call *The Park*, and a painted wooden building, unworthy the poorest *guinguette* near Paris, styled with great pomp in the guide books the Eastern Pavilion. Not far, however, from Baden is a narrow defile with wood and water, and high o'erhanging

rocks, and ruined castles on their summits, called the Valley of St. Helena. Hither the Germans, who have the true pic-nic taste, and just the temper and talents to make such a thing pass off agreeably, resort during the season in great numbers. At the mouth of this valley is a private palace belonging to the Archduke Charles, which will charm every English visitor. It is beautifully fitted up; that is, every article of furniture, every colour, whether of curtains, draperies, paper, or carpets, will be found in a taste quiet, chaste, like the private gentleman. In the possession of rank, renown, and fortune; of things yet better than these, of an attached wife and sweet children, he seems, as by good fortune, to have escaped the crown and the palace, the council and the camp, and to have found what, it is probable, even when he led, and gloriously led, the armies of Austria, he most coveted, — a home, a family, and repose.

He is universally represented as a man very domestic and home-loving, and simple and unassuming in his manners. It is a

remarkable thing, that in Austria, where kings and princes certainly possess power the most despotic, their carriage and bearing among their subjects should be, as it universally is represented to be, plain, quiet, and even yielding. No escorts ever drive you out of their way. The fiacre will cut in before the Imperial carriage, and in the long line on the Prater the citizen in his hackney, the traveller in his job, the noble and the prince of the Imperial family with their splendid equipages take their place in file, and roll along undistinguished in the same crowd. It is not the etiquette to uncover to them; and I was told that the English visitors at Vienna were remarked as being almost the only strangers who saluted them. It is the natural impulse of a gentleman to bow to the members of a royal family. However, I suspect, a good many of my countrymen's bows here (could I have seen them) were given in a manner that might have been translated into "Look at me; I am an Englishman, I am a free man. I have made you a bow, and you ought to be, as doubtless you are, struck by my politeness, and

flattered by my condescension. My bow is in real value equal to the united *kotou* of all these slaves in the Prater, who, to my astonishment, never bow at all, — one reason why I do."

You may easily discover from the manners of all the servants, guards, and orderlies about the royal gardens and palaces near Vienna, that the Emperor is as glad to forget the iron sceptre, which, guarded by his ministers, himself is a slave to, as the humblest citizen that walks the gardens of Schoenbrunn.

The palace of Schoenbrunn is a handsome, cheerful residence; its halls, staircases, and apartments, spacious and noble. The gardens are very beautiful, and well laid out. There is a fine ornamental building in them, called the Gloriette. It is a stately pillared portico, open, with a saloon above, and a terrace on the roof: it shines afar, and is seen many miles distant.

The spot in the garden that most interested me was a small plot of enclosed ground, which is tilled, and looked after, by young Napoleon, who generally resides

with his governor in this palace. I naturally looked in the garden of a boy for flowers and plants, but his fancy has been for the growing of potatoes. His amusement, the gardener told me, was to try if he could not so train the tops of the plant as to dispose them into some beauty, and that when he dug his crop, he carried his potatoes as a present, of his own rearing, for the table of the Emperor his grandfather, who is represented as being very fond of him. All persons about the palace spoke of the youth with evident attachment. I visited his apartments, they were plainly furnished, and his escritoire bore marks of its belonging to a young task-writing student. I saw also in this same palace the small secluded cabinet occupied by Napoleon himself, where, as the old servant, who, together with his own domestics, was in waiting on him during his stay at Schoenbrunn, told me, he was wont to read and write for hours alone, and where he is said first to have seen the portrait of Maria Louisa, whom he afterwards demanded for his bride.

There are several drawings in this cabinet which hung in it at that time, and hang there still. They are executed by different princesses of the Austrian Imperial family, giving proof that they were quiet in their tastes and pursuits; and they must have reproved the conqueror every time he looked on them, for driving away so happy a family from their favourite residence.

Almost all the time that I was at Vienna young Napoleon was staying in the neighbourhood of Presburg with the Emperor, and I sadly feared that I should have no opportunity of seeing him. He came in, however, to the palace in the city for two or three days; and, before his return, an event occurred which, as it caused him to appear on a public occasion, enabled me to see him under circumstances, to my cast of thought, peculiarly interesting. News arrived in the capital that the worthy King of Bavaria had died most suddenly. The usual orders were immediately given for performing funeral ceremonies, in honour of his memory, in the private chapel of

the palace. The young Napoleon and a brother of the Emperor, being the only members of the Imperial family present in the city, assisted at these honours. There was a vigil service the first evening, and a grand mass and requiem on the morrow. I was present at both; the court only at the first.

In the centre of the chapel a kingly crown and a ducal cap lay glittering upon a black pall, which covered a raised (pageant) bier. Innumerable tall and massive church candlesticks, of silver, were ranged around the bier; and the thick pale torches shed on it their white and sickly rays. A row of priests stood, with their clasped hands pointed in prayer, on one side; a rank of the life or palace guards, in scarlet clothing, leaned upon their halberts on that opposite. At the head of the bier, some twenty officers of the Hungarian grenadiers, and two or three hussar officers, who accompanied the commander of the garrison, stood closely grouped. A few persons of distinction sat in private pews, in a gallery above, that have glass windows

looking down into the chapel. Among these, in a pew by himself, next that of the Emperor's brother, was the young Napoleon. He leaned from the open window during the service: his complexion is very fair, his forehead good, the lower part of his face short and rounded; his nose not very prominent, but well-shaped. The colour of his eyes I could not distinguish, and, except for moments, saw him only in profile; but he impresses you as a very good-looking, gentleman-like boy, with an appearance and manner somewhat beyond his age. His hands were clasped together, and he seemed to take that feeling interest in the scene, which is alike natural and becoming in a youth of fifteen. The solemnity of the service, and the sweetness of the singing, were, perhaps, the only things that moved or occupied his young mind; and yet it is more than probable that he would know, and might, at such a moment, have remembered, that, but for his father, these obsequies might have been electoral, and not regal; that the kingly crown upon that bier was the gift of that

father, when he decreed that the Elector of Bavaria should wear one. The regal honours and powers which he had bestowed had outlived his own, even in life; and in death he himself had lain down in the grave of an exile. The son might remember, that no such requiem was sung over the distant tomb of that father; but that the enemies who had guarded him living, and who could not deny him the funeral of a soldier, guarded him dead. All this he might remember, and might secretly vow to see his father's bones yet deposited in a fitting sepulchre. I admit, however, that all this is not very probable; for I learn that he is bred up in a particularly quiet way, is little on horseback, and seldom or ever seen among the troops, or encouraged in any martial tastes. Circumstance, however, brings about strange and miraculous changes in, or rather developements of, human character; and the stirring trumpet may yet sound, which shall awake in the bosom of this youth the stern and ambitious spirit of his father.

All the associations of thought which

crowded into my mind were naturally calculated to increase the interest of the scene. There was something inexpressibly affecting in the whole picture. A jewelled crown upon a black pall! How mournfully it glitters!—it seems to tremble! The meanest beggar present looks on it with no envy in such company. There is a something, too, in these ceremonies for the dead, to me, very melancholy and grand, arising from the mere circumstance of the age and fashion of the huge and massive candlesticks that stand, in gleaming rows, around the bier, and that have assisted, on like solemn occasions, for so many centuries. I thought upon the rude hunting-lodge on the lone lake of Berchtolsgaden; and I pitied,—though it may sound wrong,—I pitied the poor king, to have perished out of so still and sweet a possession. It was strange, too, to look upon soldiers of Austria, who had so often seen the armies of Bavaria arrayed against them in the field, paying these honours to the memory of Bavaria's king; and unsatingly delightful to see the child of the mightiest

and most wonderful conqueror of our age kneeling in prayer, with a heart, perhaps, tender as his young fair cheek. This day alone would have rewarded my journey from England; but I had yet another scene of interest in reserve: I was determined to pass one day at Presburg, for the chance of being present at a sitting of the Hungarian Deputies.

The distance from Vienna to Presburg is only forty English miles, and a most excellent eilwagen traverses it in little more than five hours. The first night I could not get a bed, the town was so full; but they gave me as good a shake-down in one of the numerous supper-rooms as they could contrive. I took my supper, however, in the large salle, which was crowded with the same sort of figures you meet in all the coffee-houses of Vienna: a loud band at the door, and loud voices in the salle, struggled for the mastery; and I was not sorry to escape soon from both to my paillasse. Here, amid the expiring fumes of spilled wine of Ofen, and pipe-ashes, near a table with the gravy-stained cloth

yet on it, and the empty salad-bowl by its side, I fell sound asleep. My *domestique de place*, a most active and intelligent man, whom I brought with me from Vienna, had watched the earliest departure, and, by seven o'clock the following morning, I was transferred to a clean, comfortable bed-chamber. It is but forty miles from Vienna to Presburg; but if the traveller will only walk, at an early hour, to the large upper market, he may fancy himself four hundred from any spot so civilised. There is an abundant supply of provisions of all sorts; but they are all clumsily and coarsely displayed; there is no attempt at disposing them to advantage, or invitingly: the women behind the heaps, or stalls, are ill clad, masculine, and unclean. The Hungarian peasant has a thick, stout, blue jacket, a strong, heavy, shapeless boot, uncombed hair, and a broad-brimmed hat with a low rounded crown. Mixed with these, in very large numbers, are the Sclavonian peasants; and, not the least remarkable feature in the scene, on a wide dusty space near the market stand some

hundreds of rude waggons, drawn by small wild-looking horses. It is impossible that, in the day when the Roman made war in Illyria, the Sclavonian peasant could have been in garb, in aspect, in manners, more completely the barbarian than to the eye he still seems; nor could the waggon in a Scythian camp have been a ruder thing than any of those still crowded together in the markets at Presburg. I observed one of the Sclavonians, a very old man, with grey hairs, which hung, nevertheless, as lank, and waved as wild as the blackest, buying food at a stall where they sold provisions ready dressed. He handled a dozen different pieces of meat or poultry, and, at last, carried off the quarter of a large coarse goose, to tear it, doglike, in a corner.

The man who does not feel sorrow when he sees fellow-creatures thus degraded,—who does not feel humbled himself at the sight,—who does not wish to see their moral and political condition improved,—and to see the blessings of civil and religious liberty widely diffused throughout the world,—is a man I pity. "Pshaw!"

says a man of the world, "it is their lot, their condition, my good Sir. They are very well off, and very happy. Did not you see that old fellow with the leg of a goose? what would you have? And here again, as I live, there are a dozen or two of these wretched Sclavonians of yours dancing,—*as I live, dancing!*" — Yes, they dance! When a few paltry pence were given them, at the door of an hotel, for some labour they had performed, they danced, shook their matted locks, and lifted their heavy feet, and showed their white teeth, and sung something too wild to be called a song!

It is not exactly in passing from a scene like this that the traveller is prepared to be very much enraptured with the free Diet of Hungary. In the hall, however, of the Hungarian Deputies, it is impossible not to feel a momentary delight, the picture is so new and so startling. I sat in the gallery, whither I went at an early hour; but it was filled to suffocation before the members took their seats.

The hall is nothing remarkable, merely a long, lofty chamber. A chair is raised on a step at the upper end, for the president. Tables run the whole length of the hall, covered with green cloth, and supplied abundantly with materials for writing. Immediately below, and to the right of the president, sat such bishops and dignitaries of the church as have seats in this assembly. The rest of the members, and there appeared to be more than three hundred present, wore the national dress of Hungary. It consists of a hussar jacket and pantaloon, of brown cloth, and a hussar boot. The ornaments are of black silk lace, plain, warlike, and becoming. A very few, indeed, were sheeted in gold lace, and a few more wore a tassel of gold bullion on the boot, and a gold cord fastening the pelisse. The reason of this difference I learned to be, that some were actually in the military service; and the tassel and cord of others were little vain additions, which men dandified by residence in Vienna had ventured to assume; but nothing

could be more plain, or in better taste, than the costume of the many. There was a spur on every heel, a sword on every thigh, and by the side of every man, on the table at which he sat, stood the Kalpac, with its rich brown fur, and that falling top of crimson cloth, which, when, in former times, the Hungarian galloped to the field, flew bravely in the wind, giving life and menace to his motion. It is impossible to gaze down without interest on this belted assembly, the descendants of a race of warriors ever ready to leap into their saddles, — in fact, the vanguard of Europe against the Turk.

I cordially hate the Turk, not because he is a Mahometan; I am not so wretched or so narrow-minded a Christian as that; but because all of him that is not slave is tyrant; because he would (if he could) bring back upon the earth a moral darkness.

I must admit, indeed, that the Hungarian has something of the tyrant in him, — a haughtiness gotten centuries ago, on horseback; and that he has, in his day, lorded it among his vassals, as did the barons

of our own country (blessings on their memory, nevertheless!) in the days of King John; but when we reflect that the nobles and privileged classes of Hungary form, at least, a twentieth part of her population; that, upon the whole, that population has generally been found attached to them; and that the Diet of Hungary has often resisted and defied the crown of Austria, we cannot say that it is composed of slaves. No longer, indeed, can they be said to defy the crown; and in the consciousness, perhaps, that they have sunk nearer to the people, so they feel more with them, and raise their voices more loudly for them.

The debate was carried on in Latin: numbers spoke, and, in general, they had a ready and fluent command of language, and a very animated and manly delivery. Few of their speeches were more than ten minutes in length, and the greater part still shorter. It is true that, as it has seldom fallen to my lot to hear Latin spoken since, as a youth, I listened to declamations, I cannot pretend to speak to the classical correctness of expressions, or the con-

struction of sentences; but thus far I can say, it was not a bald, meagre, thin Latin; and many of the sentences fell richly rounded on my ear. There was one churchman, an abbot (I think), who spoke rapidly, bitterly, and very well; and there was an elderly deputy with grey hairs, who replied to him most eloquently, with a fire and a freedom that surprised me. I could not get fully at the subject, but it was some question connected with a tax that had been imposed, under the late viceroy, on salt, and that was felt and complained of by the people. This fine old Hungarian, in the course of his speech, dwelt proudly upon the ancient privileges of his country, and complained that the spirit of them had been greatly invaded during the late lieutenancy. His loyal expressions towards the person and family of the Emperor were warm, and seemed to be sincere; but he returned, quite as bitterly, to his attack on the measure on which he sought to impeach the minister; and, in one part, where he was more particularly pleading the cause of the people, he cried out, with animation,

"*Vox populi, Vox Dei!*" It electrified the whole assembly. There were many loud "*Vivats!*" not only among the deputies themselves, but also from almost all the persons in the gallery.

For a brief moment I might have fancied myself in a free assembly, but the calm, complacent smile upon the features of a keen-looking president, who is the representative of the crown, reminded me that there was a bridle upon the Hungarian steed, and, although he is suffered to prance loftily in pride and beauty, and to fancy as he gallops that he is running far and away, his rider sits laughingly at ease in the saddle, and knows better.

The illusion is still more completely dissipated at the doors of this assembly; no fiery horses stand saddled and neighing for their masters, but a long row of mean open carriages, each, however, with a hussar behind them, wait tamely in the street, and such of the spurred members as have one get slowly into it, loll indolently back, and are driven to their lodgings. This, it will be observed, was a meeting of the Se-

cond Chamber; a holding of the full Diet, where the Magnates attend, I was not fortunate enough to see, and I am still left, in spite of all descriptions, a little in doubt as to the picture it would actually present: magnificent it may be, yet, methinks, judging from what I did see, the splendour has been somewhat exaggerated, — that of the Guard Noble undoubtedly is. They have good, but not remarkable horses. The hussar dress of scarlet and silver is rich and dazzling; and, as they ride down to mount guard, to see them followed by a train of orderlies mounted, and with led horses, (although the pelisses of these orderlies were old, and of rusty green, and the horses might have been turned out in higher order,) has an appearance somewhat imposing. But the young men composing this corps differ in size, figure, and carriage, and scarce look like soldiers by the side of the old Austrian cuirassiers. A regiment of these last lay in garrison here, and some strong battalions of infantry, consisting entirely of men from the *Italian provinces* of the empire. So much for the Houses of

Lords and Commons at Presburg, and for the chance of free discussion in the kingdom of Hungary.

The theatre was crowded in the evening, well lighted, and the company well dressed, and looking sufficiently brilliant. There was also a circus open for the exhibition of horsemanship: the performers were from Cracow. I looked in, and saw not a shade of difference in their exhibitions from those given at Astley's.

The town of Presburg is not at all remarkable either in its buildings or streets; the suburbs are open, cheerful, and far cleaner. The Danube rolls past of a noble width, and the skeleton of a square castle, once stately from its size, and the loftiness of its site, still crowns the hill above the city.

The church where the coronation takes place is not large, or handsome; but over the grand altar is a fine equestrian statue of St. Martin, who is represented, while his horse is prancing to the rein, dividing his cloak with a sabre, according to the legend. It forms a most appropriate altar-piece, in

reference to those days, when Hungary was a kingdom of warriors on horseback. Perhaps the most interesting feature about Presburg was the presence of so many old Hungarian nobles of the second class, from the country and the upper provinces. Their grave and staid appearance, the females of their families in unfashionable dresses, and the rough old hussars in their service, whose pelisses, like their masters, looked old enough to have seen and battled against the Turk, gave me, especially one family, a picture I should despair of describing.

One youthful and gentlemanlike-looking man, who must have often ridden in Hyde Park, by his dress, his horse, and the quietness of his manner and style of riding, followed, though in plain clothes, by his hussar, and who looked hard at me, with a great, and civil, but hesitating anxiety, as though he would wish to speak, yet knew not exactly why, I guessed to be some young Hungarian of birth, who had been attached to the Austrian embassy in London. Another, an older man, polite, and

speaking English very well, leaned over from his box at the theatre, entered agreeably and freely into conversation, and promised me an invitation to a grand ball, at which all the Magnates were to be present, a few days afterwards. This kindness I could not avail myself of; I was pressed for time, and returned to Vienna on the morrow.

As I approached Vienna, on my return from Presburg, rolling rapidly along a commodious road in a neat, well-varnished, well-padded eilwagen, it was strange to reflect that, little more than a century ago, "Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman," were skirmishing over the plains around, that janisaries lay encamped on the beautiful banks of the Danube, and the camel of Arabia was planting his spongy foot in my present track.

I am sure, to look into the Prater of Vienna, the Turk seems to have as little business near it as near Hyde Park, or Kensington Gardens; yet, so it was yesterday, — a mere yesterday, in the records of history. At that memorable period a few

discontented and haughty nobles of Hungary made them feel, throughout Austria, the full value of the services which the Hungarian had so often rendered them against the Ottoman, by forgetting their duty as Christians, and their fidelity as subjects. Will it ever recur, that hateful sight, — the Crescent glittering before the walls of Vienna? Would the Greek pity them? Methinks not. That they will in all probability be safe from such a visitation they will not owe to the wisdom of their own government, but to that higher government which mocks the short-sighted contrivances of all human policy. The power of the Ottoman empire has reached another turning point, and in spite of all Christian propping, looks as though it tottered towards a fall.

The Prater is a great feature at Vienna. The capital was not very full. During my stay, I never saw more than from four hundred to six hundred carriages on the drive; and it was rather too late in the season for reposing on grass, and under the shade of trees in the evening. But it is a fair and

pleasant sight to see the whole of the respectable and middle classes of Vienna walking in family groupes, and presenting to your eye, in good clothes, healthy looks, and calmly smiling faces, many clear indications of an active and rewarded industry, easy circumstances, and a thankful enjoyment of them.

The English traveller, however, forgets not that, within these twenty years, this pleasure-park has been twice visited by enemies. That the Prater was a busy bivouac, that the sulphurous clouds of battle have rolled near it, and that the dying and the wounded have lain scattered under the shade of those trees where music, and the song, and the jest, are now again the familiar sounds: you could not stop many families on their walk there at this hour who would not have some little domestic tragedy of that period to relate to you.

Although the loyalty of the helpless inhabitants of Vienna was never for a moment concealed, even after their city was possessed by the French, yet they speak well of the conduct of Napoleon, and of the dis-

cipline of his troops. The Itinerary of Reichard, to awaken, I suppose, the feelings and indignation of the traveller, records, that "*the tame stags in the Prater were all killed by the French soldiers in* 1809." An old campaigner may be pardoned for suspecting that the Austrian yager and the Hungarian hussar had their share of the venison. By some easy arrangement this loss has been repaired. A little beyond the head of the more public drive the deer come lightly up to the passer-by, with a pretty unwondering tameness; and it is a pastime, they tell me, with young Napoleon, when resident in or near the capital, to visit the haunt of these beautiful animals most evenings, and to watch them at their play.

During my stay at Vienna there were no public concerts, neither was there an opera that season; so that I only heard their fine military bands, the pieces executed by their various orchestras at the theatres, the excellent choir of St. Stephen's, and the never-to-be-forgotten requiem at the palace chapel. Judging from these

things alone, I may err; but I should say that the Germans *feel* music very deeply,—that it profoundly affects them. They do not, like the Italians, hum every note they hear; but, though they pass away in silence, they carry the melody in their heart. The eye of the Italian, when he listens, sparkles; the eye of the German is not unfrequently dim with that rising tear which does never fall, but marks the ebb and flow of the heart's tide. The Italian is mercurial and imitative; the air which is running in his head he must warble as he goes, for want of thought. In the German, music does a deeper work; it reaches the centre and source of feeling, and awakens thoughts which cannot be indulged otherwise than in silence. Here, too, I would remark, and the connection of the subjects is admissible, that the Roman Catholic of Germany in his church seems quite another being from that of Italy; and the character which Goldsmith has so beautifully and faithfully given of the latter applies in nothing to the German. He is seldom careless or irreverent at the mass, seldom

timid, or formal, or slavish, in his acts of devotion. There is a something staid in his outward performances; but "the soul's sincere desire" is perceptible, and plainly so, in the expression of his countenance, when engaged in prayer.

I know many of my readers will exclaim, "This is all fancy: you deceive yourself willingly, according to the frame of your mind, and the tone of your reflections at the moment."—Really, I think simply what I say: appearances, generally, are all I pretend, as a traveller, to examine,—are almost the only guides of my judgment; and, I must say, speaking from long personal experience, and frequent comparison of my own hasty inferences with those of persons far better qualified to judge, I do not think that the eye is so unfaithful an interpreter to the traveller as many imagine.

The interior of domestic circles in Vienna I did not see: few, very few travellers do. It is by no means difficult for an English gentleman to obtain introduction to the large and public assemblies of the higher circles: but these can have little of character in their

aspect; and I felt little disappointed that there were none held at the season of my visit. I own I should have greatly coveted admission to those private circles where families meet in quietude, and are fond of music, peace, and each other. That Vienna contains many such I have no doubt; for although the quietism of small parties is not so much the taste in Vienna as in the north, yet, all over Germany, numbers of respectable families are to be found, where those tastes are quietly indulged, which minister to innocent delight, and on which it is seldom the privilege of a stranger even to gaze. In speaking of music, I should observe, that from many things which I saw, and from many inquiries which I made, I am of opinion, as I have ever been, that there is nowhere on the Continent, not even in Germany, so much parlour and drawing room enjoyment of it as in England. The music, where you have it, is better, perhaps; but then it is more of a public amusement. If you examine the long lists of amateurs abroad, you will find a count and a cobbler on the same page; and in the concert saloons

there is collected, on a momentary equality, all the musical talent which men and women, of all classes, can contribute: but such is the happy structure of our society in England, that in any considerable city you may knock at twenty different doors, and find a well-toned instrument in the music-room, with its fair attendance of gentle and accomplished performers. The like you might do at almost every decent country-seat; and, if you speak of London, the thought startles you.

On the other hand, for one English gentleman who plays the flute, Germany has a hundred. If you meet two fine young officers walking together, you know that they can go to their barrack-room and play a duet: if you see a solitary, handsome, lover-like looking officer of cuirassiers riding slowly at the garden of Schönbrunn (and I remember me of such a one), you know that he has got his flute at home to feed his flame, or to discourse for him to the mistress of his heart: but, with regard to a general cultivation of music *among the females* in Germany, as an accomplishment,

it is not so extensive a practice as we imagine, although, perhaps, German ladies are, in this respect, far more widely taught than the indolent dames of Italy.

All Germans whom I have met, who had been much in society in England, and in good society, expressed themselves alike surprised and charmed with the many sweet attractions of our private circles, arising from the accomplishments, the talents, and the graces of our women. But to the eye, many things reveal the mode of life of circles which you do not enter. I like, in foreign cities, to stand in the market-places, lounge near shops of furniture, jewellery, toys, and fill up the frame-work of private houses thence.

In all comforts Vienna abounds: I should think a winter and spring there delightful; and although the Viennese speak impure German, yet to the learner of German, who might, of course, find a first-rate master, a regular attendance at such a theatre as that of Vienna would be an incalculable advantage. It is not, however, necessary to talk German to reside in this

capital; French is universally spoken; Italian is common. Metastasio passed a life here; and his vocabulary of German did not exceed twenty words, which he only learned, as he declared, to save his life. He always professed the greatest aversion and contempt for the language, the meaning of which every one knows to be in his, and in all like cases, a consciousness of inaptitude to master its pronunciation, and conquer its difficulties.

It cannot be denied that the political degradation of the Viennese is extreme: not being allowed either to lift up the voice or employ the pen upon the subject of politics, they have become naturally indifferent to all public acts which do not personally affect them, and, as a necessary consequence, most ignorant about them. They cannot answer your questions on the most common measures relating to their internal policy; and they smile to see your curiosity and eagerness about matters which they leave, without one sigh of regret, to be ordered and controlled by a cabinet that works in darkness.

There is a very strict police in Vienna; but it does not and has no occasion to trouble itself with the inhabitants. As to foreigners, with the exception, perhaps, of English, the eye is ever on them. English sentiments are known, — by contented slaves are laughed at, and ridiculed just as heartily as the government might desire, — by thinking men are respected in silence, and without notice. There is no necessity to follow about an Englishman, and learn what he says, or to open his letters, and see what he writes. If, indeed, he is found in close intimacy with suspected foreigners, or if he obtrudes his opinion in public places, with an evident desire to disturb the tranquillity of society, and to awaken among contented subjects feelings of hostility to the measures of their cabinet, he must expect what he deserves, — an order to quit the city. But the English appear to me, wherever I have been on the Continent, and at Vienna as elsewhere, to enjoy a very remarkable exemption from all petty persecutions. They may express their opinions freely, and maintain them quietly in

the common course of conversation, when the topics naturally call them forth; they may go to a casino, where they will find *The Morning Chronicle* for perusal; and they may give it, if they like, the rumple of approbation when they alight on any well-penned passage against Prince Metternich and the Holy Alliance. They may walk, ride, and drive about the city, in every direction, with the regular Bull look, —

> "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye:"

nor will they find themselves, at their hotel, charged one dollar more than the submiss Austrian, for being the lords of human kind. But there is one thing they must not do; — they must not, by mistake, lay their cane across the shoulders of a hackney-coachman in Stephen-Platz, for the Jarvey here is quite as independent a personage as his brother-whip in St. Paul's Church-yard, and will, as some Englishmen of rank can testify, most assuredly return the blow. I have my doubts if this privilege would not

pass muster for the fair Goddess of Liberty herself, with many of our ill-taught mob-patriots at home. The nobles of Vienna, however, never come, in any way, in rude contact with the people, and never disturb them by their pride. With no political power, with no public duties, they are merely a class elevated in rank and possessions: their titles, their wealth, and some inconsequent privileges, alone, but yet widely, separate them from the people, for whom, indeed, they can do little but open their gardens and their galleries, for lighter hearts than their own to enjoy. There is a something of military pomp, a something of feudal display, among these nobles, when resident on their wide estates, which may, for a moment, dazzle even the Englishman: but they sink into utter insignificance in his estimation, when compared with the aristocracy of his native country. The duties of British peers are, indeed, pre-eminently glorious: they are at once guardians of the rights and the liberty of the people,—of the privileges and the dignity of the crown; while the Austrian noble has no liberty of

his own, and no dignity beyond the sound of a title and the glitter of a star.

I have not noticed many things in Vienna which travellers are always taken to see, and which any guide-book will indicate: but I must not leave the city without mention of the church and convent of the Capuchins, where, in a low dark vault, lie the remains of all the Imperial house of Austria, from the days of the Emperor Matthias. The coffins are very large, and of bronze, those of the earliest date perfectly plain, others wrought with trophies and achievements. A Capuchin lights a taper, and conducts you round them: he tells the tale of each in monkish Latin, and with a monkish tone; and, at the frequent pause, he rings his knuckle on each bronze chest, as if the bones within could confirmingly reply. The largest, most decorated, and stately of these, (indeed it is a tomb, and not a mere coffin,) is that of Maria Theresa. He tells you how she caused it to be erected during her life, and how she was wont to visit and descend into this vault, and pass long hours in it alone, in

prayer and meditation. Madame de Stael has finely observed upon this:—"*Il y a beaucoup d'exemples, d'une devotion sérieuse et constante parmi les souverains de la terre: comme ils n'obéissent qu'à la mort, son irrésistible pouvoir les frappe davantage. Les difficultés de la vie se placent entre nous et la tombe; tout est aplani pour les rois jusqu'au terme, et cela même le rend plus visible à leurs yeux.*"

The finest monument in Vienna is that to the memory of the Archduchess Christina, in the church of the Augustines: the work is Canova's. There are no less than eight figures in the composition. As a mere group of statues, a creation of the sculptor, I admired it greatly; but, as a monumental memorial, I regard it cumbrous and overdone. I should think that the noble and grand simplicity of Canova's taste was compelled to yield to the affectionate but unfortunate wishes of his employer, who desired a work vast and costly. His noble group of Theseus killing the Minotaur adorns this city, and stands in a temple on the Grecian model, erected on purpose

to contain it. It is wretchedly placed, in a low situation, near the ramparts: it should stand alone in some park or garden, like the famous Toro Farnese at Naples.

It is a very great delight at Vienna that the arrangements at the museums, galleries, palaces, and, in fine, at all places, where any thing of interest is exhibited, are the most liberal and convenient. All travellers have remarked, with something of pain and indignation, that this city contains no monuments of princely or public gratitude to the memory of those great men who have rendered services to Austria. In a despotic state such marks of honour can alone be given by the sovereign. Maria Theresa erected a tomb to Marshal Daun, and a monument to the memory of Van Swieten, which last was removed from its place of honour with little regard to her intention, but only, however, to make room for that of an emperor. In the church of the Augustines, where Daun reposes, the anniversary of the victory of Collin is celebrated by a public *Te Deum*, on the 18th of June, every year; and on the 3d of November a

Requiem is sung here, in the presence of the garrison, to the memory of the Austrian soldiers who were slain. Eugene lies entombed in the cathedral of St. Stephen; and the Emperor Joseph II. placed the busts of Loudon and Lacy, in honour of their services, in the hall of the Council of War. His own equestrian statue is one of the most deserved and gratifying memorials in this capital. It is of bronze, on a pedestal of granite, and the inscription one that can seldom be applied with truth to any monarch or subject; but that we know to have been merited by this illustrious, generous-minded, enthusiatic sovereign:

"SALUTI PUBLICÆ VIXIT NON DIU SED TOTUS."

Considering the shortness of his reign, I think it doubtful whether his condemned precipitancy and enthusiasm are to be regretted. Whatever he had attempted against the civil power of the church of Rome, the priest would have worked step by step in counteraction of his measures;

whereas he stripped her of immense and irrecoverable influence, when he opened the treasures of her convents, dispersed their wealth, drove forth the corrupt and idle members, and alienated their wide possessions. The half of what he suppressed never have been and never can be re-established. Perhaps no one individual of the Austrian empire has more deserved a public monument; and it is to the credit of his nephew to have erected this statue to his fame.

In one way it will not excite any great surprise that the public monuments are few, for the great men have been few; and as the nobles of the empire who have, from time to time, distinguished themselves in leading her armies, and fighting her battles, have, in general, been possessed of great wealth, the Palfys and Lichtensteins sleep beneath tombs erected by their own princely houses.

In leaving Vienna, all that I can say is, that I have seen the city, the population, and a hundred things, trifles in themselves, but such as no traveller could

have described for me, nor could I hope to convey to the mind of any reader, and such as well reward the gazing wanderer.

It is a great convenience that from this point you may journey to almost any of the principal cities of Germany rapidly and commodiously.

There is an eilwagen to Prague, which place you reach in six-and-thirty hours. If there are more passengers than fill the carriage, they are conveyed in extra vehicles, and the whole proceed by post under the charge of one conductor.

With the exception of Znaym in Moravia, and Collin in Bohemia, you pass no large towns. The country is well cultivated, the villages populous. The peasants look not so healthy or handsome as those of Austria Proper, and there are many beggars on the road. There is very little beauty of scenery: mountains, however, are always to be seen in the far distance. You cross many hills, but arrive only on more elevated plains, till, at length, you descend into that vast one, far away in the very bottom of which lies the ancient

city of Prague. For the last few miles you run with the collar along a road so wide, that platoons might march upon it with a full front, as doubtless they often have. What is the first and most natural association with Prague in the mind of the English traveller? Why, I will venture to say,—with nine out of ten, aye, and I will not except heads ten times as full and wise as mine,—it is *The Battle.* Not the battle, as recollected in history, or thought of in political consequence, but that battle which we have heard well or ill played some scores of times in our boyhood. I can remember, as it were yesterday, though it is five-and-twenty years ago, how often I have stood by the corner of a grand piano, as a little frilled boy, teasing fair girls that were passing into womanhood, to play me "*The Battle of Prague,*" which I thought at that time a most wonderful composition with its "sound of cannon"—"rolling of musketry"—"trumpet"—"charge of cavalry"—"galloping of horses"—"clashing of swords"—"groans of the wounded and the dying"—"grand march"—"God

save the King;" — and then that little light Turkish music to set all right again in the stirred heart, and send you away a smiling messenger for the rewarding glass of lemonade or orgeat. Of course I went to the memorable field. It was a very cold and cloudy day: the plain looked black in spite of the stubble, and bare and gloomy. All the realities of the after-scene of a general engagement were present to my mind's eye. I could not sing, "Oh, what a glorious thing's a battle!" — "Roll drums merrily, march away," stuck fairly in my throat, and I scarce felt as a soldier ought to feel, till I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin, a plain, quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms. He fell here at eighty years of age, at the head of his own regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. Men do ordinarily lean upon their staves in sorrow before that age, or sit feeble in the easy chair, the foot upon the cushioned stool, or clasp with lean and withered fingers a book of

prayer. His seat was in the leathern saddle, his foot in the iron stirrup, his fingers reined the young war-horse to the last. It is a something that fills the mind as you muse on it. It would seem like the answering of a warrior's prayer, made constant through a long life, — so to live, and so to die.

Prague is a city, which does, in aspect, entirely correspond with the notions you would form of it; that is, the older parts of the city. The more modern streets are wide and handsome; but the market-place, the bridge, the fine old Gothic cathedral on the hill, the many towers, and domes, and spires of church and convent, the vast and decaying palaces of the ancient Bohemian nobles, the large public edifices, and the old style of architecture in the private mansions, give a character of grandeur to old Prague, which, to a lover of the picturesque, is far more impressive than any view of Vienna. A dozen times the traveller will cross and recross the bridge, stained with the grey hue of age, and

guarded, as it were, by eight-and-twenty large coarse statues of saints, under whose patronage, you know, the beggar of old was wont to take his stand, and across which the fiercest follower of Wallenstein must have passed unhelmeted, and made the sign of the cross upon his steel cuirass; and the Jews, too, you know the very kind of step and gait, the bowed head, and the black glance with which they traversed it. No beggar accosts you now. The devout Catholic raises his hat, as he passes the crucifix in the centre of the bridge. The Lutheran passes on and away, calm and covered; and if he is a man of thought, and historical associations cross his mind, while he blesses God for the quiet toleration he enjoys, forgets not John Huss, and Jerome of Prague. The Englishman reflects, with no less gratitude, on the memory of the great Wickliffe, his countryman, and regards the immense power of human influence with delighted awe. "How solemn is a residence in this world," when we can trace, through five centuries, and among countless millions,

the effects of what one conscientious priest thought, uttered, and wrote, during a brief human life!

The Protestants are not very numerous in Prague; but they are, and from the days of Joseph II. have been, in peace. I did little at Prague but saunter about for three days, in idle pleasure, entering places as the fancy took me. I walked through the stately saloons in the forsaken palace of Wallenstein. The frescoes on the walls are bright as when he trode in them. The vast and magnificent-looking palace of Czerim, which travellers of the last century saw in splendour, is naked, dilapidated, in part quite deserted, and many of its large chambers given up to the houseless poor, who wander about its chill, cold space, as though they were houseless still.

I heard high mass at the cathedral: the music and singing were of the finest. There is a large silver shrine of their patron saint, Nepomucenus, which has escaped all plunderers, and survived the wars of centuries: yet one tower of this very church

lies still in ruins, and recalls the fierce bombardment of the city by Frederick the Great. On the heights above the citadel you may still see the stone where Frederick is recorded to have sat while he reconnoitred the place. The extent of Prague is so great, it would take an army to garrison and defend it. The works are in a ruinous state, nor will they suffer any stranger to ascend the slopes of the rampart. The view from the walls of the upper town over the city, with the Moldau flowing broad and freshly through it, is very noble. In the Imperial and archiepiscopal chateaux in this quarter there are many curious old paintings, of interest, but not of merit. The square, in the larger or lower town, has a very ancient aspect, especially the old town-house, and the front of one which was occupied by Tycho Brahe. In this old square is the grand or main guard. I saw it relieved. The men, Bohemian grenadiers, were tall, handsome soldiers. The band, which was of great strength, consisting of not less than forty musicians, made a most slovenly appearance, being dressed

in great-coats of different ages, shapes, and colours; and this was the less excusable, as it was a fine, though chilly day. I never saw any thing, in its way, more offensive to a military eye. However, I forgot all while they were playing: these Austrian bands would wake the dead.

In one of the streets of the new town there was exhibiting a panorama of the British expedition to the North Pole. I was bent on an object elsewhere at the moment, or I should certainly have entered, for the pleasure of seeing the fierce Uhlan, who scarce knows there is a sea of ice, or a sea of any kind, or any danger save the *mêlée* of squadrons, and the fire of artillery, gazing upon that desolate theatre of daring enterprise. I met one of these Uhlans after I passed it, the pennon waving on his lance. He was admirably mounted, grew to his saddle, and made his horse give that proud play of rear and plunge, which would unseat better riders than John Gilpin. This long peace will effect wonders in making the nations of Europe better acquainted

with each other, will destroy a thousand petty prejudices, and awaken generous and useful sympathies. In many ways this work is silently going on: prints and engravings, descriptions and anecdotes in newspapers, small articles of cheap luxury, and of neat finished manufacture; nay, Warren's blacking helps: you may buy a bottle, with the label at least, in any large city in Europe: and this leads me to remark, for the sake of young and particular travellers, that the German Boots, in all the good inns, is own-brother to his English namesake, and far before his cousin in the like station in France or Italy: he will polish a boot for you as if you were going to parade. But to leave these mean topics, there is one remarkable triumph, which, during this period of tranquillity, has been achieved by genius. The author of Waverley has made a moral conquest of Germany. Here, in old Prague, there was not a bookseller's shop where I did not observe that his works were not only exposed for sale, but placarded in the window. The Germans find great fault with the translations which they

have of them; but they say so much beauty rays through the obscurity of those translations, that they are universally read. A German gentleman declared to me that vast numbers of his countrymen had learned the English language solely for the pleasure of perusing those tales in the original,—a statement borne out by the fact that they are everywhere to be procured in English, and that you repeatedly meet at hotels, coffee-houses, in the theatres, and in public conveyances, young men who speak enough English to show you that they read the language, and who invariably address you about those novels, and their reputed author; and on more than one occasion I was asked questions as to the meaning of words they could not find in their dictionaries, and which showed that they read with attention and relish.

They complain that their own literature is little known in England, greatly undervalued, and such works as have been translated into English miserably rendered. How far they may be right I am not qualified to form a judgment; but I

should think that the Tale of Sintram must retain in its English dress much of the spirit of its original; for it certainly has a charm as wild, as original, and as fearful, as ever stirred the imagination of a reader. But one thing confirmatory of the German complaint I know, namely, that the translation of Wallenstein by Mr. Coleridge is not procurable in London, although it needs not to say how such a gentleman would have executed such a task,—a proof, if any were wanting, that their literature is neither known nor regarded among us as it should be. They say it is impossible to translate the Faust. They are probably right; but it can hardly be considered as a sealed work of genius by those who have read the beautiful version of it we are possessed of.

I met with several pleasant conversible men at the table of my hotel, and received particular attention from some Austrian officers of rank. I was present at the representation of a piece in the theatre, which was exceedingly well acted; but there did not appear much in it beyond spectacle:

however, the heroine, the beauty, the diamond, the treasure of this drama, was "*eine Englanderin*;" and some Germans near me were full of the great beauty of English women, who enjoy such a fame throughout Germany as might be deemed by many, not by me, extravagant.

I also heard at this theatre, another night, the opera of *Tancredi*. The orchestra was perfect. A third night I witnessed the performance of the *Abbé de l'Epée*. Being acquainted with the story, and remembering John Kemble in the character of the Abbé, I was enabled to follow the actors through their parts, and received the highest gratification that chaste and natural acting could, in a piece of that class, afford. They admirably understand the stage business, and all that quiet, deliberate, effective by-play, which does so amazingly increase the interest excited, and give such reality to the illusion.

I had instructed my *domestique de place* to get me the half of a carriage, or a seat in one, where the party was a good one. "*Cela suffit*," and a bow; and he soon re-

turned boasting of a "*fort belle occasion*" for Dresden. Accordingly, in the morning, having dismissed and settled with him the night previous, I found myself in a most wretched vehicle, dirty and incommodious, with a captain of Austrian hussars, good-looking, but evidently vacant, helpless, and heavy. A soft man, as we should say, had been taken in by this driver, like myself. We moved off at a snail's pace, and very soon, according to my suspicion, pulled up, and the driver went off in search of chance-passengers. I sat patient for awhile, like the man in the Cuckoo, but at last fled, to the astonishment of the phlegmatic Baron, and the disappointment of the driver, who was to have had as much from me as would have been a fair price for the carriage to myself. Boots was my friend, ran after the vehicle, and recovered my *valise* from the driver, who returned in a vain rage to claim me; and, in another hour, I found for myself, and to myself, at a reasonable rate, a return-carriage, with capital horses and a civil driver, for Töplitz. "*Cela suffit*," and "*Fort belle occasion*:" —

knowing well those *domestiques de place,* how could I trust to the treacherous phrases?

I had a delightful drive, slept at a small village, where I was comfortably accommodated, and the next day at the place, where I refreshed, encountered the carriage I had abandoned. I was amazingly diverted when I learned from the poor Baron, who, with another officer of Austrian cavalry, was just about to sit down to dinner, and whom I immediately joined, that they packed in with him two fat old Jewesses of the lower order, not pleasant or clean in aspect, and who were then feeding in the kitchen. It is true, when first I entered, the Baron trod up and down stately; and though he bowed, smoked, and would not speak, he soon relaxed, probably from observing an exulting smile in my eye, and made this confession of his fate, which was still to endure for a day and a half: however, he had now the support of a brother-officer. This gentleman was come on leave from the frontiers of Turkey, where his regiment was stationed. He told me that a great change was observable among the Turkish

troops on that station. They were by no means the haughty and insolent men remembered by those officers long acquainted with the frontier, but were yielding and conciliatory, and affected the part of "*bon camarade*" with all the Austrians near them. With these two officers I had a very long conversation: the one was a man of forty, the other somewhat younger, both captains of cavalry, and all their lives in the service. They could neither of them tell me the strength of the Austrian army, the number of regiments, or the proportion of the respective arms to each other: they tried to guess, and seemed to me quite lost and bewildered by the vain attempt. This, really (though I admit they were not very wise subjects), speaks volumes for the proverbial indifference of the Austrian to all arrangements of his government, which do not personally affect him as an indivdual. These were old officers, and knew less about the composition of their army at large than I did, who had just traversed their country, ignorant of their language. Of the Italian levies, of the Tyrolese yagers,

they knew nothing more than that there were troops of that description, whom they never chanced to have seen, and concerning whom they had never made any particular inquiries. I should certainly add, that I suspect both these men were mere "sabreurs," and had probably been raised from the ranks, as handsome, clean, steady-duty soldiers: but I often put the same questions to other military men in Austria, and I never got clear answers. After passing a very cheerful hour with these officers, I left them to smoke their second pipe, and walked forward alone, desiring the carriage to follow me when ready. The name of the place where I had dined was Lowositz, and the hill up which I walked overlooked and formed part of a field, memorable for a very bloody victory, gained by the Prussians over a Saxon army in 1756.

The bright sun of a still afternoon, late in the autumn, was shining mildly over every object. In a vineyard on the slope they were engaged in carrying the last of the vintage, and I met a party of itinerant musicians coming slowly down

the hill, consisting of two elderly men, a boy, and five women, bearing harps. They stopped at my request: the women took the covers from their harps, and they played and sung for me, with a harmony and a feeling I have often listened for in drawing-rooms in vain. Pleased with my evident contentment, they regaled me for more than a quarter of an hour, "con amore," and sent me forward with such a stock of happiness for the rest of the day as sweet sounds do always give us. These poor women were brown, and weather-beaten as gipsies, yet there was a touch, a turn, a tone of tenderness in every movement which they played, in every air they sung. Bohemia is the land of music. The children in the villages are taught at school to read the notes of music, like the letters of their alphabet; and music, where it is not an occupation, is yet the solace of each poor man's life.

It is certain, I think, that music must soften every heart over which it exercises an habitual influence. It must give a colouring to the thoughts, a capacity for

those deep reveries which lift man's spirit to the invisible world, and without being conscious of it, he is imperceptibly imbued with all that is indefinably sublime in the mystery of our connection with those shadows and intelligences which flit unseen about our path and our bed, and hold communings with our lonely thoughts by day, and with our solitary visions in the night-season. Music has been called, I think it is by Madame de Stael, "a glorious inutility;" a proof that it is one of those divine gifts to man, which was designed at once to sweeten our existence on earth, and to elevate our thoughts to heaven. We know, too, that angels sing. We know that through those clouds, which broke in floods of brightness on the shepherds' night, they sung "Glory to God on high, peace on earth, good will towards man!"

I arrived in the evening at Töplitz. It is a watering place: the season was past, and the town forsaken. The houses are white, the shutters green, the roads well kept. There are some pretty rides, agreeable promenades, and picturesque scenery;

and I should have thought it delightful if I could have forgotten Baden-Baden!

Dresden I entered by night. There is nothing of the stir or bustle of a capital about it; few carriages are rattling on the stones, but the streets and buildings have regularity, and space, and height which promise well to the stranger, and he will not be disappointed.

Every visitor is pleased with the city of Dresden. It is not that the churches are remarkable, or that the palaces are stately, although the dome of the mother-church and the lofty tower of the palace are very striking objects, but it is, that there is a general air of freshness, and cleanness, and brightness, all about the city; that a noble river rolls past it, spanned by a very fine bridge; that there are two spacious squares or market-places, which have an aspect peculiar and quite their own. For, though many travellers have styled Dresden the Florence of Germany, the white mansions and regular façades of Florence, and the red fronts, the forms and shapes of the windows, and of the gables, and house-

tops, in Dresden, stamp the cities as widely dissimilar. There is, indeed, one point where a comparison, though not a close one, is allowable: Dresden has its Gallery of Paintings, and Hall of Antiquities; and, if Florence can boast her Medicean Venus, the capital of Saxony, rich in the possession of the very finest Madonna ever conceived or painted by Raphael, may, like that city of the arts, ensure the pilgrimage of all worshippers of genius to her gates. I will first speak of this gallery. Reader, fear not; I am not going to inflict on you a catalogue of its contents, but the Madonna del Sisto is common right, and I must have my say on it. The composition of the picture is known; the descriptions of it are multiplied and accessible; that of the Dresden catalogue is as follows:

"La Madonne avec l'Enfant divin sur une nue au milieu d'une gloire; à droite un St. Pape à genoux; il est vêtu d'une tunique blanche et d'un pallium de drap d'or. La tiare est à son côté; à gauche la St. Barbe également à genoux, et le regard baissé vers deux petits anges reposant sur

un plan au pied de cette composition, aussi sublime que simple."

The form, the light and airy tread upon the cloud, the grace of her long and flowing garments, the simple and lightly-folded mantle on her head, out of which looks forth a face of sacred innocence, give to this Virgin an air and an aspect that do largely speak of her high and blessed office. The Infant on her arm seems the mysterious Thing it was: it looks not like any child that was, or will be: its hair sits off from its young forehead; and thought, and sorrow, and grief, seem taking there their early seat, and looking gravely from its young eyes. St. Sixtus, an aged and withered figure, kneels in solemn wonder, and imploring adoration, with an intent and upward gaze. Santa Barbara, who has the youth, the beauty, the uncovered hair, the garments of woman as she is in high-born circles, bends her young head to earth as if in sweet rapture, yet subdued with awe. But earth has given the model of this Madonna: this is no face of the poet's dream, no face to search for in kings' palaces: it

is peasant beauty,—the beauty of a lowly being,—the beauty of innocent thoughts, of hallowed lips, of modesty that grows in the still hamlet, and that the heart's throb acknowledges for something to be loved and worshipped, as above us, far above us, nigher to heaven than earth. Such is to me the character of Raphael's Madonna: it is the lowly handmaiden, the espoused Virgin, chosen to be the mother of a Holy Thing, blessed among women! It is, at once, all that we should call the ideal of glorified mortality, and all that we know to be real on our earth among those human flowers which blush unseen in quiet places.

The cherub forms below, of themselves miraculous performances, give the finest possible idea of the angelic mind,—infant in innocence, mighty in comprehension. One rests his head upon his little hand, the other reposes his cheek upon his folded arms; but oh! how deeply, sadly serious, is their gaze! No earthly mind is looking from those eyes; they have desired to look into the mystery, and they have been permitted so to do. They

see that the Child in the Virgin's arms is to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; that he is the Lamb of God, the Redeemer of mankind: wonder, love, and faith, are in their looks. The life and death of Christ, unfolded to their prescient eyes, fill them with compassion; and there is a something, too, of mourning for man,—the unbelieving and the scorner:—"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

I never saw any picture in my life so heavenly, so hallowed in its conception as this. This is the true Scripture Virgin, as the meditative Christian might conceive of her,—blessed among, and before, all women; but still, woman only.

I heard two criticisms on this masterpiece, by artists. The first was from an elderly connoisseur, who stood by my side at one of my repeated visits to it, and exclaimed, pettishly: "*C'est beau; mais la Sainte Barbare gâte tout.*" The second was from a female amateur, or artist, who was

engaged in taking a copy of the St. Cecilia of Carlo Dolce. She was a very fine copyist, a Frenchwoman, a Parisian. In reply to an observation of mine, upon this great *chef-d'œuvre*, as I leaned over her easel, and was conversing with her on the contents of the gallery, she said, " *Oui, Monsieur, c'est sublime; mais ne trouvez-vous pas que le regard de la Sainte Vierge vous fait frissoner?*"

A page could not so fully have impressed me with all that in his high inspiration, Raphael designed to convey, and has so wonderfully succeeded in portraying—*Frissoner!* yes, the Parisian belle, in whom the spark of modesty, though dimmed by that tainted atmosphere, has yet never been totally extinguished, may well gaze on the serene majesty which beams with a fixed ray from the eyes of the Madonna de San Sisto, and feel the involuntary chill.

I must not detain my reader longer in this gallery, although I visited it daily for hours, giving always, however, by far the greater part of the time I lingered in it to the contemplation of this one picture.

To have seen, and to have the memory of such a thing present to the mind at will, is an aid in the daily path, a help on the road to heaven.

There was a grand requiem performed in the Catholic church at Dresden during my stay, in memory of the deceased electors of Saxony: it is annual. I went for the sake of hearing the music of this church, which is celebrated throughout Germany, and to see the royal family.

I waited in a small antechamber of the palace to see the King of Saxony pass through the gallery, by which he enters his pew. Some guards, habited in scarlet, but in very bad taste, lined the passage. Not being at all prepared by any previous description, I was much surprised to see an elderly gentleman, in a suit of court mourning, with bag and *solitaire*, ruffles, and *a muff*, in which, except for some momentary use of them, his hands were kept close and warm.

There is nothing in this: it was once, and not very long ago, the fashion through-

out Europe; yet to see such a figure, and to think that it had worn a crown, throughout all the turbulent scenes which have agitated Europe within the last twenty years, and to know that the hand buried in a muff had been grasped with friendliness by that of Napoleon, gave a peculiar interest to the presence of this weak but worthy monarch.

The music of this church deserves all its fame. The visitor who likes not the sight of violins in a church must turn his head away, and, forgetting they are there, listen only to the sacred harmony: he will not, he cannot, be disappointed. It is true, some pain will mingle with his pleasure. Although the warbles of the most celebrated vocalist there electrify and thrill, yet there is at times a jar, a break, a failing, as of the giving way of some fine chord; and you are then affectingly reminded that you are listening to one whose cradle this hateful luxury of Italy has robbed,

"And ravished thence the promise of a man;"

that he is one of those most unhappy of all unhappy beings, who are

> "Cast out from Nature, disinherited
> Of what her meanest children claim by kind."
>
> *Dryden.*

I walked after service to the bridge, and sat long in one of the recesses, enjoying the noble view of the Elbe and the city. In that recess I sat where Napoleon passed three hours, watching the progress of his people as they finished the repairs of the bridge, and the defilement of his troops. A chapter in the account of the campaign of 1813, by Baron Odeleben, a Saxon officer on the staff of the then Emperor, is full of details concerning that extraordinary man, which will be read with interest by every one, and the memory of which, on the spot, gives many and very interesting pictures to the fancy. As a politician, Napoleon did not, certainly, shine during the conferences held at that period; but, as a General, since his memorable and successive triumphs in three closely consecutive battles *

* Montenotte, Millesimo, Mondovi.

in the campaign of 1796, in Italy, by his able application of the principle of central movements (his favourite one), he never appeared to greater advantage than when he repulsed the combined and well-concerted attack on his position at Dresden.

The great and constant rival and enemy of Buonaparte perished upon the field of Dresden. We may question the soundness of the judgment which decreed him a monument of honour on that field. The fame of a leader, whose triumphant entry into Augsburg and Munich, after defeating the Archduke Charles, whose yet more glorious retreat through the Black Forest, and whose victory of Hohenlinden will adorn the page of history for ever, needed not that this unfortunate, though not unaccountable close of his military life, should be thus mistakenly perpetuated. I did not visit the monument, which I learn, as might have been anticipated, has been desecrated by some scoundrel hand. I say scoundrel, because I suppose the thing to have been done secretly, and in the meanest spirit of vindictive envy. A French battalion, com-

posed of men twenty years younger than Moreau, might have been forgiven the open overthrow of the monument. Heroic as a public character, estimable as a private one, Moreau had so identified in his own mind the love of France with hatred of Napoleon, that he forgot how impossible it was for the mass of Frenchmen to look upon him, in the council and the camp of their enemies, with other sentiments than those of indignation, or of sorrow.

These ends of renowned lives, how strange they are! In the armoury of Dresden you may see and grasp the pistols of Charles the Twelfth. There be few English visitors on whose minds the life, the history, and the fate of this hero-monarch are not indelibly stamped, by the nervous lines of Johnson. This armoury of Dresden would be a most interesting display, were not the rooms so small, and the arrangement so wretched, that it is impossible to examine its contents. Here you may hold in your hand the first instrument on which an experiment was made with the newly-invented gunpowder of Schwartz.

Here you may see countless suits of ancient armour, and the most splendid horse-furniture among them; the caparison of a horse so costly, that the frontlet, head-stall, neck-ornaments, and breast-plate, are entirely studded with large and beautiful turquoises. There are a number of relics of like interest; things that are mere nothings in description, but are much to see. The like may be said of the treasures in the Green Vault; it is a great and rare pleasure to visit them: — crowns and regalia, rich with the most costly gems; ancient services of massive embossed plate; goblets and vases of antique forms; precious enamels; inlaid cabinets; the finest camei; quaint and grotesque toys, made of the coral and the pearl, the topaz, and the emerald. Many articles of *virtù*, of the most curious and ancient workmanship, and some works in ivory, so beautifully carved in relief, that the infant bacchanal, the fair full form of woman, and the withered lines of age, are given with a grace, a truth, and life, which astonish and delight. I am sure I lingered an hour, at least, in the

small chamber where the articles in ivory are exhibited. Many of them are the outsides of goblets, these being lined with a thin plate of gold. There is no catalogue of the contents of this vault, and the objects to be viewed are so numerous and bewildering, that it is impossible, at one visit*, to make notes, or to separate and fix in your mind the things which you may be desirous to remember: but the effect, as a whole, is long thought of, and illustrates for the curious fancy periods that have passed away. The hall of the throne, the cavalcade of the court, the board of the feast, the chamber, the cabinet of other days, is furnished out from a treasury like this, and you gaze undoubtingly on the past.

The Dresden china is exhibited in a palace, where, in a long range of chambers, you may trace the rise and progress of an

* The attendant there said to me, but not complainingly, as I went away, that few visitors, in his remembrance, had detained him so long. I confess myself delighted with such trifles: —

"These little things are great to little men."

art which furnishes a most innocent and elegant luxury to man,—a luxury which, in degree, is felt throughout society at large. The effect which, I think, is produced on the mind of the middle and humble classes throughout Europe, by the increasing elegance of form and pattern, in most of the articles of China, or humbler ware, now in common use among them, is most civilising. There is a something pleasing to the eye, contenting, reconciling, in these trifles; and if they be elegant they will beget a gentleness in those who daily gaze on them.

In the same building is the Hall of Antiquities. I found in the collection a Minerva, and some Vestals,—statues of the very highest class! The Professor accompanied me politely round the whole collection, and left me, at my request, alone. I enjoy all antiques alone; and it is only so that I can. I take this to be the case with more travellers than care to own it. A man shows me a coin, (a Ptolemy, for instance,) throws out the flag of antiquarianism, spreads abroad the canvass of his learning, and sails away stately upon the

ocean of ancient history. Well, the thoughts that are amusing me are those connected with the *history of the coin*, and the domestic manners of past ages; how it was upon the stone-table of money-changers in Alexandria before Christianity had dawned upon the world; how it was bought, paid away, given, stolen; how it was scrambled for by boys, and quarrelled for by men in good *poluphloisboio* Greek, long centuries ago. It is a liberty to talk thus with you, reader; but I am fancying myself at dinner with you, and writing as I should speak.

I was at a concert at Dresden which was very fully attended, and was highly gratified. A lady, who performed on the grand piano, made the instrument speak each note with a loud distinct clearness that was quite wonderful. I had no idea before that the powers of the piano were so great.

At the theatre here I witnessed the performance of *Herman and Dorothea*. It was got up and given perfectly. The house was crowded: you might have heard a pin drop; and nothing could be acted with a more natural, yet animated simplicity, than this interesting pastoral.

The German theatre is, apparently, as free from bad female company as a private assembly; or if they do venture there, it is under that concealment of dress and demeanour which forbids even a suspicion of their character. Would it were so with the theatres in England! However, the moral aspect of the Dresden streets, after sunset, is bad enough; worse, certainly, for the size of the city, than that of Vienna.

There is an excellent reading-room at Dresden, where are the English papers, the English reviews, and Germans attentively reading them. "It is a great advantage to us Germans," a gentleman observed to me, in French, "that we are forced to make ourselves acquainted with the languages of other nations, because we do not expect foreigners, however well educated, to be acquainted with ours, or to care about the study of it; and yet," he said, "we are rich in original thinkers, and in good writers, and have had the great advantage of studying, not only the finest models in ancient times, but the finest which Italy, France, and England, have

produced." It is pleasant to read in a German casino, it is so very still. Their eyes drink in the page before them with a silent eagerness, and at the too near approach or the stir they glare at you reprovingly.

After six delightful days in Dresden, I took the eilwagen to Leipsic. The journey is made most pleasantly in a day. You leave Dresden at seven in the morning, and reach Leipsic at four in the afternoon. Our party consisted of a very fine young officer of riflemen, a young Russian, a student of Halle, a little fiery Saxon, domiciled at Paris, and myself. The road to Meissen is beautiful: the majestic Elbe flows calmly by your side, and rock, wood, and verdure, adorn its banks with all that can give a pleasing variety to river-scenery. From Meissen to Leipsic there is less to interest the eye; but the conversation was so animated, that I was heartily sorry when we reached our journey's end, and separated to our respective homes and hotels. If Germany has many such young officers, and if her universities, with all his wild-

ness, have many such students, she may be proud indeed. These young men were ready upon every subject, generous and enlightened upon all; and yet, I do believe that the cap, the hair, and the pipe of the student, the moustache of the youthful soldier, would have caused many a most kind, quiet Englishman to have shrunk from conversing with fellow-passengers, whose exterior promised so little to reward the trouble. The German youth have a solidity of thought, and sincerity of heart, which colours all their conversation on subjects of a deep moral interest. They are largely tolerant on religious matters; not as some have unfairly forced the inference, from indifference to religion, but from a holding fast of what is essential in it, and declining all controversy, all bitterness, and quarrelling about the rest.

The Roman Catholic of Germany is unlike any of that great family elsewhere. The Calvinist and the Lutheran love each other as Christians: all are inclined to mysticism in some slight degree, save the Rationalists, who are as inconsiderable in

numbers as they are uninfluential on the mind of the public at large. The school of the Rationalists * has not been without its use; for man never appears so weak, so helpless, so ridiculous, as when he lights the feeble taper of his reason to examine and pronounce upon the credibility of those facts related, and those mysteries revealed to us in the Bible. "To live, and move, and have our being," a miracle to ourselves, and among created miracles of every

* I have read, with deep attention, a volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Mr. Rose, of Trinity College, Cambridge. I merely would ask, as a query, whether "The State of Protestantism in Germany" be a fair title for the book of that learned gentleman? To the mind of many readers, after a most careful perusal of the Notes appended to it, it will appear not fair. The lectures and discourses that gentleman heard in Germany, the cities and churches he visited, the congregations he observed in public, and the Christians whom he met in private, should have been given in that Appendix; also tables of the Protestant population, distinguishing the acknowledged profession and tenets of the different persuasions; and the numbers in each church or sect, as far as they could be ascertained, should have been added to the list of those controversial works, which are, perhaps, less highly valued in Germany than he may imagine.

possible variety; to find our reason baffled by the first pebble we pick up beneath our feet, all the properties of which we can most scientifically describe, but of *the essence* of which we know nothing; and then to explain away the less wonderful miracles of Scripture, because *our reason* refuses credit to them, is a something so palpably absurd, that even the patient, inquiring German could not listen to such lectures long if they did not sooner drive him forth by inflicting a severe wound in his heart. I was present in the great church of Leipsic at the administration of the sacrament. The communicants stood in long files, and advanced reverentially towards the altar; they received the holy elements standing, and passing round the altar, again rejoined the congregation. The congregation, whether composed of those who were about to communicate, or had done so, or of those who merely assisted at the ceremony, sung a hymn or hymns throughout the whole service. After deducting largely for the effect produced on me by the sweet and solemn singing of this assembled multitude,

and by the black skull-cap, the ancient ruffs, (like those of our Elizabethan era,) and the reverend aspect of the officiating ministers, I certainly was impressed, and that strongly, with the feeling and sincere devotion of the communicants. We kneel at the altar, another church sits at the communion-table, these stand and sing a hymn: we all do it in remembrance that Christ died for us, and he knows in all these congregations those who are his, those who feed on Him in their hearts with thanksgiving.

The Sabbath-aspect of Leipsic was still and decorous. The people walk about on the promenades well dressed and quietly; and were it not that there is a theatre open in the evening, you might take it for one of our large towns at home.

I drove to the memorable field of Lutzen. There, by the road-side, beneath four spiral poplars, which rise monumentally above some rude stones bedded in the earth in the form of a cross, is the spot where Gustavus Adolphus, the great champion of the Protestant faith, fell covered with wounds amid

Croatian plunderers. The Swedish horse fought fiercely to recover his mangled and breathless body. Glorious in life, consistent and glorious in death, the morning saw him on his knees fervent in prayer, as if every thing depended on God; the day beheld him spurring his noble charger into the heat of every danger, as if all depended on his single prowess. Wounded by two balls he fainted in his saddle, was thrown from his horse, and breathed his last, without one attendant, beneath the trampling *mêlée* of foes and friends. Peace to the Christian hero, who fought and fell for *liberty of conscience!* Be it never forgotten that this it was which the church of Rome denied to, and denies the world; and which the victorious Protestants of Germany, after thirty years of warfare and blood, have never yet denied to their fellow-countrymen of the church of Rome.

The initials of the monarch's name are inscribed on a rough upright stone in the centre of the cross, and on another, "Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, fell here for Liberty of Conscience."

In the arsenal at Vienna I saw the buff war-coat in which he died. To preserve the stones on his grave, and the trees near, from the destroying knives of pilgrims, there is a post and block of wood, erected for the very purpose of satisfying the strange, yet natural desire of man to commemorate, it matters not how perishably, his visit to such a spot. This wood is covered with letter upon letter, till neither names or initials are very easily decipherable. I gathered a green leaf from one of the rustling poplars, gazed long upon the spot, walked all about the scene of that sad tragedy, and drove back to Leipsic. It was along this road that Wallenstein led back his discomfited forces, and caused *Te Deum* to be sung for a victory, which was claimed, and with greater reason, by the Swedes. It was along this road that the ferocious Pappenheim * was borne, de-

* On his forehead two red streaks were perceptible, with which nature had marked him at his birth. These appeared, whenever in a passion, even in his later years.
Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War.

claring, in the agonies of death, that he died with pleasure, since he was certain that the most implacable enemy of his religion had perished on the same field.

The account of this obstinate and sanguinary contest is given in "The History of the Thirty Years' War," by Schiller, with wonderful animation. We stand with the historian and the poet upon the very field; we see the devotions of the Swedish army, listen to their hymn, hear the sound of their trumpets. We can follow the King to his very fall; and the terrible fierceness of the combatants, after the death of Gustavus was known, is present to the eye. Cannon were taken and retaken; whole regiments lay dead on their ground; Count Piccolomini had seven horses shot under him; Wallenstein rode safe amid the death-shower, as if he bore a charmed life: darkness alone put an end to the battle, and the trumpet of victory was sounded in either camp.

The appearance of the city of Leipsic is to me pleasing, and has a character in it.

The square and two or three of the streets have a something stately and ancient in their aspect.

At Leipsic, the great mart for books, I had looked for a greater display than elsewhere in the shops of the booksellers, but this was far from being the case. There is no such comforting sight in the whole town as the inner or upper apartments of a country bookseller in England do often present. The place has only its own proportion of printers and publishers; and to judge from two English works I saw lately got up in Leipsic, I should say nothing could be more coarse and wretched than the paper, the types, the ink, and the binding of these volumes.

It is, I think, to be regretted that the Germans will not adopt the Roman letters in the publication of their own works. I am sure that it would greatly tend to spread the knowledge of their language; and that it would not only facilitate their own studies in the various languages of Europe, but would open wider the door of intercourse between Germany and England

more especially. It is a fond attachment to their father-land, and to every thing which their fathers have handed down to them, that accounts for this abiding prejudice. But surely, speaking of the nations of Europe now, as one great family of brothers at peace, the one should yield to the many. I am sure that I am not mistaken in pronouncing the German character, both as printed and written, a repellant to many minds of power and cultivation; and that where in England we should have two hundred men who would read German in the Roman character, we now have not two. It enters not into the early studies of any English youth to learn German. This must be a pursuit of his choice, an acquisition of his manhood; and by that time he has generally contracted such a love of the matter of any thing he may design to read, that he is impatient of any such bar to his eye's glance as a character to which he has never been accustomed, and some of the letters of which have a bewildering resemblance to each other in the eye of the beginner.

There are pleasing promenades all about the town of Leipsic. The Plassenbourg is a fine old citadel; — small, but the masonry of it solid, black, and picturesque. There is a botanical garden not far from the gates: it is open to the public. There are pleasant walks, prettily placed seats, summer-houses, and a well fancied Chinese temple with bells that jingle in the wind; a narrow inconsiderable stream runs at the bottom of this pleasure-ground; and in the midst of the garden is a fair green space, where some large and beautiful willows droop mournfully over a white cenotaph, erected to the memory of Poniatowski, the last of the Poles. The rivulet near, an obstacle which has scarce depth and width enough to stay a well-mounted fox-hunter, is the fatal Elster. Here sunk horse and rider; here sunk hundreds of the flying soldiery of France; and slaughter was busy all about this green bank, where, nevertheless, the primrose has often since spread as sweetly as ever, and the lily gay has shone up pure and innocent, as though the world were so, and might be trusted.

Heavens! how man mars this green and flowery earth we tread upon! and how proud is he of his polluting lordship over it! I often think of that sweet ballad, "The Cruel Brother; or, The Bride's Testament*," and the wild burden that runs all through it. There you have the world of nature, and the world of man, as awfully and mournfully contrasted as they ever were by poet. Youth, beauty, love, blushes, gay attire, wedlock, murder, and the winding sheet; these shift rapidly before you, yet there is nature, constant, gay, sweet, unchanging.

I think, and I rejoice to think, that the world has grown somewhat wiser about the sad and melancholy game of war. My own feelings were always alive to the miseries it

* A FRAGMENT OF THE BALLAD.

"She lean'd her o'er the saddle bow,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
To give him a kiss ere she did go,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

'He has ta'en a knife baith lang and sharp,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
And stabbed the bonny bride to the heart,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

brings in its train, and yet of such inconsistencies are we all made up, that I confess to the having experienced feelings of contentment, joy, and pride, in the camp and the bivouac, which I may look for again, perhaps, in vain. There is such an absence of care under your canvass-home, that shifts at the trumpet's sound, such pleasures in the night of lonely watchfulness, such health and lightness in the early march, such a proud exciting throb, such high hope, —

"When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line,
When all is still on death's devoted soil."

For these emotions, many who regard glory as a bright and bursting bubble, consent to wear the sword, and learn to love it.

Never, however, I well remember, did I curse war more heartily than when, in the winter of 1813, I saw baggage-waggon after baggage-waggon pass through Verdun, laden with pale and sickly French boys, who returned wounded and debilitated from this

field of Leipsic, and marked among them young lads of gentle birth (the *Garde d'Honneur*), who had been torn from the quiet home reluctantly, to combat against the huge and hardy German cuirassiers; and again I felt the like pain when, at a later period of the war, I saw a battalion of young and beardless children march out of Troyes, shouting, from school-boy pride, the usual cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" but guessing, perhaps, themselves, what their dejected officers well knew, that they were but as lambs going to the sacrifice.

I am glad to have seen Potsdam, the cradle and school of those military tactics, and that discipline, of which Frederick the Great was the father. It is a barrack still: in the yard of the palace recruits are still tortured by the drill-serjeant; and on every side you see squads of instruction, and stiff figures, moving slowly to the balance-step, marching, facing, wheeling, and dressing, under smart and severe instructors. I was surprised, however, to witness, at the guard-mounting, something most informal and unmilitary. Just before the last call of

assembly, which brought out the commandant and all the officers of the garrison, the adjutant, or town-major, who had already inspected the guards, wheeled them back, and marched them past, drums beating and drum-major saluting, giving, in fact, a regular rehearsal of the grand guard-mounting, on the very ground, and within three minutes of the appearance of the commander and the usual mounting of the duties. The Prussian soldiers are certainly magnificent young men: if they have a fault, as soldiers, it is that, as a body, they are far too young; but they are very handsome, very erect, and clean-limbed: their clothing (blue) is admirably made, and most becoming. They are clean and smart under arms, and steady as a wall. Still it is my opinion, and I attentively watched their system of drill in many places, that we in England have just struck upon the happy medium. The laxness of field-discipline in France makes the French soldier unsteady on parade, and, placing no habitual check upon the eager restlessness of his character, causes him to be often

dangerously self-willed and insubordinate in the field of battle. The severity, on the contrary, of German* discipline makes and leaves the soldier a mere machine, to advance or retreat, charge, fire, stand, or even fly, unhesitatingly, when ordered, and only when ordered.

I saw not such a thing on the continent of Europe as what we call, and my military reader will understand me, a *saucy* English light company, or any thing resembling those true old English grenadiers who could all sing the old song, with its noisy tow, row, rows, in harsh and happy chorus. These be the men, and this was the free spirit and feeling which, controlled and guided by a firm judicious hand that knew when to check the rein, and when to give the head, won for England her laurels.

* It is remarkable that the Prussians never fought better than during their "Liberation War," as they proudly and justly term it, in 1813, 1814; yet were their troops of that time, in all circumstances of composition, drill, and military order, inferior to what they had been, and what they are.

Repeatedly I saw on the Continent troops of most warlike, brave, and martial appearance; but I always felt the truth of our ambassador's reply to Frederick:—"Think you an equal number of English soldiers could be found to beat those men?"—pointing to the *élite* of his famous guard, an *élite* composed of men of all nations remarkable for their fine stature, their discipline, and their prowess,—said the monarch. "Sire, I cannot answer you; but I am sure that half the number would try,"—That was, is, and will, I hope, ever be the character of British soldiers in the field. "Dare greatly, do greatly," is a glorious motto.

You cannot deny that Potsdam is a handsome town; but yet it does not please: it is too regular, too tame; it looks like a place ordered to be built, and built to order. No private taste has been consulted, no private taste has been permitted to exhibit itself. The people at Potsdam, be they rich or poor, live in handsome barrack-rooms; and, when they put their heads

out of the window, may look up and down straight, stately, still streets.

I went into the church of the court and the garrison, to see the tomb of Frederick the Great. It is in a kind of cell or chamber, — plain black marble, unadorned. I had thought, and I have for these twenty years, that the inscription on his tomb was, " *Hic Cineres ubique Fama;*" but I did not find any thing save his name. However, his fame is every where; and it would seem that the Prussians are content to live on it, for it is ever in their mouths; it is all Frederick *le Grand.* The history, the ancestral dignity, the military renown of Prussia, centre in his name.

Sans Souci is a strange name for a palace; yet here, whatever freedom from care Frederick could know he enjoyed. It is a most sensible building, combining the comforts of a private dwelling, and the magnificent appendages of a royal residence. Nothing can be more quiet, more simple, indeed, even to a tasteless plainness, than the apartments of the king. Nothing can be more luxurious than the splendid

double portico; and a finer gallery for the display of his well-chosen collection of pictures could hardly have been desired. He had a small, still, circular study, filled with his favourite authors,—a shady walk in his garden for the thoughtful hour. The graves of his dogs, the only favourites he had the weakness to affect a fondness for, were close to his terrace; and he was within sound of the parade-horn, a circumstance as important to him as to the youngest subaltern in his guards.

Was he a happy man this Frederick? I could never think so: he was coldly great: severely just in his internal government, but to this his sense of justice was strangely limited. History refuses the title (and a sacred one it is) of *Just*, to the partitioner of Poland. Was he happy?—the man who smiled at religion, smiled at virtue, smiled before a battle, and smiled on the carnage-covered field! I think not; but he made Prussia a kingdom gave her promotion in the scale of nations, and she naturally reveres his memory as her greatest benefactor.

The anecdotes of his private life have a great charm for readers, especially the young, and are more familiar, indeed, to the biography-devouring boy than to the older man. We most of us remember when we thought him the greatest character that ever lived; to have such power, and to live simply, as though he had it not, sounded so noble! — but all this I regard as mere taste, a good one, perhaps; yet nothing but the strong bent of his will and inclination. He had a quick and restless mind, which fretted with impatience under a want of occupation; and hence these methodical divisions of his day, and his hurrying from business to amusements, which were pursued with the like eagerness for the allotted time. The portrait of Gustavus Adolphus hangs in his bed-room, — a hero of another and a nobler quality: but Frederick was the more wonderful man; and it is felt as a privilege to walk about where he did, open the books in which he read, sit in his chair, look from his window, and touch the small chamber-clock, which, they tell you, has

never again been wound up since the hour of his death.

No traveller fails to visit the chamber appropriated to Voltaire, while he resided with the King. It is remote, that is, nearly at the extremity of the building, and furnished in the commonest French taste of that day, — a strange mixture of tawdriness and meanness. Voltaire is one of those great geniuses, to whom Providence has denied that best, that only, that pure fame, the love of posterity. I never heard the most extravagant admirer of Voltaire pretend any affection for the personal character of the author. He never succeeded in attaching the heart of a reader: he was just the man for Frederick, who looked only to the head in others, and thought only of the head in his own person.

His Gallery of Paintings was a noble one. There are so many ways of choosing, enjoying, and speaking about paintings, that we must understand what the possessor's peculiar taste was, before we give him the credit of the collection. The Vertumnus

and Pomona of Leonardo da Vinci, the "Ecce Homo" of Raphael, the Sleeping Venus of Titian, are considered the three master-pieces of this gallery. Nothing can be more opposed, each to the other, in subject as in style, than these three paintings. For my own part, I confess that I gazed with much higher satisfaction on some of the wonderful conceptions of Rubens, and some of the very hallowed and pure productions of Vandyke. The Isaac Blessing Jacob of this last painter is a perfect picture; and there is a pendant to it by an artist, whose name has dropped out of my mind, of Isaac blessing Esau, of which the affecting expression is such that the quick judgment of the heart at once pronounces it a treasure. The new palace is a fine building, and exactly adapted for summer fêtes. I cannot myself admire the hall, the walls of which are encrusted with spars and crystals. This strange mosaic is to me intolerable by the light of day, in a spacious and lofty saloon; it suits only with the shaded grotto, hollowed beneath the rock. The apartments are richly furnished,

—and it is altogether a princely pleasure-house.

It is only four German miles from Potsdam to Berlin. I drove through long, strait, uniform streets, intersected at right angles by others of like appearance. I crossed some portion of the city that had rather a graver and older (but never ancient) aspect, passed the great palace, crossed a bridge, and found myself in a most noble imposing street, between the finest and most majestic public edifices of this capital. The Brandenburgh gate, by which this fine street is entered from the west, is a very grand object; it is an imitation of the Propylæum of Athens, and is surmounted by a triumphal car, drawn by four spirited horses, the Goddess of Victory standing erect in the chariot, and displaying the dark eagle of Prussia. Extending about half the length of this wide street is a spacious promenade, planted with lime-trees and horse-chesnuts. This splendid quarter of Berlin is called, from the size and beauty of the former, *Unter den Linden.*

Near this I sojourned, in a most comfortable hotel, called the City of Rome.

Certainly the whole of this scene has in it so much of grandeur and majesty, that you would expect to see splendid equipages rolling by in constant succession, and the wide space divided between rapid carriages passing each other, in the safe arena prepared for them.

It is not so: you may gaze from your window for an hour; as long may you stand near the magnificent portal at the Brandenburgh gate,—you will not see half-a-dozen carriages in motion. Take the hour of the day when they drive out for the promenade, on the road to Charlottenburgh, perhaps a dozen or twenty private carriages may, at long distances and intervals, be seen. The vehicles for the conveyance of the public from one quarter of the city to the other are small open carriages, on four wheels, with a hood, and drawn by one horse, having that high wooden collar which belongs, in your fancy, to the sledge of St. Petersburgh. Such are the more frequently passing objects in this street of

palaces, — such the carriages that ply in a stand close to the first hotel in Berlin. There is yet another feature connected with them very peculiar: the drivers of these sorry conveyances are all neatly dressed in a livery of grey, with hats surmounted by the cockade, and are altogether far more cleanly and respectable in their appearance than the hackney-coachmen of either London, Paris, or Vienna. The reader will probably infer from this trifle, with myself, that Berlin is regulated like a barrack: for, indeed, all the regulations which fall under the observation of the stranger bespeak a good vigilant interior economy, of the military cast. As to the city, it seems built upon expectation that Prussia will some day or other require such a metropolis, and will, when she has made her fortune, provide all things conformable to the great and extravagant design of the builder.

Will a northern conqueror ever drive under the triumphal gate of Brandenburgh? The scene is well adapted to a victorious entry: a Russian army might halt, and

find space for its columns between that gate and the royal palace of Prussia. The noble and generous patriotism displayed by the Prussians, in their "Liberation War," has received, perhaps, something of a check, by the jealousy with which the government watches over that spirit in her youth to which she owes, and to which she should ever remember that she owes, her political existence; all that makes it valuable was, in reality, forced upon the crown of Prussia by the voice and the deed of the nation.

Frederick the Great would *have* frenchified his good subjects, had it been possible: they were reluctant, and slow to learn the lesson. The war of the Revolution, and the victories and injuries of Napoleon, who violently outraged all their feelings, totally effaced the faint traces of French taste and French principles, which Frederick had but lightly engraven on the mind of his subjects. They lay breathless for the opportune moment to declare themselves true Germans; and they nobly triumphed. They are now animated by a haughty, I should almost say a vain, spirit:

but it is not like what we should call patriotism. 'I should say that every Prussian feels a sort of *esprit de corps:* they drink the anniversary of victories; and they forget that they ever have been vanquished. It was impossible to suppress a smile, in walking through the magnificent Saloon of Arms in their arsenal, to see, at every yard, a clean new French banner suspended, things not taken in the field, but of all ages, dates, and belonging to all descriptions of corps, brought from Paris, as trophies of their two visits. However, they may be largely forgiven any insult to the French arms; for never did Napoleon appear to the eyes of the world so little, so jealous, so vindictive, as in his treatment of Prussia, so coarse and unknightly as in his mean and offensive conduct to her patriot queen.

One effect of this spirit among the Prussians is, that, although French is universally read and spoken by all their educated men, they have entirely discarded the use of it in conversation, and can with difficulty be induced to speak it, even where common courtesy to the foreigner

might excuse their departure from a resolution, the maintaining of which they seem to identify both with personal and national dignity. It requires a little manœuvre to make them talk. I found one, which a laughing friend had given me, never failing in its success: — when asked if you speak German, to say "No; I am sorry to say I do not; but I regret it the less as I well know the Germans to be a highly educated people, and all those whom I should feel most desirous to become acquainted with doubtless converse fluently in the French language." This made provokingly short, or politely and flatteringly lengthened, according to the party, invariably drew them out: the foreheads rose, the very mustaches, relaxed a something of their pride, and, on all sides, French was poured forth, if not with a very pleasing pronunciation, still, in general, with a great command of language.

I only remained six days in Berlin. All things which the traveller is directed to, as worthy his attention, I visited. The palace, the arsenal, the museum, and a fine col-

lection of pictures *, which have not yet been conveniently placed, but are to be disposed in a handsome building preparing for them and such others as are to form the National Gallery. I suppose, and I almost regret to think, that the collection at Sans Souci will be removed from its admirable *locale* there, to adorn the capital. The theatres at Berlin are most beautiful: I visited them all. The large Opera-house is magnificent: I saw a tragedy represented there. I was by no means so pleased with the performers as with those of Vienna; but it is fair to add, that the piece did not excite in me the like interest, nor could I follow the subject through. Nevertheless, I boldly pronounce them inferior actors to those of Vienna; for when I cannot catch the author I look attentively at the stage, as I would at a great picture, and at all those passages, where in every drama effective situations occur, my eye seldom fails to satisfy me whether the actor is true. The new theatre, which is smaller,

* Among these, the Marriage of St. Katharine, by Julio Romano, is, to my taste, a most exquisite production.

is very elegant and commodious. In another theatre, also a very good sized and convenient one, I was present at the performance of *Cencrentola.* The house was crowded to excess, and the orchestra was superlatively good. At the breaking up, the delay caused by the carriages enabled me as thoroughly to see a large portion of the society of Berlin as a foreigner might, who should stand on a Saturday night, in May, in the crush-room at our Opera-house in the Haymarket: of a truth, the contrast is sufficiently great. The number of equipages may sound inconsistent with what I have before said, but, as I stood near the door, I was enabled to see that these were, for the most part, hired carriages, and that there were not thirty of that class, which belong to the regular establishment of a nobleman or man of fortune. I was most particularly pleased in the great theatre, on two occasions, to observe the quiet, attentive, and unostentatious deportment of the young princes, although, being seated in the royal box, a vast and splendid one, fronting the stage, they were necessitated to observe the usual

forms; forms, I think, desirable to be kept up, and which it is, perhaps, to be regretted that the King himself so indolently evades: he was present in a retired side-box. Between the acts they leaned against the stove at the back of the royal box, in conversation with their aide-de-camps. The very instant the performance was about to recommence, they came forward quietly to their seats, and gave it their full attention: their aide-de-camps sat very considerably behind them, and near the wall stood several of the royal domestics. A prince of blood royal, especially in a despotic government, should appear as one. A king walking about side-by-side with you, with his hands behind him, who can do just what he pleases with you by a scratch of his pen; is a sort of take-in. No, I should say, you are a king, a kind and a good one, (for that the King of Prussia is,) but still a king, and, therefore, pray, my dear man, keep your distance. I was much amused by two gentlemen near me, speaking of the youngest prince: one asking, eagerly, "Why he has got the epaulets of a major; when was this? I never heard of this."—"Oh,"

said the other, "he has been promoted since the last review; and I assure you, that he is a good promising young officer, and understands his duty in the field."—"I dare to say he is quite happy now," rejoined the other, looking back at him with evident satisfaction. There was a something strange to the English ear in the importance attached to his military rank, as if prince went for nothing at the age of nineteen. However, they are truly a military people; and, indeed, to say the truth, although the garrison of Berlin is not very large, from the constant appearance of uniforms, and soldiers in all places, and at all hours, Berlin has the air of a capital occupied by some well-behaved foreign force, and cheerful and protected under their strict discipline.

But with all their martial display in Berlin, they have no guard-mounting, like that in St. James's Park; no show, like that troop of the Life or Horse Guards, with their polished cuirasses, and long-tailed black horses, as they wind down through the green avenue of the Park, and after-

wards, as, when relieved, the old guard rides calmly along Whitehall, and up Regent-Street. There is nothing like our Life or Horse Guards to be seen in any capital in Europe. I cannot say the same of our Foot Guards; for, though they are very fine troops, they are not picked men. They are not an *élite;* a guard should be; and should be kept up, and never brought into action, or engaged but on an emergency: men so formed and considered will never, never disappoint the expectation entertained of them. Look only to the Life Guards at Waterloo; men who had, literally, passed their lives in stables and at guard-fires. I have seen individuals of the Foot Guards, on duty at Carlton-House, so ill-made, so slouching in their gait, and their fine appointments in such dull order, and so ill put on, that I have really cast my eye about in fear, lest some foreign officers should pass by. I particularly recollect on one occasion I saw three Russian officers, remarkably fine soldierly-looking young men, coming down Pall-Mall, and the sentinels were relieving: out of the whole relief, except the corporal,

there was not one fine, smart-looking soldier. I saw these officers attentively observing them, and talking with each other in that quiet way, in which, as modest gentlemen, they could alone express their disappointment. I was so vexed, that, knowing what truly fine corps the Guards are, in a body under arms, I could hardly forbear going up and requesting them to attend a brigade field-day, before they formed any opinion of the British Foot Guards: however, I did not, for I quite felt with them, that not one of the grenadiers there ought ever to have been received into the corps. I should say, that almost the only thing in which our army must yield to foreign troops is the set-up, the martial carriage, the military tread. There is not a finer guard-mounting on the Continent than there is always in the Dublin garrison. For cleanliness, handling of the firelocks, carriage, and marching, when actually under arms, our English soldiers are equal to any in the world; but the moment they are dismissed, or the moment they march at ease, under a careless non-

commissioned officer, or are left to stand sentry by themselves, with no reproving eye on them, they cease to look like what they really are, and can appear. I am well aware that there is a moral reason for a great deal of this slouching, which must always strongly operate on the mind of the British soldier while on home-service. The foreign grenadier walks about among the citizens with an erect carriage and a firm tread, proud of being a soldier, and knows that the more he makes of himself, by displaying his person to advantage, and evidencing his discipline, the more he shall be admired. With *soldier Jack*, it is not so: they all know this; and without there is a large group of them together, they really are so sensitive, and so alive to ridicule, that they dare not walk as they know they could and should: a very handsome and vain young man, or an ugly, old, brown serjeant, are the only exceptions. There is nothing the common people in England, even to the children, so much delight in as the lowering and laughing at all display of pride in a common soldier: they

have many a saying, and many a trick to provoke him with. I have often, from a window, seen and smiled at this kind of thing. "Heads up, soldier!" uttered by a little ragged urchin of a chimney-sweeper, will disconcert many a soldier for the length of a street. "Lord, what a fine fellow I am!" and many such phrases, will do the like; whereas by a simple lounging gait they escape it all. It would be difficult to explain this to a foreigner, and make him enter into it; but there is not a British soldier, from the Duke of York to the young drum-boy, who is not aware of the thing, and the mass of the common people know it also.

Although the appearance of the Prussian soldiers is very pleasing, from their youth, their fine figures, their becoming uniform, and their proud erect marching, yet I must say, that, to speak as a soldier, the old, brown, weather-stained Austrians seem far better adapted for the toil and the work of war; and I think the time will yet come when Prussia may repent of a system, which seems to me ill calculated to form

an army. Austria could take the field to-morrow with veteran forces; Prussia would bring youthful spirits, among whom the march, the camp, the scanty fare, and Suwarrow's curse, the hospital, would soon make greater ravages than the enemies arrayed against her.

Times and modes have so changed, that it is diverting to contrast the present military costume of Prussia with that of the past age, which you may do at any hour of the day, for Berlin is full of the statues of the great officers of her more celebrated times. There are enough in Wilhelmsplatz alone to form a council of war, and chief among them old Ziethen, whom I thank the sculptor for having represented in the uniform of the old black hussars. There the old boy stands ready to mount his horse, and just as he may have looked after the brilliant action of Tein*, when the Prussian army, dispirited by long toils, rushed from their tents, shouting, "Long live Ziethen and his hussars!' The

* By which he delivered the rear of the Prussian army on their precipitate retreat from Bohemia in the disastrous campaign of 1744.

hussar uniform (excepting the long shapeless waist) is less altered than any; and, I doubt not, many a Prussian hussar half-salutes that statue to this day. But nothing can look more quaint and comic than the stiff figure, low hat, broad coat, and buttoned gaiters of Prince Anhalt of Dessau, in the square before the palace. If you could animate him, he would immediately commence caning these; to his eye, degenerate, brown-haired boys, who cherish on either side something of the vain and waving curl, and who seldom pass him without a smile.

The busiest part of Berlin is the König-Strasse: here, and in the square behind the palace, are all the principal shops: under the arcades, in this last place, are those which appear to be the best supplied and most frequented. I noticed in the frontispiece to the literary almanacks, in the booksellers' windows, the heads of Byron and Walter Scott, in the highest places of honour, after Goethe and Schiller, and this in a circle of medallion-heads, containing a dozen, shows a feeling towards

England and English literature, which, instead of our receiving haughtily as a tribute, should lead us to reflect, that there must be a something like-minded to us in the German, or he would not lavish upon us all this adulation. Nor is their acquaintance with our literature confined to that which is popular in the passing day, they read back into our better age; and the names of English poets, philosophers, and historians, are familiar to the ears of the educated German. The students in Berlin may be seen, in large groups, near the hall of the University at their class-hours, and met solitary, or in pairs, in their return through the streets; their books open, or tucked under their arms, and their faces looking occupied, or relieved, but always with the true student air. They much resemble, to my eye, the class-groups whom I have seen hurrying about the old town of Edinburgh, save the military forage-cap. They appear to claim, and avail themselves of the privilege of boyhood, long after they have grown into men: they are slovenly, hair unkempt and hands inky; and this

it is, I think, which does so revolt our English university-men when they first come in contact with German scholars.

The coffee-house aspect of Berlin is, like that of many other large cities in Germany, south and north, idle and profligate: but that traveller would be deceived, I think, who should judge of the private life of Germans from that peculiar class of persons, which form, as it were, a race of themselves, and are found floating on the surface of society all over that extensive country. There are, then, in Germany, a vast number of men, who seem to live only among cards and billiard-balls,—a mark, and one of the worst, which a very long war, and long intercourse with the French armies, have left behind. A great number of these are unemployed military men, of originally idle and dissipated habits: others are of a class which made money enough during the war, in their trades and occupations, to put on the coats without the characters of gentlemen, and who live loosely about, at hotels and restaurateurs, where they are little known as to early history.

and welcome for what they spend. Connected with such classes, and no less with the common wants and necessary evils of large cities, is all that unhappy crowd of fair and frail beauties, which is to be found, most certainly, as largely scattered about the city of Berlin as Vienna. This a Prussian, who knew both capitals well, owned to me, and stated that he remembered the time when Berlin was most notorious, as a theatre of dissipation, throughout all Europe. He attributed it, in a great measure to the then frequent presence of large numbers of the Russian and Polish nobles, who used to pass their winters in Berlin, by their example, and the wealth they expended, greatly corrupting the capital, and introducing great licentiousness, not so much among the settled inhabitants, as among those who visited it, allured by the prospect of gaiety and unrestrained indulgence. They no longer frequent Prussia; and if they did, their minds and manners are no longer what they were. "No," said the Prussian; "what we dislike the Viennese for is that they are so ignorant and

contented, so fond of good eating and drinking, and so indifferent to the cultivation of their minds." I am, in neither instance, for one minute supposing or alluding to the profligacy of private life, of which I can know nothing, although I am far from thinking that the divorces in Prussia are a fair test of the general corruption of a society. These divorces often occur where there has been no previous criminality; and however it may be regretted that the marriage-tie is so dangerously light, yet being so by the institutions of the country, all unhappy marriages are made public by the act of the dissolution. I detest the system heartily; and may the marriage-vow in Old England ever run in that noble and affecting strain, "For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do part."

There is a woman's grave near Berlin, which all travellers do fondly and reverently visit. None needs to be informed of the life, the fortunes, and the fate of the late and beloved Queen of Prussia, — beloved, not only by a devoted husband, but

by an entire people, who respected her pure example, as a wife and a mother, and adored her patriot spirit as their queen. The subject of indignities, which never have been, and never will be, forgiven to the iron Napoleon; and the witness of public calamities, which, although they could not subdue her generous and royal mind, corroded the inward principle of life, stole the bloom from her youthful cheek, the light from her fair eyes, bowed down her beautiful form, broke her young heart, and laid her in the tomb.

This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburgh. Acquainted with it by no previous description, I left the palace of Charlottenburgh, and walked down the garden alone, the person in attendance having pointed out the direction, and promising to follow with the key. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might, and should, have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, — a spot sacred to silence, or the soft-breathed song; but the cypress and the willow declare it

as a habitation of the dead. There was an aged invalid busily occupied about the portal, in sweeping away the dead and yellow leaves, which gathered there, and which the November blast, in mockery of his vain labour, drove back upon it, in larger and louder eddies. He shook his grey head at me, and, not seeing any body with me, warned me petulantly away. Nay, when the guardian came, it might be fancy, but he seemed ill pleased that the sanctuary should be violated. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet; and the outline of a human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. It seemed as though he removed a winding-sheet, to show a beloved corse, when the person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait-statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance,—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose

of life. She does but sleep, — she scarce sleeps ; — her mind and heart are on her sweet lips. It is the work of Rauch, and the sculptor may, indeed, be proud. He has given to his widowed king a solace for his life. Here the King often comes, and passes long hours alone ; here he brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother ; and each year sees them renewed.

Even a stranger might sit soothed for hours by the side of this marble form, it breathes such purity, such peace. I wish it were more the custom in these days to place the portrait-statue recumbent on the monument of the dead. It is the finest kind of memorial ; nor less so, I think, even where, as in the middle ages, it is allowed to approach to the appearance of the corse, provided the features be preserved, and the general execution, nature : the fillet round the temples, the cheeks slightly collapsed, and the limbs

stretched out in the stony rigidity of death, have a most affecting and sublime character.

As soon as we had left the temple, the old man, fobbing his disregarded fee without looking at it, returned to his strange and useless task, with all that wasted diligence which often marks the activity of the second childhood; and as I looked back I saw the disturbed leaves circling round his aged head. How strange, how mysterious are the decrees of Heaven!—youth and beauty lie buried in the early grave,—lone and withered age lives on!

An Englishman feels little tempted to pass a winter in the capital of Prussia. The stove, although I admit that it spreads a more equal and comfortable heat through an apartment, is no substitute for the red glow of the companionable fire: you cannot turn your back to it with satisfaction; you miss that sceptre of domestic rule, the poker; and you are glad, at least I was, to hasten home.

I have never in my life traversed so

wretched a road as that which leads from Berlin to Hamburgh; and I think the man who should enter Germany from this latter point would, of necessity, throw so dark a colour on his canvass, that his whole picture of the country would partake the gloom. It is a journey to be endured, just as you would a punishment, or a surgical operation. Through the long night the eye will never close, the head will never cease to ache, and, from the successive and continuous jolts, although the carriage be ever so well padded, the shoulders will be bruised and blackened. A great deal of it is laid down in timber to prevent vehicles from sinking immovable in the sand, and the passing these portions is a fatigue very far beyond a day's journeying on the dromedary. The houses of call are wretched. At one of them, in a wild sandy spot, among forests of fir, I heard the sound of music, and looking in, through a cloud of smoke in a small miserable apartment, so hot, that I could not remain five minutes, I found a collection of figures, cast in na-

ture's most coarse and ungainly mould, waltzing. Women, brown and broad, with heavy shoes, and coarse stuff gowns and petticoats, waltzing with clowns as plain and rough, only looking, from their garb, less large — less masculine I might say. It was good this: — it was not fit that I should have left Germany without being jolted over this execrable road, or without having some of my bright and soft recollections of the German waltz corrected, or rather disturbed by the sight of a group, and of movements, which no pen or pencil could faithfully depict.

It was a dirty, drizzling, dull, cold day when I entered Hamburgh, and the very first question I asked when I got out of the carriage, was, "Is there a packet at Cuxhaven, and when does she sail for England?" That evening I dropped down the river in a Hamburgh boat; the next morning I was sailing past Heligoland; on the night of that day, slept through a gale boisterously favourable, on the North sea, and anchored the third evening in Harwich roads.

The conclusion of this light volume must, I feel, be that in which nothing is concluded. I was desirous of *seeing* Germany for myself, and I have seen it. I have only ventured to give brief notices of what I *saw*, and to mingle with them those reflections, which the scenes I looked upon suggested to my mind.

Germany had long been, to my fancy, the region of romance; her warrior population, and her fair-eyed women, had filled up many a picture, painted by the mind's pencil in her musing hours. I had already seen all her armies in review array; I wanted to see them scattered about their native country in such groups and occupations as belong to peace.

I wanted to look upon those women of Germany, to whose lot it has not unfrequently fallen to conceal to-day a vanquished friend, to receive to-morrow a victorious foe;—to succour the wounded of all parties; to have her heart assailed, as woman, in a thousand ways, and to be placed in situations, where love could only breed despair.

I wanted to see those German youths, who, in the strange and frequent changes of alliance in their distracted country, found the tie of private friendship suddenly broken by the voice of war; and the man whom their soul loved opposed to them in the front of battle.

The theatre of these battles, the site of the camps where contending armies lay, of the cities in which they were cantoned, the amusements which the day's halt gave them opportunities of sharing for a first, a last, an only time, the promenades on which they may have walked, and the gardens in which their bands may have gathered involuntary groups of listeners during the short sojourn; — these, and such like, were my trifling objects, and, perhaps, it was not altogether without a secret wish to gather materials of scenery and of portraits which might give truth and interest to some proposed fictions; for military life would weave well into the woof, and have shades as well as lights, dark as the lover of peace could desire them to be, and bright as to the

brave, the ardent, and the young, they ever must appear. Whether I shall ever venture on the task, I know not. "Man proposeth, God disposeth."

"What, though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

WORDSWORTH.

THE END.

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